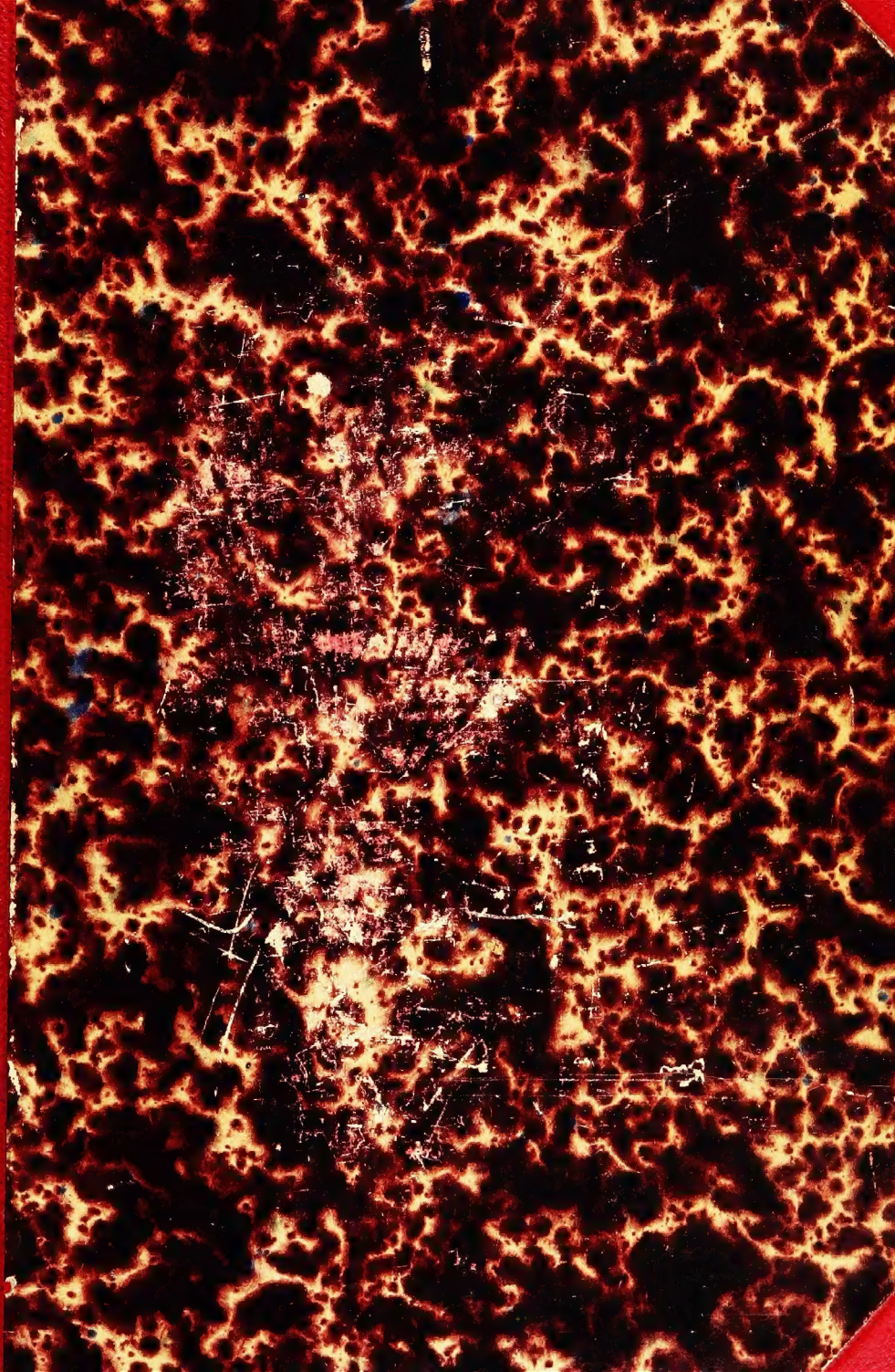


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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 7.

WORKS

OF

JOHN TAYLOR

THE WATER POET

NOT INCLUDED IN THE FOLIO VOLUME
OF 1630

FIRST COLLECTION

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1870

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

IN issuing this first collection of the Tracts of JOHN TAYLOR, not comprised in the folio of 1630, the Council deem it necessary to offer a few remarks.

It will be seen that the 4to size has been adopted in continuing the works of this author, being that in which the Tracts were originally published, a very few instances in which the 12mo form was used being excepted. It was for some time under consideration whether they should not be reprinted in folio, following the plan of the work of 1630, so as to make a second volume uniform and to match with the first, but it was found, on testing the practicability of this scheme, that it was liable in detail to so many difficulties and that it would so materially interfere with the leading principle of the Society of making their reprints, as nearly as possible, facsimiles of the original works, that, after a very careful comparison of the advantages of each plan, that now adopted was determined upon as indisputably the one to be preferred.

The Tracts, it is scarcely necessary to observe, can only be reprinted as obtained, and, being very numerous, will have to be gradually derived from various sources.

It follows that the first arrangement of them must necessarily be a provisional one. They have, however, been so printed as to admit of a final chronological arrangement at the close, and, when the last of the collections is issued, fresh title pages will accompany it with prefatory bibliographical matter, and the Tracts can then be re-adjusted in regular series and in volumes of convenient size.

Several of Taylor's pieces appeared without his name, but there are generally sufficient marks and characteristics about them to admit of their being ascribed to him with a full degree of confidence. Care will be taken not to include any in this continuation of his works, the paternity of which can be considered as dubious.

One collection connected with this author will contain the tracts, some of which are exceedingly curious and all of which are very rare, published against him, and which are of importance both to explain his own writings and from the light they throw on his controversies and the opinions entertained of him by his contemporaries.

Most valuable as the folio of 1630 must be considered to be, as a collection of the works of John Taylor up to that date, made with his sanction, yet in some instances it would appear that the republication has been taken from imperfect copies; or that, from want of due supervision, omissions have occurred of introductory and other matter which ought unquestionably to have been retained. It is therefore proposed to collate, as far as opportunities

will allow, the folio with the original editions of the tracts contained in it and to supply any important omissions and variations which can be detected on such collation in an appendix.

Many of the tracts of Taylor are of such rarity as only to exist in an unique, or nearly unique shape in the private libraries of some eminent collectors, and it is obvious that, without their liberal co-operation and assistance, such an attempt as the present must to a certain extent fail in the great object of bringing together the entire works of this voluminous author. The Council therefore, while they most gratefully acknowledge on the part of the members the obligations they are under to the rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., and to W. W. ROBINSON, esq., of Oxford, for the unreserved and very liberal manner in which they have placed their Taylor treasures at the disposal of the Society with a view to the present collections, venture to solicit further assistance from others who may have the power to aid them in the undertaking which, judging from the many expressions of favour and praise which the reprint of the folio has already called forth, is felt to be one of the most valuable as well as most attractive of the many republications which are now in progress of the authors who reflect as in a mirror the old times of England.

JAS. CROSSLEY, *President.*

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Printed by Charles S. Simms,
Manchester

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST COLLECTION.

The references are to Hazlitt's Bibliographical Hand Book and Bohn's Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual.

1. Taylor on *Thame Iſis*: or the Deſcription of the two famous Riuers of *Thame* and *Iſis*, who being conioyned or combined together, are called *Thamiſis*, or *Thames*. London, Printed by *John Haviland*. 1632. (14 *leaves*.) [*H. No.* 49.]

2. The Old, Old, Very Old Man: or, The Age and long Life of *Thomas Par*, the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the Pariſh of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp*, (or *Shropſhire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th, and is now living in the *Strand*, being aged 152. yeares and odd Monethes. London, Printed for *Henry Goſſon*. 1635. (16 *leaves*.) [*H. No.* 52.]

3. Part of this Summers Travels. Or News from *Hell*, *Hull*, and *Hallifax*, from *York*, *Linne*, *Leiceſter*, *Cheſter*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, *Nottingham*, and the *Divells Ars a Peake*. Imprinted by J. O. [1639.] (26 *leaves*.) [*Not in Hazlitt nor Lowndes*.]

4. The Praiſe of the Needle. Printed for Iames Baler. 1640. (4 *leaves, with 2 ſpecimens of the Engravings*.) [*H. No.* 62.]

5. Differing Worſhips, or, The Oddes, betweene ſome Knights Service and God's. Printed for *William Ley*. 1640. (17 *leaves*.) [*H. No.* 64.]

6. A Swarme of Sectaries, and Schiſmatiques: Wherein is diſcovered the ſtrange preaching (or prating) of ſuch as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sowgelders, and Chymney-Sweepers. Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily &c. 1641. (12 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 66.]

7. Religions Enemies. With a brief and ingenious Relation, as by *Anabaptists*, *Browniſts*, *Papists*, *Familists*, *Atheiſts*, and *Fooliſts*, ſawcily preſuming to toſſe Religion in a Blanquet. Printed at *London* for *Thomas Bates*. 1641. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 68.]

8. The Liar. Or, A contradiction to thoſe who in the titles of their Bookes affirmed them to be true, when they were falſe: although mine are all true, yet I terme them lyes. Printed in the yeare 1641. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 70.]

9. A Pedlar and a Romiſh Prieſt, in a very hot Diſcourſe, full of Mirth, Truth, wit, Folly, and Plain-dealing. Printed in the yeare 1641. (12 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 71.]

10. A Tale in a Tub, or, A Tub Lecture, as it was delivered by *My-heele Mendſoale*, an Inſpired Browniſt, and a moſt upright Tranſlator. *London*, *Printed* 1641. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 78.]

11. A full and compleat Anſwer againſt the Writer of a late Volume ſet forth, entituled *A Tale in a Tub*, or *A Tub Lecture*: with a Vindication of that ridiculous name called Round-Heads. London, Printed for *F. Cowles*, *T. Bates*, and *T. Banks*. 1642. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 79.]

12. A Plea for Prerogative: or, Give *Cæſar* his due. Being the Wheele of Fortune turn'd round: *Or*, The World turned topſie-turvie. London, printed for T. Bankes. 1642. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 72.]

13. The VVhole Life and Progreſſe of *Henry Walker* the Ironmonger. Printed at *London* 1642. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 75.]

14. Mad Faſhions, Od Faſhions, All out of Faſhions, or, The Emblems of theſe Diſtracted times. *London*, Printed by *Iohn Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 86.]

15. An Apology for Private Preaching. In which thoſe Formes are warranted, or rather juſtified, which the malignant Sect contemne, and daily by prophane Pamphlets make ridiculous. By T. J. Jun. 28. Printed for *R. Wood*, *T. Wilſon*, and *E. Chriſtopher*. [1642.] (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 81.]

16. A Cluſter of Coxcombes, or, A Cinquepace of five ſorts of Knaves and Fooles: Namely, The *Donatiſts*, *Publicans*, *Diſciplinarians*, *Anabaptiſts*, and *Browniſts*; Their Originals, Opinions, Confutations, and (in a word) their Heads Roundly jolted together. *Iuly* 13. *Printed for Richard Webb*, 1642. (4 *leaves.*) [*In Lowndes, but not in Hazlitt.*]

17. *Aqua-Musæ:* or, Cacafogo, Cacadæmon, Captain George Wither Wrung in the Withers. Being a ſhort laſhing Satyre, wherein the Juggling Rebell is Compendiouſly finely Firked and Jerked, for his late railing Pamphlet againſt the King and State, called Campo-Musæ. Printed in the fourth Yeare of the Grand Rebellion. [1644.] (8 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 87.]

18. The Complaint of Chriſtmas, written after Twelfetide, and Printed before Candlemas. *Printed at the charges of the Author.* [May 2, 1646.] (4 *leaves, no title-page.*) [*H. No.* 99.]

19. The Kings moſt excellent Majeſties VVellcome to his owne Houſe, Truly called the Honour of *Hampton* Court. Printed in the Yeare 1647. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 101.]

20. ΄ΙΠΠ-΄ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ: or, An Ironicall Expoſtulation with Death and Fate, For the Loſſe of The late *Lord Mayor* of London. Printed, *Anno exulantis Monarchiæ* 8. Anno Domini 1648. (4 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 104*b*.]

21. John Taylors VVandering, to ſee the VVonders of the VVeſt. How he travelled neere 600. Miles, from London to the Mount in Cornwall, and beyond the Mount, to the Lands end, and home againe. *Dedicated to all his loving Friends, and free minded Benefactors. Printed in the Yeere* 1649. (12 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 106.]

22. The Number and Names of all the Kings of England and Scotland, From the beginning of their Governments to this Preſent. *London*, Printed in the Yeare 1649. (16 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 107.]

23. Chriſtmas In & Ovt: or, Our Lord & Saviour Chriſts Birth-Day. *London*, Printed at the Charge of the Authour, 1652. (8 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 118.]

24. A Short Relation of a Long Iourney made *Round* or *Ovall* by encompaſſing the Principalitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middleſex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Cheſter*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Angleſey*, *Carnarvan*, *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembrooke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Gloceſter*, *&c.* Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*. [*To which is appended*] Cambria Brittania: or, A ſhort Abreviation of the Hiſtory, and Chronicles of VVales. [1653.] (24 *leaves.*) [*H. No.* 122.]

1632.

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

[HAZLITT, No. 49.]

TAYLOR on *Thame Iſis*:

OR THE

DESCRIPTION OF THE TWO FAmous Riuers of *Thame* and *Iſis*,

who being conioyned or combined
together, are called *Thamiſis*,
or *Thames*.

With all the Flats, Shoares, Shelues, Sands,
Weares, Stops, Riuers, Brooks, Bournes, Streames,
Rills, Riuolets, Streamelets, Creeks, and whatſoeuer
helps the ſaid Riuers haue, from their ſprings
or heads, to their falls into the Ocean.

As alſo a diſcouery of the hinderances which doe
impeach the paſſage of Boats and Barges, betwixt
the famous Vniuerſity of *Oxford*, and
the City of *London*.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Haviland*. 1632.

TO

The Right Honourable Lords,

THOMAS Earle of *Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earle Marſhall of *England:* EDWARD Lord Viſcount *Wimbleton: Henry* Lord Viſcount *Fawlkland:* and Sir *Thomas Edmonds*, Knight, Treaſurer of the Kings Houſhold: Lords of his Maieſties moſt Honourable Priuy Councell, and Commiſſioners for the Nauigation and fiſhing of the famous Riuers of *Thames* and *Medway.*

RIght Noble Lords, with ſorrow I beheld,
That which to write my duty hath compel'd,
And (from my pen) the Thames flow'd to the preſſe,
From thence it ebbes to you to finde redreſſe.
My Honourable Lord of Dorcheſter,
He truly noted in particular,
Dame Iſis *wrongs, and* Thames *great injuries,*
For they were ſad perſpectiues to his eyes,
And had his Lordſhip liu'd his meaning was
To make the Riuer paſſable, to paſſe.

 For

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

For then with noble care and diligence
He view'd the helps, and the impediments,
Which aid, or hinder paſſage vp and downe,
Twixt Oxford *City, and braue* Windſor *towne* ;
Yet as I ſometimes row'd and ſometimes ſteer'd,
I view'd where well, where ill the way appeard ;
And here I haue deſcrib'd the way we went,
Commixing truth with honeſt merriment,
My threed-bare wit a mad wooll gathering goes,
To ſhew the things in verſe I ſaw in proſe ;
And (Honourable Peeres) I humbly craue,
My artleſſe lines may your acceptance haue,
Wiſhing each fault remou'd (which ſtands vnfit)
As ſoone as you can reade what I haue writ,
Deſiring God to giue you high content
Here, and hereafter glory permanent.

Humbly deuoted with his beſt endeuours,
to all your Honourable perſonages,

IOHN TAYLOR.

TO

The memory of the truly Noble deceaſed,
DVDLEY CARLETON,
Lord Viſcount *Dorcheſter*, principall
Secretary of State to his Maieſtie of
GREAT BRITAINE.

IF He be bleſt that is of Noble bloud,
And being made great, is both great and good,
Who is a Chriſtian euery way compleat,
Who holds it better to be good than great,
Whoſe life was guided with good Conſcience,
Whoſe end was ſauing faith and penitence,
Theſe bleſſings Noble *Dorcheſter* were thine,
And theſe haue made thee 'Immortall and diuine.

To any Body.

That ne're taſted the Caſtalian *fount,*
Or came in ken of the Theſſalian *Mount*;
I that could ne're attaine to wet my lips,
With Tempes *liquour, or ſweet* Aganipps,
Who neuer yet haue ſo much fauour won,
To purchaſe one carrowſe from Helicon,
Who with good Poets dare compare no way
But one, which is in being poore as they;
And hauing neuer ſeene the Muſes *hill,*
Am plentifully ſtor'd with want of skill,
Then Fount, *or* Mount, *nor ſacred treble trine,*
Are no aſſiſtants in this worke of mine:
But ancient Iſis *current chryſtall ſpring*
Inſpires my braine, and I her praiſes ſing,
And Tame *with* Iſis *joynes his pearely ſtreames,*
Whoſe combination are my ample theames;
Though (for the moſt part) in the tracts I tread,
Of learned Camden, Speed, *and* Hollinſhead,
And Draytons *painfull* Polyolbyon,
Whoſe fame ſhall liue, deſpight obliuion,
Theſe are the guides I follow, with pretence
T'abbreuiate and extract their Quint-eſſence;

Nor

To any body.

Nor can it be to them diſparagement,
That I come after in the wayes they went,
For they of former writers followers be,
I follow them, and ſome may follow me;
And man to man a Preſident is made
In Art or Science, myſterie or Trade,
As they before theſe Riuers bounds did ſhow,
Here I come after with my Pen and row.

TAYLOR
ON
THAME ſ IS.

OVr patron *Phœbus*, whoſe ſweet influence,
Doth quicken all our reaſon, life and ſenſe,
Tis he makes graſſe to grow, & Riuers ſpring,
He makes both my ſongs, ſubiect, and me ſing;
His beames the waters doe extenuate
To vapours, and thoſe vapours eleuate
Into the middle Region, where they tumble,
And melt, and then deſcend and are made humble,
Moyſtning the face of many a ſpacious hill,
Where ſoaking deepe the hollow vaults they fill,
Where into Riuers they againe breake out,
So nature in a circle runnes about.
Large Downes doe treaſure vp great ſtore of raine,
Whoſe bowels vent it in the vales againe:
No place in *England* could a treaſure keepe,
Thames to maintaine, but *Coteſwould* (queene of ſheepe.)

In

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

In *Gloſterſhire* (my deareſt mother earth)
From whoſe faire City I deriue my birth,
Are *Coteſwould* hills, and in the fartheſt cliffe
Of all thoſe hils of *Iſis* head is chiefe:
Schollers from *Gloſter* that to *Oxford* ride
The truth of my aſſertion oft haue tride;
On their right hand neare *Cubberley* they paſſe,
Two Wells as ſweet as milke, as cleare as glaſſe,
Whence *Iſis* firſt doth pedegree deriue,
Thoſe two are able there two mills to driue.
At *Burton* on the water, ſouth from *Stow*
Vpon the Would, great vaines of waters flow
To *Burford*, and to *Witney*, and along
Till they make meadowes large, and *Iſis* ſtrong.
The famous Riuer *Iſis* hath her ſpring
Neare *Tetbury*, and downe along doth bring
(As hand-maids) to attend her progreſſe, *Churne*,
Colne, *Windruſh*, *Yenload*, *Leech*, whoſe windings turne,
And Meads, and Paſtures trims, bedecks, and dreſſes,
Like an vnvaluable chaine of ESSES.
After releefe of many a Ducke and Gooſe,
At Saint *Iohns* bridge they make their rendeuous,
And there like robbers croſſing *London* way,
Bid many a bare-foot Welſhman wade or ſtay.
Cloſe vnder *Oxford* one of *Englands* eyes,
Chiefe of the chiefeſt Vniuerſities,

Corruptly called *Stow* the old.

From

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

From *Banbury* deſirous to adde knowledge
To zeale, and to be taught in *Magdalen* College,
The Riuer *Charwell* doth to *Iſis* runne,
And beares her company to *Abington*,
Whil'ſt very neare that towne on *Barkſhire* ſide,
The Riuer *Ock* doth into *Iſis* glide;
Theſe fountaines and fiſh-breeding Riuolets,
(The Countries nurſes, nouriſhers, and teats,)
Attend Dame *Iſis* downe to *Dorcheſter*,
Neare which her louely *Tame* doth meet with her,
There *Tame* his *Iſis* doth embrace and kiſſe,
Both joyn'd in one, cal'd *Tame* or *Tame Iſis*,
Iſis like *Salmacis* becomes with *Tame*
Hermaphrodite in nature and in name.
Tame doth deriue his Spring or Pedegree
Neare *Meſworth* in the vale of *Aylsbury*,
From whence he many miles with ſtrange meanders,
To finde his lovely *Iſis* ſlowly wanders,
Through fertile lands a quiet courſe he keepes,
Till Southward vnder *Whately* bridge he creepes,
And (like a Pilgrim) trauels all alone,
No Brooke or Riuer waiting him vpon,
Onely three nameleſſe Riuolets and two ſprings,
Which very priuately their tribute brings,
Bewailing *Iſis* abſence, and his fate,
Poore *Tame* all heauie and diſconſolate,

Vnnauigable,

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Vnnauigable, ſcorn'd, deſpis'd, diſgrac'd,
Hauing in vaine ſo many paces pac'd;
Deſpairing and quite deſperate with theſe harmes,
He hurles himſelfe vnwares in *Iſis* armes;
Nor cloſer can the barke be to the tree,
Than their infoldings and embracings be;
They riſe and fall together, and they are
In want and plenty to haue equall ſhare;
And *Tame* with *Iſis* will be both one riuer,
Till in the Ocean they their names deliuer.
At *Wallingford* and *Pangbourne*, two ſmall rils,
Their homages to *Thamiſis* inſtils.
The more the riuer runnes, the more tis ſpreading,
Till in it's courſe it falls as low as *Reading*,
Where *Kennet* kindly comes with force and ſource,
To aid and helpe *Thamiſis* in their courſe.
The head of *Kennet* is neare *Ramsbury*,
Paſſing to *Hungerford* by *Newbury*.
The riuer *Anborne* out of *Hampſhire* flies,
To *Kennet* with ſome nameleſſe ſmall ſupplies
Of pettie rills, which paſſing here and there,
Who to repeat, teadious and needleſſe were.
To *Sunning* and by *Biſham Thames* deſcends
To *Marlow* (called great) from whence it wends;
Whereas a little rill from *Wickham* towne,
To wait vpon the *Thames* comes gliding downe;

Then

Then pleaſantly the riuer takes free way
To *Topley* hills, by *Maidenhead* and *Bray*,
Till it to *Windſor* and to *Stanes* doth win,
And there the riuer *Colne* comes gliding in:
Colne hath its head or ſpring in *Hartfordſhire*,
At *Abbots Langley*, or elſe very neere,
With ſome ſmall petty rils and riuolets,
By *Colbrooke* vnto *Stanes* and *Thames* it gets,
The riuer *Wey*, with diuers nameleſſe ſprings
Neare *Chertſey*, vnto *Thames* their ſeruice brings.
Wey (beyond *Guilford*) help'd with creeks and crooks,
At laſt at *Oatlands* towards *Sunbury* lookes,
And there a little rill, (ſcarce worth a line)
In *Middleſex* doth with the *Thames* combine.
Neare *Reygate* towne the riuer *Mole* is found,
Bearing its courſe, runs (Mole-like) vnder ground;
But riſing vp by *Nothury* againe,
At *Molſey* it the *Thames* doth entertaine.
From *Ewell* towne the riuer *Brent* makes haſte,
Who by the *Thames* is louingly embrac'd:
Next which is *Chiſwicke* towne, and *Hammerſmith*,
It entertaines a rill, or little frith,
And after that below, neare *Wandſworth* mill,
Comes in another brooke or nameleſſe rill;
Thus I the riuer bring, and it brings me
From their firſt ſprings to *London* bridge you ſee.

Now

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Now from the bridge below deſcend I muſt,
Till *Thames* it ſelfe doth in the Ocean thruſt,
And if my paines to good men proue a pleaſure,
My gaine's beyond my merit, beyond meaſure,
Of Watermen, men ſcarce can finde a Slower,
Yet hey, to *Graueſend* hoe and ſomewhat lower.
Braue *London* Bridge claimes right preheminence
For ſtrength, and Architects magnificence,
To be true *None-ſuch,* for no eye beheld
A bridge which it each way hath paralleld.
The arches *(Tame* and *Iſis)* ſhadie bowres,
Through which both Eaſt and Weſt in twice twelue houres
Twice *Neptune* greets it flowing from the *Maine,*
And twice the riuer ſends it backe againe,
And as the flouds or ebbes encreaſe or falls,
They through the arches murmure Madrigals,
Whil'ſt th' Eddies divers wayes doth turne and trace,
Tame doth with *Iſis* dance the wilde gooſe chace,
From this rare matchleſſe piece of workmanſhip,
I with the tide of Ebbe muſt quickly ſlip,
And downe into the Riuer *Lea* I hie,
That parts *Midſaxon* from *Eaſt Saxony.*
Which riuer fals from *Ware* to *Walthamſtow,*
And downe by *Layton* vnto *Stratford Bow,*
Some call it *Lea,* but *Camden* calls it *Stowre,*
And neare *Blackwall* it in the *Thames* doth powre,

Next

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Next *Rodeing* is (a *Brooke* or riuer ſmall)
Which Foord from *Berking* into *Thames* doth fall.
From *Hauering*, *Burntwood* and from *Ockingdon*,
Three little Rils into the *Thames* do run,
Th'are nameleſſe, or ſcarce worth the nomination.
And ſo on *Eſſex* ſide I end my ſtation.
And now I'le croſſe into the County *Kent*
To note what riuers from her bound are ſent,
To wait vpon the mighty bigſwolne *Thames*,
Who now is grown the Prince of *Brittains* ſtreams.
By *Bromley* glides the riuer *Rauensburne*
To *Deptford* downe with many a wandring turne,
The riuer *Darrent* is the next and laſt,
Which downe by *Dartford* into *Thames* is caſt.
And thus from *Gloceſter* ſhire neare *Tetbury*
And *Buckingham* ſhire cloſe by *Aylsbury*,
I haue brought *Iſis* and her partner *Tame*
With twenty ſeven helpes loſing each their name,
Who ſpend themſelues to make the *Thames* grow great,
Till (below *Lee*) it loſe both name and ſeat,
Through many Countries as theſe waters paſſe,
They make the Paſtures fructifie in graſſe:
Cattell grow fat, and cheeſe and butter Cheape,
Hey in abundance, Corne by ſtricke and heape,
Beaſts breed, and Fiſh increaſe, fowles multiply,
It brings wood, Cole, and Timber plenteouſly:

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

It beares the lame and weake, makes fat the leane,
And keepes whole townes and countries ſweet and cleane ;
Wer't not for *Thames* (as heauens high hand doth bleſſe it)
We neither could haue fiſh, or fire to dreſſe it,
The very Brewers would be at a fault,
And buy their water dearer than their mault,
And had they malt and water at deſire,
What ſhift (a Gods name) would they make for fire ?
There's many a Seaman, many a Nauigator,
Watermen, fiſhers, bargemen on this water,
Themſelues and families beyond compare,
In number more than hundred thouſands are,
Who doe their Prince and Country often ſerue,
And wer't not for this riuer might goe ſterue ;
And for the good to *England* it hath done,
Shall it to ſpoyle and ruine be let runne ?
Shall priuate perſons for their gainfull uſe,
Ingroſſe the water and the land abuſe,
Shall that which God and nature giues us free,
For vſe and profit in community,
Be barr'd from men, and damb'd vp as in *Thames*,
(A ſhameleſſe auarice ſurpaſſing ſhames ;)
I ſpeake not of the riuers bounds below,
Whereas the tides perpetuall ebbe and flow,
Nor is the riuer wanting much repaire,
Within the bounds of *Londons* honour'd Maior,

Which

Which limits all are cleare from ſtakes and piles,
Beyond *Stanes* bridge (thats more than forty miles)
But I (from *Oxford*) downe to *Stanes* will ſlide,
And tell the riuers wrongs which I eſpide,
Not doubting but good mindes their powers will lend,
T' endeuour theſe abuſes to amend:
Therefore I pray the Readers to diſpence,
And pardon my abrupt intelligence.
From *Oxford* two miles *Ifley* diſtant is,
And there a new turne pike doth ſtand amiſſe,
Another ſtands at *Stanford*, below that,
Weeds, ſhelues, and ſhoales all waterleſſe and flat;
At *Newnham* locke there's plac'd a fiſhing weare,
A grauell hill too high, ſcarce water there;
At *Abington* the ſhoales are worſe and worſe,
That *Swift ditch* ſeemes to be the better courſe,
Below which towne neare *Sutton* there are left
Piles that almoſt our Barges bottome cleft;
Then *Sutton* locks are great impediments,
The waters fall with ſuch great violence,
Thence downe to *Cullom*, ſtreame runs quicke and quicker,
Yet we rub'd twice a ground for want of liquor.
The Weare of *Carpenter's* ſans fault I thinke,
But yet neare *Witnum* towne a tree did ſinke,
Whereas by fortune we our Barge did hit,
And by misfortune there a board was ſplit;

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

At *Clifton* there are rocks, and ſands, and flats,
Which made vs wade, and wet like drowned rats,
The paſſage bare, the water often gone,
And rocks ſmooth worne, doe paue it like free ſtone.
From *Clifton* downe to *Wallingford* we fleet,
Where (for annoyance) piles are plac'd vnmeet;
From thence our Oares did downe the riuer draw,
Vntill we came vntò a mungrill *Spaw*,
A Bath, a Spring, a Fountaine, or a Rill,
That iſſues from the bowels of a hill,
A hill it may be tearm'd, or demie mountaine,
From out whoſe entralls ſprings this new-found fountaine,
Whoſe water (cleare as Chryſtall, ſweet as hony,)
Cures all diſeaſes (except want of mony,)
It helpes the Palſey, Cramp, or Apoplexie,
Scab, ſcurfe, or ſcald, or dropſie if it vex yee,
The Pluriſie, the Lethargie, Strangury,
It cures the Cataracke, and the Stone aſſure yee;
The head-ach, Megrim, Canker, or the Mumps,
Mange, Murrians, Meazles, Melancholy dumps,
It is of vertue, vigor, and of force
To driue all malladies from man or horſe;
Help'd of a Tertian ague I ſaw one,
(Weake, and not worth the ground he went vpon)
Who drank the water mingled with the clay,
And preſently the Ague ran away;

It

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

It cures an old ſore, or a bruiſed blow,
It made the deafe to heare, the lame to goe ;
One dumbe came thither, and ſtraightway diſputed,
And on the trees are crutches executed ;
To heale greene wounds it hath ſuch Soueraigne power,
It cur'd a broken pate in halfe an houre,
Which ſconce was crack'd on purpoſe to th'intent,
To try the vertue of the Element.
If any man imagine I doe lie,
Let him goe thither, breake his pate and trie.
Some ſay crack'd maidenheads are there new ſodered,
I'm ſure the hill with beggers is embroidered,
And all thoſe beggers are with little coſt,
With lice and ſcabs embroidered and emboſt ;
And as it were the Well of *Ariſtotle*,
The water is farre fetch'd in many a bottle,
The clay mixt with the liquour kils the *Cornes*,
Ah could it cure ſome Cuckolds of their hornes,
It would haue patients out of euery climat,
More than my patience could endure to rime at,
And had it but the vertue to ſurceaſe
Some clamorous tongues, and make them hold their peace,
Thouſands of husbands would their wiues ſend thither ;
That they might be recouered all together.
Apothecaries I lament your lots,
Your medcines now will mould in Gallipots,

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Your drugges with barbarous names vnbought will lie,
And waſte and languiſh in obſcurity,
Twill begger all the Quackſaluers outright,
And all our Mountebanks are vndone quite,
But whats become of me? can any tell?
Good Reader helpe me out of this ſtrange well;
I with my pen its praiſe did meane to touch,
And it (I feare) hath made me write too much,
Which if I haue, let your conſtructions be,
Blame the ſtrange working waters and not me:
But he that ſayes that I doe ouer-doe,
Let him goe thither and hee'le doe ſo to;
So farewell, Well, well fare thou, ſtill excell,
Increaſe in operation, Well farewell.
Beneath the fountaine, next is *Cleaue* locks fall,
And neare to that a locke men *Goring* call,
But hauing paſt the locke at *Gorings* there,
At Maſter *Coltons* houſe we had good cheare,
With hearty welcome, but 'twas for his ſake
That did this hopefull buſineſſe vndertake,
Yet with our hearty thanks we thanke them all,
That din'd vs like a ſolemne feſtiuall.
From thence to *Harts* locke downward we deſcended,
And next to *Whitchurch* locke which muſt be mended,
Becauſe the waters turne ſo ſwift and various,
And gainſt our wils to dangerous courſes carry vs:

Next

Next there's a Weare, that if it had its right,
Should be well lib'd, or elſe remoued quite ;
Below that *Maple Ducham* locke appeares,
Where ſtands three faulty and vntoward Weares ;
Then neare the bridge of *Cauerſham* there is
One *Welbecks* Weare, fit to be mou'd I wis ;
As paſt the locke at *Cauerſham* we row,
We found the riuer very foule below,
With weeds and hills of mud and grauell choak'd,
That with our Oares and ſtaues we thruſt and poak'd.
Next *Breaches* Weare near *Sunning* naught doth lie,
And *Sunning* locke the groundſill is too high,
Beſides two Gin-holes that are very bad
And *Sunning* bridge much need of mending had ;
Haules Weare doth almoſt croſſe the riuer all,
Making the paſſage ſtraight and very ſmall,
How can that man be counted a good liuer
That for his priuate vſe will ſtop a riuer ?
Shiplocke, or *Cottrels* locke ſtand very neare,
Not from that farre is *Elmes* his fiſhing weare,
Whereas the riuers caſe is altered well,
For Maſter *Ployden* neare that place doth dwell ;
Marſh locke is plac'd a little aboue *Henly,*
And there the *Thames* is kept indifferent cleanly,
And here at *Henley* once in fifteene yeares,
A Riuer ſtranger in the ſtreet appeares,

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Whoſe ceſterne in the Woods his wealth doth gather,
In that long ſpace, and cannot get it rather,
But gotten out of high-way-flouds, and leaues,
As Dutchmen keepe the drops of their houſe-eues.
The ceſterne fils and then the wals breake downe,
And ſend their ſtowage vnto *Henley* towne,
Another fifteene yeares the wals repaire,
And fill the place with raine or thawed ayre,
And being ſo repleniſht in that ſpace,
It runnes (rub rub) cloſe by the bowling place.
Neare *Henley* (ſome three quarters of a mile)
A little Ile digreſſe and change my ſtile.
Should I forget the good Iudge *Whitlocks* loue,
Vnmanner'd and vngratefull I should proue,
It was about the time (as I remember)
In *Auguſt*, ſome fiue dayes before *September*)
We landed neare the noble Iudges harbour,
(With ſtomacks ſharpe as razour of a Barber)
The time was ſhort, we neither toyd nor trifled,
The Kitchin, Pantry, Paſtry ſtrait we rifled ;
The Celler and the Buttery both we forrag'd,
By which braue booty we were much encourag'd,
Sacke and good Claret drawne from Tierce and Punchion,
That ſeru'd one whole day, and two euenings Nunchion ;
Our bread as good as euer baker ſifted,
Our wine (rare wine) as ere to mouth was lifted,

And

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

And in our buſineſſe (though we all were haſty)
We did ſurprize an excellent Venſon paſty,
We there did ſaue the labour of inuiters;
Whole ioynts of mutton prou'd vs good ſheepe-biters,
Our beere was brauely boyl'd and ſtrongly malted,
Our Pidgeon Pie was pepper'd well and ſalted,
Moſt tender Chickins, Pullet, and a Capon,
We (in our fury) did commit a rape on;
A mighty ſcarlet Lobſter laſt we ſeaſed,
And ſo with theſe Acchats our minds were eaſed,
But that which made our viands taſte the better,
Was welcome, which made each of vs a debter;
And long may he and his ſuruiue and flouriſh,
That did poore trauellers ſo kindly nouriſh,
Theſe lines are writ in duty to expreſſe
Our loue, our duty, and our thankfulneſſe.
From thence we hi'd vs with the ſtreame and wind,
And in the Barge at noone we brauely din'd,
And as our meat our gratefull minds did moue,
We dranke Iudge *Whitlocks* health to ſhew our loue.
Then came we to a locke call'd *Hambleton*,
Whereas the ſtreame a handſome courſe doth runne;
Next *Mednam* Weare doth ſpeedy mending lacke,
It puts the *Thames*, and *Thames* puts it to wracke,
And neare *Frogge-mill* two paltry ſtops there are,
That in the Riuer take too great a ſhare;

Newlocke

Newlocke at *Harley*, and a Weare below,
Almoſt a ſtop, (fit to be clear'd I know ;)
Then *Temple* locke, 'boue *Biſham* Church there is,
Beneath which is a Weare ſomewhat amiſſe,
Then *Marlow* locke is worſt I muſt confeſſe,
The water is ſo pinch'd with ſhallowneſſe,
Beneath which is a Weare ſhould be defac'd,
And *Cottrels* Weare of *Cookham* be diſplac'd.
A Weare doth to one *Holderneſſe* belong,
Which doth the riuer moſt iniurious wrong,
Neare which a Spring runs from the chalkie hills,
The which (not long agoe) did driue two mills,
A ſtop 'gainſt *Toplow* Warren much doth ſpread
Next *Bolters* lock, (a mile from *Maydenhead.*)
Thus haue I paſt the locks, now weares and ſtops,
From thence as farre as *Stanes* mine Inkhorne drops.
'Boue *Maidenhead* bridge a ſtop and one beneath,
Which both to be amended I bequeath ;
Againſt *Bray* church, and *Bray* mill, ſtand three more,
Indifferent bad as any were before ;
A ſtop at Water *Oakley* naught doth lie,
At *Rudles poole* the grauell hills too high,
The water turnes ſo ſhort, and runnes ſo quicke,
That oft the Barges there a ground doe ſtricke ;
Neare *Boueney* Church a dangerous ſtop is found,
On which fiue paſſengers were lately drown'd ;

Below

Taylor on Thame Iſis.

Below the bridge at *Windſor* (paſſing thus)
Some needleſſe piles ſtand very perillous:
Neare *Eaton* College is a ſtop and weare,
Whoſe abſence well the riuer may forbeare;
A ſtop, a weare, a dangerous ſunke tree,
Not farre from *Datchet* Ferry are all three;
A grauell bed, two ſtops and ſtakes beſide,
Againſt and neare old *Windſor* Church we ſpide,
With two ſtops more we ſaw neare *Ankerwike*,
And neare my Lord Maiors ſtone we ſaw the like,
Beſides an Aight or Iſland there we found,
Hedg'd farre into the ſtreame to gaine more ground;
From *Stanes* we paſt to *Lallum guls*, moſt ſhallow,
Whereas fiue Barges faſt aground did wallow;
And ſuch a trowling current there did ſet,
That we were vildly puzzled by to get;
Tumbling 'twixt *Middleſex* and *Surrey* land,
We came where *Chertſeyes* crooked bridge doth ſtand,
Which ſure was made all by left-handed men,
The like of it was neuer in my ken;
Wiw waw to *Oakam* ward, kim kam, kiwwaw,
That through it men can hardly ſet or row,
That's the laſt fault I found that merits note,
And downe from thence we merrily did flote.
Thus haue I ſhew'd *Thames* wrongs in generall,
And wiſh they may be mou'd, or mended all;

And

And who can but with pity here behold
Theſe multitudes of miſchiefes manifold?
Shall *Thames* be barr'd its courſe with ſtops and locks,
With Mils, and hils, with gravell beds, and rocks:
With weares, and weeds, and forced Ilands made,
To ſpoile a publike for a priuate Trade?
Shame fall the doers, and Almighties bleſſing
Be heap'd vpon their heads that ſeeke redreſſing.
Were ſuch a buſineſſe to be done in *Flanders*
Or *Holland* mongſt the induſtrious *Netherlanders;*
They to deepe paſſages would turne our hils,
To Windmils they would change our watermils.
All helpes vnto this riuer they would ayd,
And all impediments ſhould be deſtroyed;
Our vagabonds (the wandering brood of *Caine,*)
They would enforce thoſe runnagates take paine,
Whereby much profit quickly would accrue,
(For labour robs the hangman of his due.)
In common reaſon, all men muſt agree
That if the riuer were made cleane and free,
One Barge, with eight poore mens induſtrious paines,
Would carry more than forty carts or waines.
And euery waine to draw them horſes fiue,
And each two men or boyes to guide or driue,
Charge of an hundred horſe and 80. men
With eight mens labour would be ſerued then,

Thus

Thus men would be employed, and horſe preſeru'd,
And all the Countrey at cheape rates be ſeru'd.
T'is ſaid the *Dutchmen* taught vs drinke and ſwill,
I'm ſure we goe beyond them in that skill,
I wiſh (as we exceed them in what's bad,)
That we ſome portion of their goodneſſe had:
Then ſhould this worthy worke be ſoone begun,
And with ſucceſſefull expedition done:
Which I deſpaire not of, but humbly plead,
That God his bleſſings will increaſe and ſpread
On them that loue this work, and on their heires,
Their goods and chattels, and on all that's theirs:
I wiſh them bleſt externall, and internall,
And in the end with happineſſe eternall.

FINIS.

I Haue almoſt finiſhed another ſmall booke which I will name, ALL WATERS, *wherein I haue treated of the ſtrange diuerſities of Waters, and alſo I haue deſcribed and explained the various diſpoſitions of Watermen, their lawfull vſes, and their vnlawfull abuſes, neither flattering, ſparing, or wronging any good or ill, which I know either by them or my ſelfe, not omitting any thing that may tend to the praiſe of their honeſt trade and conditions, nor inſerting any thing to couer their cauſleſſe iniuries, which many of them haue done to me and others; for they haue lately caſt out ſcandalous libels, and defaming ſpeeches againſt me, and I muſt make them know, that I am not of that tame patience to forbeare them, who are knowne to be nothing but rumour and rabble; therefore vpon ſuch I muſt right myſelfe in print.*

1635.

The Old, Old, very Old Man.

[HAZLITT, No. 52.]



The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Pariſh of Alberbury, in the County of Shropſhiere; who was borne in the yeare 1483, *in the Raigne of King Edward the* 4th, *being Aged*, 152 *Yeares and odd Monthes, in this yeare*, 1635.

The Old, Old, Very Old Man:

OR,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Par*, the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the Pariſh of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp*, (or *Shropſhire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th. being aged 152. yeares and odd Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Converſation in ſo long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to *London* about the end of *September* laſt. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Poſtſcript, ſhewing the many remarkable Accidents that hapned in the Life of this *Old Man.*

Written by IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Goſſon*, at his Shop on *London Bridge*, neere to the Gate.
1635.

TO

THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE,

CHARLES, By the Grace of God,

King of great Britaine, France and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

OF Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifeſt,
You have the old'ſt, the greateſt, & the leaſt:
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,
No kingdom (ſure) compare with Britain *can;*
One, for his extraordinary ſtature,
Guards well your gates, & by inſtinct of Nature
(As hee is ſtrong) is Loyall, True, and Juſt,
Fit, and moſt able, for his Charge and Truſt.
The other's ſmall and well compoſed feature
Deſerves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:

Hee may be great in ſpir't, though ſmall in ſight,
Whilst all his beſt of ſervice, is Delight.
The Old'ſt, your Subject is; but for my uſe,
I make him here, the Subject of my Muſe:
And as his Aged Perſon gain'd the grace,
That where his Soveraign was, to be in place,
And kiſſe your Royall Hand; I humbly crave,
His Lives Diſcription may Acceptance have.
And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems; Pray reade this one more.

Your Majeſties

moſt

Humble Subject

and

Servant,

IOHN TAYLOR.

THE OCCASION OF this Old Man's being brought out *of Shropſhiere to* LONDON.

AS it is impoſsible for the Sunne to be without light, or fire to have no heate; ſo is it undeniable that true Honour is as inſeparably addicted to Vertue, as the Steele to the Load-ſtone; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be ſundred. Which manifeſtly appeares, in the conveying out of the Countrey, of this poore ancient Man; Monument I may ſay, and almoſt Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earle of *Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earle Marſhall of *England*,&c. being lately in *Shropſhiere* to viſit ſome Lands and Maners which his Lordſhip holds in that County, or, for ſome other occaſions of Importance, which cauſed his Lordſhip to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour; who hearing of ſo remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordſhip was pleaſed to ſee him, and

and in his Innated Noble and Chriſtian Piety, he tooke him into his charitable tuition and protection; Commanding that a Litter and two Horſes (for the more eaſie carriage of a man ſo enfeebled and worne with Age) to bee provided for him; Alſo, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucye*) ſhould likewiſe attend him, and have a Horſe for her owne riding with him; And (to cheere up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foole*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had alſo a Horſe for his cariage. Theſe all were to be brought out of the Countrey to *London*, by eaſie Iourneyes; the Charges being allowed by his Lordſhip, and likewiſe one of his Honours owne Servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horſeback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expences; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

Winnington is a Hamlet in the Pariſh of *Alberbury*, nere a place called the *Welſh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewſbury*, from whence hee was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earles aforeſaid; and the next day to *Shefnall*, (a Manour Houſe of his Lordſhips) where they likewiſe ſtaied one night; from *Shefnal* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*,

Brimicham, from thence to *Coventry;* and although Maſter *Kelley* had much to do to keepe the people off that preſſed upon him in all places where hee came, yet at *Coventry* he was moſt oppreſt: for they came in ſuch multitudes to ſee the Old Man, that thoſe that defended him, were almoſt quite tyred and ſpent, and the aged man in danger to have bin ſtifled; and in a word, the rabble were ſo unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt hee ſhould bring his Charge no further; (ſo greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they paſt to *Daventry*, to ſtony *Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and ſo to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accomodated with all things, having all the aforeſaid Attendants, at the ſole Charge and Coſt of his Lordſhip.

One Remarkable Paſſage of the Old Mans Pollicie muſt not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.

His three Leaſes of 63. yeares being expired, he tooke his laſt Leaſe of his Landlord (one Maſter *John Porter*) for his Life, with which Leaſe, he hath lived more then 50. yeares (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wives ſake) renew his Leaſe for yeares, which his Landlord would not conſent unto; wherfore old *Parr*, (having been long blind) ſitting in his chaire by

the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Maſter *Edward Porter*, the Son of his landlord, to come towards their houſe, which ſhe told her husband, ſaying, Husband, our young Landlord is comming hither: Is he ſo, ſaid old *Parr;* I prethee wife lay a Pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe; which, ſhe did; and when yong Maſter *Porter* (yet forty yeares old) was come into the houſe, after ſalutations between them, the Old Man ſaid, Wife, is not that a Pin which lyes at my foot? Truly husband, quoth ſhe, it is a Pin indeed, ſo ſhe took up the Pin, and Maſter *Porter* was halfe in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his ſight againe; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, therby to have them to ſuppoſe him to be more lively than he was, becauſe hee hop'd to have his Leaſe renew'd for his wives ſake, as aforeſaid.

Hee hath had two Children by his firſt wife, a Son and a Daughter, the Boyes name was *Iohn*, and lived but ten weekes; the Girle was named *Joan*, and ſhee lived but three weeks. So that it appeares hee hath out-lived the moſt part of the people that are living neere there, three times over.

The

The Very Old Man:

OR,

The Life of *Thomas Parr.*

AN Old man's twice a child (the proverb ſaies)
And many old men nere ſaw halfe his daies
Of whom I write; for hee at firſt had life,
When *Yorke* and *Lancaſters* Domeſtique ſtrife
In her owne blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Vntill ſweet Peace thoſe civil flames had quench'd.
When as fourth *Edwards* raigne to end drew nigh,
Iohn Parr (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was Hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred eighty three.
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,
Was Plough, and Cart, Sithe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flayle, Rake, Fork, & Goad,
And Whip, and how to Load, and to Vnload;
Old *Tom* hath ſhew'd himſelfe the Son of *Iohn*,
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.
Yet I have read of as meane Pedigrees,
That have attain'd to Noble dignities:
Agathocles, a Potters Son, and yet
The Kingdome of *Sicilia* hee did get.

Great *Tamberlaine*, a Scythian Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did ſurpaſſe.
Firſt *Ptolomey* (the King of *Ægypts* Land)
A poore mans Son of *Alexanders* Band.
Dioclefian, Emperour, was a Scriveners Son,
And *Proba* from a Gard'ner th'Empire won.
Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan
The Empire; So did *Valentinian*,
Who was the off-ſpring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.
And if I on the truth doe rightly glance,
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of *France*.
By this I have digreſt, I have expreſt
Promotion comes not from the Eaſt or Weſt.
So much for that, now to my Theame againe:
This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th'expired Raigne
Of ten great Kings and Queenes, th'eleventh now
The Scepter, (bleſt by th'ancient of all days) (ſways
Hee hath ſurviv'd the *Edwards*, fourth and fift;
And the third *Richard*, who made many a ſhift
To place the Crowne on his Ambitious head;
The ſeventh & eighth brave *Henries* both are dead,
Sixt *Edward*, *Mary*, *Phillip*, *Elſabeth*,
And bleſt remembred *Iames*, all theſe by death
Have changed life, and almoſt 'leven yeares ſince
The happy raigne of *Charles* our gracious Prince,
Tom

Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appeares
Nine Monthes, one hundred fifty, and two yeares.
Amongſt the Learn'd, 'tis held in generall
That every ſeventh yeare's Climacterical,
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be
Moſt perillous at th'Age of ſixty three,
Which is, nine Climactericals; but this Man
Of whom I write, (ſince firſt his life began)
Hath liv'd of Climactericals ſuch plenty,
That he hath almoſt out-liv'd two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Shropſhiere* late, Relations doth relate,
That Hee liv'd 17 yeares with *Iohn* his Father,
And 18 with a Maſter, which I gather
To be full thirty five; his Sires deceaſe
Left him foure yeares Poſsion of a Leaſe;
Which paſt, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then
For twenty one yeares grant his Leaſe agen:
That Leaſe expir'd, ehe Son of *Lew's* cald *Iohn*,
Let him the like Leaſe, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *Iohn* (laſt nam'd before)
For one and twenty yeares ſold one Leaſe more.
And laſtly, he hath held from *Iohn*, *Hugh's* Son,
A Leaſe for's life theſe fifty yeares, out-run:
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth againe
Returne, the laſt Leaſe muſt his owne remaine.

Thus having ſhew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'le ſhew ſome Actions of his Pilgrimage.
A tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried,
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:
His Continence, to queſtion I'le not call,
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth ſlip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourſcore yeares might find
In *Salop's* Countie, females faire and kind:
But what have I to doe with that; let paſſe,
At th'age aforeſaid hee firſt married was
To *Iane*, *Iohn Taylors* Daughter; and 'tis ſaid,
That ſhe (before he had her) was a Mayd.
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then ſhe dy'd, (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower ſtay;
Then once more ventred in the Wedlock way:
And in affection to his firſt wife *Iane*,
Hee tooke another of that name againe;
(With whom he now doth live) ſhe was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and ſurnam'd *Adda*)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillſels* Pariſh, in *Mountgom'ry-ſhiere*,
The Daughter of *Iohn Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood*)
Of ancient houſe, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.
But hold, I had forgot, in's firſt wives Time,
Hee frayly, fouly, fell into a Crime,

Which

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More baſe, more noble, weaker men, and ſtronger
Have falne into.
The *Cytherean*, or the *Paphæan* game,
That thundring *Iupiter* did oft inflame;
Moſt cruell cut-throat *Mars* layd by his Armes,
And was a ſlave to Loves Inchanting charmes,
And many a Pagan god, and ſemi-god,
The common road of luſtfull love hath trod:
For from the Emp'rour to the ruſſet Clowne,
All ſtates, each ſex, from Cottage to the Crowne,
Have in all Ages ſince the firſt Creation,
Bin foyld, & overthrown with Loves temptation:
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to ſpy
A Beauty, and Love entred at his eye,
Whoſe pow'rfull motion drew on ſweet conſent,
Conſent drew Action, Action drew Content,
But when the period of thoſe joyes were paſt,
Thoſe ſweet delights were ſourely ſauc'd at laſt.
The fleſh retaines, what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head,
It may be he was guld as ſome have bin,
And ſuffred puniſhment for others ſinne;
For pleaſures like a Trap, a grin, or ſnare,
Or (like a painted harlot) ſeemes moſt faire;
But when ſhe goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beaſt ſo foul a ſhape can have. Fair

Faire *Katherin Milton*, was this Beauty bright,
(Faire like an Angell, but in weight too light)
Whoſe fervent feature did inflame ſo far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Lawes ſatisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He ſhould be purg'd, by ſtanding in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,
In *Alberbury's* Pariſh Church did weare.
Should All that ſo offend, ſuch Pennance doe,
Oh, what a price would Linnen riſe unto,
All would be turn'd to ſheets, our ſhirts & ſmocks
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly ſcape tranſ-forming, but all's one,
He ſuffred, and his Puniſhment is done.
But to proceed, more ſerious in Relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,
Hee's (in theſe times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity*;
For his Longeuity's of ſuch extent,
That hee's a living mortall Monument.
And as high Towres, (that ſeeme the sky to ſhoul-
By eating Time, conſume away, and molder, (der)
Vntill at laſt in piece meale they doe fall;
Till they are buried in their Ruines All:
So this Old Man, his limbs their ſtrength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his ſight bereft,
His

His ſinewes ſhrunk, his blood moſt chill and cold,
Small ſolace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet ſtill his ſp'rits poſſeſſe his mortall Trunk;
Nor are his ſenſes in his ruines ſhrunk,
But that his Hearing's quicke, his ſtomacke good,
Hee'l feed well, ſleep well, well diſgeſt his food.
Hee will ſpeake heartily, laugh, and be merry;
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry;
Loves Company, and Vnderſtanding talke,
And (on both ſides held up) will ſometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinckles fill,
He hath been handſome, and is comely ſtill,
Well fac'd; and though his Beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected;
From head to heele, his body hath all over,
A Quick-ſet, Thick-ſet nat'rall hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weake Invention can)
I have Annatomiz'd this poore Old Man.
Though Age be incident to moſt tranſgreſsing,
Yet Time well ſpent, makes Age to be a bleſsing.
And if our ſtudies would but daign to look,
And ſeriouſly to ponder Natures Booke,
We there may read, that Man, the nobleſt Creature,
By ryot and exceſſe doth murder Nature.
This man nere fed on deare compounded diſhes,
Of Metamorphos'd beaſts, fruits, fowls, and fiſhes,

The earth, and ayre, the boundleſſe Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forrag'd for this Man;
Nor ever did Phyſician to (his coſt)
Send purging Phyſick through his guts in poſt:
In all his life time he was never knowne,
That drinking others healths, he loſt his owne;
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek*, and *Spaniſh* Grape,
Vpon his reaſon never made a Rape;
For *Ryot*, is for *Troy* an Annagram;
And *Ryot* waſted *Troy*, with ſword and flame:
And ſurely that which will a Kingdome ſpill,
Hath much more power one ſilly man to kill,
Whilſt ſenſuality the Pallat pleaſes,
The body's fill'd with ſurfets, and diſeaſes;
By Ryot (more than War) men ſlaughtred be,
From which confuſion this Old Man is free.
He once was catch'd in the Venerall Sin,
And (being puniſh'd) did experience win,
That carefull feare his Conſcience ſo did ſtrike,
He never would againe attempt the like.
Which to our underſtandings may expreſſe
Mens dayes are ſhortned through laſcivioufneſſe,
And that a competent contenting Dyet
Makes men live long, and ſoundly ſleepe in quiet.
Miſtake me not, I ſpeake not to debar
Good fare of all ſorts; for all Creatures are
Made

Made for mans uſe, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by vorations Gluttony abus'd.
For hee that dares to ſcandall or deprave
Good houſ-keeping; Oh hang up ſuch a Knave,
Rather commend (what is not to be found)
Then injure that w^ch^ makes the world renownd.
Bounty hath got a ſpice of *Lethargie*,
And liberall noble *Hoſpitallity*
Lyes in conſumption, almoſt pin'd to death,
And *Charity* benum'd, neere out of Breath.
May *Englands* few good houſ-keepers be bleſt
With endleſſe Glory, and eternall Reſt;
And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy Seed
With heav'ns beſt Bleſsings multiply and breed.
'Tis madneſſe to build heigh with ſtone and lime,
Great houſes, that may ſeeme the Clouds to clime,
With ſpacious Halls, large Galleries, brave roomes
Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes;
Amongſt which rooms, the devill hath put a Witch
And made a ſmall *Tobacco-box* the Kitchin; (in,
For *Covetouſneſſe* the Mint of Miſchiefe is,
And *Chriſtian Bounty* the High-way to Bliſſe.
To weare a Farm in ſhoo-ſtrings edg'd with gold,
And ſpangled Garters worth a Coppy hold:
A hoſe and dublet; which a Lordſhip coſt,
A gawdy cloake (three Manours price almoſt)

A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd
Like *Ieroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.
This double, treble aged man, I wot,
Knowes and remembers when theſe things were
Good wholſome labour was his exerciſe, (not;
Down w^th^ the Lamb, & with the Lark would riſe,
In myre and toyling ſweat hee ſpent the day,
And (to his Teame) hee whiſtled Time away:
The *Cock* his night-*Clock*, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chiefe *Sun-Diall*, was the *Sun.*
Hee was of old *Pithagoras* opinion, (onion)
That greene cheeſe was moſt wholſome (with an
Courſe Meſclin bread, and for his daily ſwig,
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whay, and Whig;
Sometimes Metheglin, and by fortune happy,
Hee ſometimes ſip't a Cup of Ale moſt nappy,
Syder, or Perry, when hee did repaire
T'a Whitſon Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,
Or when in Chriſtmas time hee was a Gueſt
At his good Land-lords houſe amongſt the reſt:
Elſe hee had little leaſure Time to waſte,
Or (at the Alehouſe) huffe-cap Ale to taſte.
Nor did hee ever hunt a Taverne Fox,
Nere knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;

His

His Phyſick was good Butter, which the ſoyle
Of *Salop* yields, more ſweet than *Candy* oyle,
And Garlick hee eſteem'd above the rate
Of *Venice-Triacle*, or beſt *Mithridate.*
Hee entertain'd no *Gowt*, no *Ache* hee felt,
The ayre was good, and temp'rat where he dwelt,
Whilſt *Maviſſes*, and ſweet tongu'd *Nightingales*
Did chant him Roundelayes, and Madrigals.
Thus living within bounds of Natures Lawes,
Of his long laſting life may be ſome cauſe.
For though th'almighty all mans daies do meaſure,
And doth diſpoſe of life and death at pleaſure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans dayes and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tollerate.
But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grand-father, and his Great grand-father,
Had their lives threds ſo long a length been ſpun,
They (by ſucceſsion) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
Tradition ſhew Times mutabillity.
Then *Parr* might ſay he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-ſire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward* the Confeſſor,
(*Harrold*) and *William* Conq'rour his ſucceſſor;
How his Son *Robert* wan *Ieruſalem*,
Ore-came the *Sarazens*, and Conquer'd them:

How *Rufus* raign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how uſurping *Stev'n* this Kingdome vext:
How *Mawd* the Empreſs (the firſt *Henries* daughter)
To gaine her Right, fill'd *England* full of ſlaughter:
Of ſecond *Henry's Roſamond* the faire,
Of *Richard Cuer-de-lyon*, his brave heire,
King *Iohn*, and of the foule ſuſpition
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.
Of the third *Henrie's* long raigne (ſixty yeares)
The Barons wars, the loſſe of wrangling Peeres,
How *Long-ſhanks* did the *Scots* & *French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his haples ſon their Prince.
How ſecond *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.
How the third *Edward*, fifty yeares did raigne,
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordaine.
Next how the ſecond *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realme with civill (moſt uncivill) war
'Twixt long contending *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*.
How the fift *Henry* ſwayd, and how his ſon
Sixt *Henry*, a ſad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and faire Miſtriſſe *Shore*,
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Haſtings* (——)
Then how fift *Edward*, murthered with a trick
Of the third *Richard*; and then how that *Dick*
Was

Was by ſeventh *Henries* ſlaine at *Boſworth* field;
How he and's ſon th'eighth *Henry*, here did wield
The Scepter; how ſixt *Edward* ſwayd,
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royall Mayd
Elizabeth did Governe (beſt of Dames)
And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how juſt *Iames*
(Another Phenix) from her Aſhes claimes
The right of *Britaines* Scepter, as his owne,
But (changing for a better) left the Crowne
Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his moſt bleſt Poſterity
Till time ſhall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd. (ding)
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without rea-
Hee from his ſire, and Grand ſires ſire proceeding,
By word of mouth might tell moſt famous things
Done in the Raigns of all thoſe Queens and Kings.
But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,
And nere did taſte the *Helliconian* cup,
He nere knew Hiſtory, nor in mind did keepe
Ought, but the price of Corne, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.
Day found him work, and Night allowd him reſt.
Nor did Affaires of State his braine moleſt.
His high'ſt Ambition was, A tree to lop,
Or at the furtheſt to a May-poles top,
His Recreation, and his Mirths diſcourſe
Hath been the *Pyper*, and the *Hobby-horſ*. And

And in this ſimple ſort, hee hath with paine,
From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe.
'Tis ſtrange, a man that is in yeares ſo growne
Should not be rich; but to the world 'tis knowne,
That hee that's borne in any Land, or Nation,
Vnder a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination,
(By working of that Planets influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence.
Whereby (although his Learning cannot ſhow it)
Hee's rich enough to be (like mee) a Poet.
But er'e I doe conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable ſtate;
Where ſhall a young man good Inſtructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?
Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to *Solomon*)
Rejecting ancient Counſell, was undone
Almoſt; for ten of the twelve Tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Iſrael.*
And all wiſe Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chuſe Old men, as Magiſtrates,
Whoſe Wiſedome, and whoſe reverend Aſpect,
Knowes how and when to puniſh or protect.
The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis rightly underſtood)
To ſtore and multiply by procreations,
That people ſhould inhabit and breed Nations.
That

That th'Ancients their Poſterities might ſhow
The ſecrets Deepe of Nature, how to know
To ſcale the ſkie with learned *Aſtronomy*,
And ſound the *Oceans* deepe profundity;
But chiefly how to ſerve, and to obey
God, who did make them out of ſlime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not ſuſtaine the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,
Was ſuch increaſe to their Poſterity,
That one old man might ſee before he dy'd,
That his owne only off-ſpring had ſupply'd
And Peopled Kingdomes.
But now ſo brittle's the eſtate of man,
That (in Compariſon) his life's a ſpan.
Yet ſince the Flood it may be proved plaine,
That many did a longer life retaine,
Than him I write of; for *Arpachſhad* liv'd
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* ſurviv'd
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred ſixty foure.
Two hundered yeares *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred ſeventy five.
Before *Iob's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His ſons and daughters were at marriage ſtates,
And after his reſtoring, 'tis moſt cleare,

D That

That he ſurviv'd one hundred forty yeare.
Iohn Buttadeus (if report be true)
Is his name that is ſtil'd, *The Wandring Iew*,
'Tis ſaid, he ſaw our Saviour dye; and how
He was a man then, and is living now;
Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade;
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.
Vpon a *Germanes* Age, 'tis written thus,
That one *Iohannes de Temporibus*
Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne*,
And that unto the age he did attaine
Of yeares three hundred ſixty one, and then
Old *Iohn of Times* return'd to Earth agen.
And noble *Neſtor*, at the ſiege of *Troy*,
Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.
Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (a moſt learned Knight)
Doth of an *Iriſh* Counteſſe, *Deſmond*, write,
Of ſeven ſcore yeares of Age, he with her ſpake:
The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make
That ſhe was Married in Fourth *Edwards* raigne,
Thrice ſhed her Teeth, which three times came a-gaine.
The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde-Iriſh* are
Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.
Amongſt the Barbarous *Indians* ſome live ſtrong
And luſty, neere two hundred winters long?
So as I ſaid before, my Verſe now ſayes
By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.

 Therefore

Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britane* hath out gone;
All thoſe that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and doe replye,
I will be ſorry, and confeſſe I lye.
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Guſts and ſtormes
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,
And truſted much in hope great gaine to win,
And late and early ſtrived to get or ſave,
His Gray head long ere now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Iudge* or *Magiſtrate*,
Or of Great Counſell in Affaires of ſtate
Then dayes important buſineſſe, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haires:
But as I writ before, no cares oppreſt him,
Nor ever did Affaires of State moleſt him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be ſo much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being paſt ſo far,
And at his Birth there was no Regiſter.
The Regiſter was ninty ſeven yeares ſince
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illuſtrious Prince)

Th'yeare fifteene hundred fourty wanting twaine)
And in the thirtieth yeare of that Kings raigne;
So old *Parr* now, was almoſt an old man,
Neere ſixty ere the Regiſter began.
I'have writ as much as Reaſon can require,
How Times did paſſe, how's Leaſes did expire;
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate
T'our gracious King by their Certificate (him;
His age, and how time w^th^ gray haires hath crownd
And ſo I leave him older than I found him.

A Poſcript.

THe changes of Manners, the variations of Cuſtomes, the mutability of Times, the ſhiftings of Faſhions, the alterations of Religions, the diverſities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath hapned ſince the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the ſixt yeare of his Age, and in the ſecond yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the ſeventh, one *Lambert Simnell*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crowne, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclamed King of *England* in the Citie of *Dublin:* This Paltry fellow did put the King to much coſt and trouble, for hee landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancaſhiere*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a ſharpe and ſhort Battell, overcame and tooke him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches place in the Kitchin, and afterwards made him one of his Faulconers. *Anno.* 1487.

In the tenth yeare of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the ſeventh another Yongſter, whoſe name was *Perken Warbeck* (as ſome write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay*) ſome ſay his Father was a Iew; notwithſtanding,

ſtanding, he likewiſe put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was aſſiſted with Souldiers from *Scotland* and *France*; beſides, many joyned with him in *England*, till at the laſt, the King tooke him, and (on his true Confeſſion, pardon'd him) hee falling againe to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburne*. 1499.

The ſame yeare alſo, a Shoomakers Son, dwelling in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, likewiſe claimed the Crowne, under the name of *Edward*, Earle of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this young Shoomaker ended his claime in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings*; which was a warning for him, not to ſurpaſſe *Ne Sutor Vltra Crepidam*.

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crowne, (in the ſecond yeare of Queene *Maries* raigne) ſaying that hee was King *Edward* the ſixt; but the tenth of *May*, 1552, thoſe Royall Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till hee fell to his old claime agen, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impoſtures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, hee hath knowne the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romiſh Catholick Religion from his Birth, till the 24 yeare of King *Henry* the eight, the time of 50 yeares: And then the 26 of his raigne (the Kings underſtanding being Illuminated from above) hee caſt the Popes Authority out of this Kingdome, 1534, and reſtored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the ſixt his raign, which was neer about 20 yeares, then was a bloudy alteration, or return to Papiſtry for more than 5 yeares, all the raign of Queen *Mary*; ſince whoſe death, the Proteſtant Religion again was happily reſtored, continued, and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholike, and Apoſtolike Faith, theſe 66 years and more, under the bleſſed Governments of Queene *Elizabeth*, King *Iames*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing downe of Abbyes, and Religious Houſes; nor did hee ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or Engliſh, hee held it ſafeſt to be of the Religion of the King or Queene that were in being; for he knew that hee came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of Wiſedome to be broyled out of it: His name was never queſtioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacie: He hath known the

time when men were ſo mad as to kneele downe and pray before a Blocke, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relique of a Hee or Shee Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Ieſus*; that are more afraid to ſee a white Surpliſſe, than to weare a white Sheet; that deſpiſe the Croſſe (in any thing but mony) that hold Latin to be the language of the Beaſt, and hate it deadly becauſe the Pope ſpeaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their owne Braines, not grounded upon the true Corner-ſtone; who are furniſh'd with a lazy idle *Faith*; that holds good workes a maine Point of Popery; that hold their Religion trueſt, becauſe it is contrary to all Order and Diſcipline, both of Church and Common-wealth: Theſe are ſprung up ſince old *Tom Parr* was borne.

But he hath out-liv'd many Sectaries and Heretikes; For in the 32 yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the eighth, 1540. the 3 of *May*, three Annabaptiſts were burnt in the High-way, between *Southwark* and *Newington*. In the fourth yeare of King *Edward* the ſixt, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burned in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretike, 1551. 1583, One *Iohn Lewis* denied the God-head of Chriſt, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 26 yeare of *Elizabeth*. Not long before that, there was one *Ione Butcher* (Alias) *Ione* of *Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third yeare of Queene *Elizabeth's* raigne, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *Iohn Moore* to be Chriſt, but they were both whip'd out of that preſumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of Queene *Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it tooke no deep root.

In the 21 of Queene *Elizabeth*, one *Mathew Hamont* was burn'd at *Norwich* for denying Chriſt to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of Queene *Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hang'd for profeſſing himſelfe to be Chriſt, 1591.

In the 9 yeare of king *Iames*, the 11 of *Aprill*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burn'd at *Litchfield* for Arianiſme.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Hereſies which have beene in this Kingdome in his time, now I treate of ſome other Paſſages.

Hee hath out-liv'd ſix great Plagues. Hee was borne long before we had much uſe of Printing: for it was brought into this King-dome

dome 1472. and it was long after ere it was in uſe.

Hee was above 80 yeares old before any Gunnes were made in *England*, 1535.

The Vintoners ſold no Sacks, Muſcadels, Malmſeys, Baſtards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 yeare of King *Henry* the eight 1543, and then was Old *Parr* 60 yeares of age: all thoſe ſweet Wines were ſold till that time at the Apothecarics for no other uſe, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch uſed in *England*. A *Flaunders* woman, one Miſtris *Dinghen Vanden Plaſſe* brought in the uſe of Starch, 1564: and then was this man neere 80 yeares old.

There were no Bands worne till King *Henry* the eights time; for hee was the firſt King that ever wore a Band in *England*, 1513.

Womens Maſques, Busks, Muffes, Fannes, Periwigs, and Bodkins, were invented by *Italian* Curtezans, and tranſported through *France* into *England*, in the ninth of Queene *Elizabeth*.

Tobacco was firſt brought into *England* by Sir *Iohn Hawkins*, 1565, but it was firſt brought into uſe by Sir *Walter Rawleigh* many yeares after.

He was 81 yeares old before there was any Coach in *England*: for the firſt that ever was ſeene here, was brought out of the *Netherlands*, by one *William Boonen*, a *Dutch-man*, who gave a Coach to Queen *Elizabeth*, (for ſhe had been ſeven yeares a Queen before ſhe had any Coach) ſince when, they have increaſed (with a miſchiefe) and rui'nd all the beſt Houſe-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never ſwarmed ſo thick to peſter the ſtreets, as they doe now, till the yeare 1605, and then was the Gun-powder Treaſon hatch'd, and at that time did the Coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-liv'd the Faſhion, at leaſt 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plentie: but I will ſpeake onely of the Plentie.

In the yeare 1499, the 15 of *Henry* 7, Wheat was ſold for 4. *s.* the quarter, or 6. *d.* the buſhell, and Bay ſalt at 4. *d.* and Wine at 40 ſhillings the Tun, (which is about three farthings the quart.)

In the firſt of Queen *Mary*, Beere was ſold for ſixpence the Barrell, (the Caske and all) and three great loaves for one peny.

In the yeare 1557, the fifth of Queen *Mary*, the Penny Wheaten loafe

Loafe was in weight, 56 ounces, and in many places people would change a Buſhell of Corne for a Pound of Candles.

So much ſhall ſuffice for the declaring of ſome Changes and Alterations that have hapned in his time.

Now for a Memoriall of his Name, Ile give a little touch. I will not ſearch for the Antiquity of the name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 yeare of King *Edward* the fourth, the King ſent Sir *William Parr* Knight, to ceaſe upon the Archbiſhop of *Yorks* Goods, at a place called the *More*, in *Hartfordſhiere*, 1472: this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the Garter.

In the 22 of *Edward* the fourth, the ſame Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloſter*.

In the yeare 1543, the 35 yeare of King *Henry* the eight, *Iuly* 22, the King was married to Lady *Katherin Parr*; and the 24 of *Decem.* following, the Queene's Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earle of *Eſſex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Vncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Chamberlaine to the Queene, and the firſt of King *Edward* the ſixt, *William Parr*, Earle of *Eſſex* was created Marqueſſe of *Northampton*; and in the 4 yeare of King *Edwards* raigne 1550, the ſaid Marqueſſe was made Lord Great Chamberlaine of *England*, and on the laſt of *Aprill*, 1552, hee (amongſt other Lords) Muſtred 100 brave well appointed Horſmen of his owne charge before King *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cogniſance or Creſt being the *Maydenhead*) in the firſt of Queene *Mary* hee tooke part with the Lady *Iane* againſt the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, *Iuly* 26, and (contrary to expectation) releaſed againe ſhortly after, *March* 24.

Alſo the firſt of Queene *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marqueſſe of *Northampton* ſate in *Weſtminſter* Hall, Lord High Steward, upon a Tryall of *William* Lord *Wentworth*, (who had been late Lord Deputy of *Caleis*; which noble Lord *Wentworth*, came off moſt Honourably acquited, *Aprill* 22.

After the death of King *Henry* the eight, Queene *Katherin Parr* was married to Sir *Thomas Seimer*, Lord High Admirall, and ſhe dyed the 2 of *September*, 1548.

And thus I lay downe the Pen, leaving it to whomſoever can, or will make more of this *Old Man*, than I have

DONE.

[1639.]

Part of this Summers Travels.

[NOT IN HAZLITT NOR LOWNDES.]

Part of this Summers Travels.

Or News
From *Hell*, *Hull*, and *Hallifax*,
from *York*, *Linne*, *Leiceſter*,
Cheſter, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*,
Nottingham, and the
Divells Ars a Peake.

With many pleaſant paſſages,
worthy your obſervation
and reading.

By *John Taylor*.

Imprinted by *I. O.*

A few words of direction to the Reader.

I Have not written every place in that order, as is ſet downe in the Title of this Pamphlet, but of ſuch places as I travelled unto, I have truly related the paſſages, and the time, both when, where, why, and how I went, came and perform'd it. If any man aske wherefore this Book is good, or how it may be any way uſefull, I anſwer that it is foure ways commodious: Firſt, it is profitable, for it will direct a man the high-wayes of croſſing divers Countries from place to place, which no other Book ſhews, as from *Leiceſter* to *Linne* in *Norfolke*, from *Linne* to *Kingſtone*,

upon *Hull* in *Yorkeſhire*, from *Hull* to *Yorke*, thence to *Hallifax*, to *Cheſter*, *Darby*, *Nottingham*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, and *the Devils Ars a Peake:* all theſe ways are herein deſcribed; ſecondly, there are ſome Monuments of Antiquitie are mentioned, which greater Authours have omitted; thirdly, there are ſome paſſages of delightfull Mirth and Recreation. And laſtly, all is true, or elſe you have the Authours leave to travell as hee hath done, and doe your beſt and worſt to prove him a liar.



Paſſages and Entertainments from *London* to *Leiceſter*, with ſome obſervations of the ſaid Town and Shire.

UPon Saint Swithins *day, I noted well,*
The wind was calme, nor any rain then fell,
Which faire day (as old ſawes faith) doth portend,
That heav'n to earth, will plenteous harveſt ſend,
The morrow being Julies *ſixteenth day,*
In my progreſſion I began my way.
I need not to relate the towns that lie
Juſt in my way, (as I road through or by)
Onely at Mims, *a Cockney boaſting bragger*
In mirth, did aske the women for Belſwagger,
But ſtrait the females, like the Furies fell,
Did curſe, ſcold, raile, caſt dirt, and ſtones pell mell,

But we betook us nimbly to our ſpurs,
And left them calling us rogues, Knaves, and curs,
With other pretty names, which I diſcern'd
They from their old fore-mothers well had learn'd.
The reaſon why they are with rage inflam'd,
When as they heare Belſwagger *nam'd.*
Is (as report doth ſay) there dwelt a Squire,
Who was ſo full of love, (or luſts deſire)
That with his faire tongue, Hippocritick-hood,
(By ſlanderous people 'twas miſunderſtood)
The women were ſo fruitfull, that they were
All got with childe, in compaſſe of one yeare,
And that Squires name, they ſay, Belſwagger *was,*
And from that tale, the lying jeere doth paſſe,
Wherefore the women there will chide and ſwagger,
If any man do aske them for Belſwagger.
Thence paſt I on my journey unto Hockly,
Where as I ſaw a Drunkard like a block lye,
There I alighted at the ſanguine Lion,
Where I had meat, drink, and a bed to lie on,
The next day I road ſtately to Northampton,
And all the way my horſe moſt proudly ſtampt on,
On Thurſday, trotting, galloping and ambling,
To Leiſter, *I proceeded in my rambling:*
There, at the blue Boare *I was welcome than*
Unto my brother Miles, *a downright man,*
Plain dealing, free from flattery, fraud or feare,
Who hath liv'd long with reputation there,

He's

He's old and honeſt, valiant, courteous, free:
(I write not this for making much of me)
But they that doubts on't, let them go and try
And if he be a changling, ſay I lie.
That houſe, King Richard *lodg'd in, his laſt night,*
Before he did the field of Boſworth *fight,*
And there's a Room, a King to entertain,
The like is not in Leiſter *Town again,*
Th'Aſſizes then were there, ſome cauſes tride,
And Law did there the corps and ſouls divide,
Of two offenders, one had with a Knife
Stabd his contracted love, and reav'd her life,
'Tother, a wench that had ſtolne ſome poor rayment,
And fir'd the houſe, deſerv'd the Hangmans pay-
King Leir *a Temple did to* Janus *reare (ment.*
And plac'd a Flamine *in't, there doth appeare*
The arched Ovens foure yards thick at leaſt,
Wherein they Heathen Sacrifices dreſt;
Like as the Jews in their Idolatry,
Offered their ſonnes and daughters impiouſly,
To Moloch, Niſroch, Aſhtaroth, *and* Ball:
And to thoſe deviliſh gods adore and fall,
So people here, when warre or peace they ſought;
They offrings unto Janus *Temple brought;*
This was eight hundred forty and foure yeare
Before our Saviours birth, built by King Leire,
Long after Eltreldred *(the* Mercian *King)*
A happy and a Chriſtian change did bring,

The Temple raz'd the Flamine *he defac'd,*
And there a Chriſtian Biſhops Sea he plac'd,
Which laſt but few yeares, for then this Land
Was ſeven-fold yoaked, beneath 7 Kings command,
And thoſe Kings ſtill were in perpetuall wars
That England *was quite ſpoyl'd with endleſſe jars,*
And in thoſe Garboyles Leiſter *had her ſhare,*
Spoy'ld, rifled, ranſack'd, rob'd, and left moſt bare,
Till Edelfred, *with great magnificence,*
Repair'd and wall'd it ſtrongly for defence.
Then did it flouriſh long in wealth and ſtate,
Till ſecond Henry *it did ruinate:*
He in out-ragious fury fir'd the Town,
Diſwall'd it quite, and caſt the Caſtle down,
So nothing but ſome ruines doth appeare,
Whereby men may perceive that ſuch things were.
Thus Leiſter *fell, from ſtate ſuperlative,*
Her fifty churches all conſum'd to five.
Yet it is faire and ſpacious at this day,
And Eaſt, Weſt, North and South 'tis every way
Above a mile in length, ſo that no doubt,
The Town's in circuit ſix large miles about.
Henry *firſt Duke of* Lancaſter *in war,*
In peace, or bounty, a bright blazing Star
For buildings in this City is renown'd,
Which as time rais'd, time did again confound.
Yet one large fabrick there doth ſtill abide,
Whereby the good Dukes name is dignifide.

And

And that's an Hoſpitall or Bead-houſe, where
One hundred and ten men are harbour'd there,
From periſhing through want, ſtill to defend
Thoſe aged men untill the world ſhall end.
Twice every day a Chaplain doth repair
To them; and unto God ſends prayſe and prayer,
And Nurſes are allow'd to dreſſe their meat,
To make their beds, to waſh, and keep them neat:
For which they thankefull be to God alone
Who rais'd ſuch means to eaſe the poor mans mone.
Good Henry *Earle of* Huntingdon *(renown'd)*
A free ſchoole did erect there, from the ground,
With means (though meane) for mayntenance en-
Two Vſhers, and one Schoolmaſter allow'd, (dow'd
They teach young lads, ſuch Rules as do belong,
To reade the Engliſh *and the* Latine *tongue,*
And when their knowledge is with hope diſcernd,
They in the Greek *may learn, and be more learn'd.*

But to relate ſomthing in proſe of this ancient Towne of *Leiceſter,* in the time of nine weekes, which I abode there to and fro, I obſerved ſuch a civill government and decency, which is not in many places to be found or equallized.

Firſt, I noted the peace, tranquillity, and unity which the people live in, under the rule and command of the Major and his brethren, to whoſe

whoſe authority and power (under the King) the inhabitants do willingly obay.

Secondly, the Clergy (or Miniſtery) are learned, diligent, and painfull ; and both Clergie and Layity, are conformable to the Orders and Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, and I did not heare of any one, reſiding there, that is, either Schiſmatically opinionated with Dogmaticall Whimſeyes, or *Amſter-damnable* Fopperies.

Thirdly, they are ſo charitable and carefull in providing for the relief of the poore and needy, that a man muſt go ſeek where to beſtow his almes, for there is not any one (that I could ſee) that begg'd in the whole Town.

Fourthly, the ſtreets are ſo well paved, and kept ſo clean from dunghils, filth, or ſoyle, that in the wetteſt or fowleſt weather, a man may go all over the Towne in a paire of ſlippers, and never wet his feet.

Laſtly, the people are generally ſo loving one to another, that the Lawyers want work, and ſo honeſt that the Apparitors are idle, and thoſe few Drunkards which they have, are very civill and faire condition'd.

Certain other obſervations.

There is a faire Library, and a well founded Almes-

Almes-houſe within the Town, alſo two Gaoles, two houſes of Correction, and for mad and frantick people. Alſo it is reported, that when King *Richard* the Third went from *Leiceſter*, to fight the battaile neer *Boſworth*, that then there was a man of mean calling (ſome ſay he was a weaver, and ſome ſay a Plough-wright by his trade) hee had a ſpirit of divination or Prophecie, of whom the Tyrant King *Richard*, demanded ſome queſtions, what the event of that dayes fight might be to him, to whom the other (moſt bluntly anſwered, *Marke my words King* Richard, *that as thou doſt ride out of the Towne of* Leiceſter, *this morning thou ſhalt hit thy right foot againſt a ſtone, and as thou returneſt thou ſhalt knocke thy head againſt the ſame;* which proved true, for as he road, he did ſtrike againſt the corner of a wall his foot, and after hee was ſlain in the field, hee was ſtript, and his body layd croſſe behind a man on Horſ-back (like a calfe) and in that vile and ignominious manner, as they brought his corps back to *Leiceſter*, his head did knocke againſt the aforeſaid wall or ſtone, which place I ſaw there; alſo I went eight miles to ſee *Redmore* field, where the King fell, which is a mooriſh kinde of ground, altogether unfruitfull, and the water doth ſeem red, which ſome fooliſh people do ſuppoſe to be the ſtaine of K. *Richards* bloud;

bloud ; but it is onely the colour of the red earth that makes the water ſeeme ſo, and the ground cloſe adjoyning is very fertile for Corne and Paſturage, but in the lower parts it is boggy and moory: by nature, and not either barren or bloudy by any reaſon of the King's death.

Another obſervation is concerning the alteration of the meaſures of Miles, and good ſufficient Pots or Jugs of drink, but the further I travelled Northward, the more the miles were lengthened, and the Pots ſhrunke and curtald ; but indeed, what the liquor wanted in meaſure it had in ſtrength: the power of it being of ſuch potentie, that it would fox a dry Traveller, before he had half quencht his thirſt.

In this County of *Leiceſter*, I obſerved a piece of extream juſtice, executed upon three Geeſe, which was thus.

At a village called *Dadlington*, eight miles from *Leiceſter*, there dwels a Gentlewoman a Kinſwoman of mine, who the laſt Trinity Tearm 1639 was at *London*, about ſome buſineſſe in Law, which much concern'd her ; and in her abſence, the Pinder of *Dadlington*, finding three of her Geeſe innocently grazing upon the Common, for to ſhew the full power, force, vertue, and marrow of his office and authority, drave the Geeſe into the Pound or Pindfold, and becauſe

cauſe they could procure no Bayle for their releaſe, nor ſureties for their true impriſonment, hee put all their three necks into a Horſlock, which Engine or Neck-fetter was ſo ſtrait, cloſe, and pinching, that the Geeſe were all ſtrangled: Now the queſtion is whether *Willy*, *Tilly*, (the Pinder ſo ſilly) were the cauſe of their deaths, or whether the Geeſe did deſperately caſt away themſelves: all which I humbly refer to the diſcretion of the Jury.

But ſome readers may muſe why I do write ſo much of *Leiceſter*, in this little Book; the reaſon is that I lay there from the 17 of *July*, to the 20 of *Auguſt*, which was five weekes, but in the mean ſpace, I road to *Coventry*, and return'd in a day to *Leiceſter* again, of *Coventry* I have little to ſay, but that it is a faire, famous, ſweet, and ancient City, ſo walled about with ſuch ſtrength and neatneſſe, as no City in *England* may compare with it; in the wals (at ſeverall places) are 13 Gates and Poſterns whereby to enter, and iſſue too and from the City: and on the wals are 18 ſtrong defenſible Towers, which do alſo beautifie it: in the City is a faire and delicate Croſſe, which is for ſtructure, beauty and workmanſhip, by many men accounted unmatchable in this Kingdome: although my ſelfe with ſome others, do ſuppoſe, that of *Abington* in *Berkeſhire* will match

match it, and I am ſure the Croſſe in Cheapſide at *London* doth farre out-paſſe it. I have bin at this City foure times, and have written of it before, and therefore at this time (my ſtay being ſo ſhort there) I have but little to ſay, onely this that ſome are of opinion, that at the firſt it was called *Coventry*, from the *French* word *Trey Covent*, becauſe there were founded three Covents, for three ſeverall Orders of Friers, namely, the *Franciſcan* Friers, the *Auguſtine* Friers, and the *Dominicans*. It matters not much who erected the ſaid foundations and Covents, but it is certain, that the renowned King *Henry* the Eighth did ſuppreſſe and demoliſh them, whoſe memories now is almoſt quite buried in their owne ruines. *Coventry* is a County of it ſelfe, it hath been grac'd and dignified much by the Grants and Priviledges given to it by former Kings, as King *Edward* the third, and King *Henry* the ſixt; the Majors name (at my being there, was Maſter *Thomas Forreſt* a Vintener) and Maſter *Thomas Phineas* Sword-bearer there dyed at the beginning of the Seſſions (much about the time of my being there) he was a man of that comely bulke and corpulency, that his Coffin was a full yard wide at the ſhoulders, and it is ſaid, that in his life time hee could have been (at one Meale) the conſumption of a large ſhoulder of Mutton: but

but he and his good ſtomack being both deceaſt, I left *Coventry*, becauſe it was Seſſions time, and returned to my Randevouze at *Leiſter*.

The eleventh day of *Auguſt* I road from *Leiſter* to *Nottingham*, where I lodged at the ſigne of the Princes Armes; but I was wel entertained at the houſe of the Right Worſhipfull Sir *Thomas Hutchinſon* Knight, himſelfe and his good Lady made mee welcome, and did expreſſe their bounty to mee in good cheere and money: for the which I am heartily thankfull.

The Towne of *Nottingham* is ſeated on a Hill, which Hill is almoſt of one ſtony Rocke, or a ſoft kinde of penetrable ſandy ſtone; it hath very faire buildings, many large ſtreetes, and a ſpacious Market place; a great number of the inhabitants (eſpecially the poorer ſort) doe dwell in vaults, holes, or caves, which are cut and digged out of (or within) the Rocke: ſo that if a man be deſtitute of a houſe, it is but to goe to *Nottingham*, and with a Mattock, a Shovell, a Crow of Iron, a Chizell, and Mallet, and ſuch inſtruments, he may play the *Mole*, the Cunny, or the Pioner, and worke himſelfe a Hole, or a Burrow, for him and his family: where, over their heads the graſſe and paſture growes, and beaſts do feed; faire Orchards and gardens are their coverings, and Cowes are milkt upon the tops of their houſes,

ſes. I was much befriended by Maſter *Palmer* the Jaylor there; for he went with me, and ſhewed me the (ſometimes) ſtrong and defencible Caſtle, but now much ruined: yet ſtill there are many faire and ſumptuous roomes in reaſonable reparation and eſtate. On the lofty Battlements of the ſaid Caſtle, there is a moſt ſpacious proſpect round about: for from thence I could ſee the moſt ſtately Caſtle of *Belvoyre* or *Bever* Caſtle, which doth (as it ſelfe) belong to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Rutland;* and nearer hand, within three miles, I ſaw the ancient Towne of *Gotham*, famous for the ſeven Sages (or Wiſe men) who are fabulouſly reported to live there in former ages.

In the aforeſaid Caſtle of *Nottingham*, I was ſhewed divers ſtrange wonderfull Vaults, cut or hewen out of the Rocke, whereof one is ſaid to be the place where *David* King of *Scots* was detained many years in captivity; where the ſaid King, with his owne hands (without any other inſtrument than the nayles of his fingers) did with the ſaid tooles engrave and claw out the forme of our Saviour's Life, death and paſſion; which worke is there to bee ſeene upon the Walls.

Alſo there is another Vault or paſſage through the Rocke, whereby men may deſcend or aſcend out, or into the Caſtle; which Vault is called *Mortimers*

Mortimers Hole, through which hole (as report goes) the great *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *Wigmor*, and Lord of *Wallingford*, had egreſſe and regreſſe to the Queene, wife to King *Edward* the ſecond, or the unfortunate *Edward* of *Carnarvan*.

Thus having ſeene as much of *Nottingham* Towne and Caſtle as is related; on the twelfth of *Auguſt*, I road to the ancient towne of *Darby:* on the thirteenth of *Auguſt* I left *Darby*, with an intent to retire to *Leiſter;* but after I had road halfe a mile, I met with an acquaintance of mine, who was travailing towards the *Peake* in *Darby* ſhire, to a Towne called *Wirkſworth*, and from thence to *Chieſterfield*, I returned with him. The Country is very Mountainous, and many Lead Mines are found thereabouts: the beſt and moſt richeſt is called *Dove Gany*, within a mile or little more of *Wirkſworth* (corruptly called *Wortſworth*) and two miles from thence are moſt dangerous wayes, ſtony, craggy with inacceſſible Hils and Mountaines: the grounds there are lawfull (as they told me) for any man to dig or mine in for Lead, be they of what condition ſoever; for the Laws of mining is, that thoſe that will adventure their Labours ſhall have all the profits, paying the tenth part to the Lord or Landlord, of all the Lead which they get. If it happen that they take

pains, a yeare or two in ſundry places to finde a Myne if their fortune be ſo hard to finde none (as it often falls out ſo) they do work all that while for nothing, and finde themſelves as they are able, and in the end their toyle and labour is all loſt: but if they doe hit upon a good Myne that doth hold out, and yield plentifully, then they may quickly enrich themſelves (if they be good husbands.) I was told of a poore Thatcher that left his Trade, and venturing his time and pains, he found ſo rich a Lead Myne, that he would turn a Gentleman, and he kept men in Liveries, living at the rate of the expence of 100 pound a week: ſo that he ſuppoſing that Leaden, Golden World would never be ended, took no care to ſave any thing, but after a while, the Myne failed, and hee ſpent that little which hee had left in digging for more, could find none, ſo that for a concluſion, he forſook the Peake, and turnd Thatcher again.

That part of the *Peak*, which is called the *Devils Ars*, is at or neer a Towne named *Caſtleton*, or Caſtle Towne, ſo ſtiled from an ancient ruined Caſtle on a Hill, at the end of the Town, it is 30 miles from *Darby*, the Caſtle ſtands on the top of a Hill, and under it is a Cliff or Riffe in the ſaid Hill, which is as wide at the entrance as three Barn doores, but being entred in it is en-

encloſed again ſo narrow, that a man muſt ſtoop to paſſe further, but after that ſtraight paſſage is paſt, there is rooms of incredible and wonderfull greatneſſe, with ſtrange and intricate turnings, and windings, which no man can ſee without great ſtore of lights, and by reaſon that thoſe things are naturall, and formed without any art or labour of man, and with all ſo diſmall horrid, darke and hideous, that place is called the *Devills Ars a Peak*, at or upon which I have (according to my promiſe) given three jerks with my pen, at the latter end of this Book.

From thence I returned towards *Leiceſter*, 30 miles, on the 15 of *Auguſt*, and lodged at a Market Towne called *Narbury*, and the next day I came all tyred and weary (both man and beaſt to *Leiceſter*) and on the 20 day, I took my journey 64 miles into *Norfolke*, to the famous Town of *Linne*, and three miles from thence, at a Village called *Wooton*, I was there well welcomed by Maſter *Richard Miles* (to whom I am and muſt be a thankfull Brother in Law) whoſe loving kindneſſe to me was ſhewed in ſuch extraordinary manner, which becauſe I cannot expreſſe, I will remayn gratefull with ſilence.

Concerning *Linne*, it is an excellent Sea-town and ſtrong Port, it is gravely and peaceably governed by a Major, 12 Aldermen, and a Recor-

der. It hath bin honored by divers, but chiefly by King *John* 440 yeares ſince, and by King *Henry* the Third, the firſt gave them a faire gilt Cup, which is there to be ſeene, as a witneſſe of his Royall liberality: and who ſo will know more of *Linne*, let them goe thither and look the Records of the Town, or elſe let them read Maſter *Camdens Britania*, or the painfull labours of Maſter *John Speed*. The troth is, mine Hoaſt *Noble*, was a noble Hoaſt to me, at whoſe houſe, my brothers Kindred and friends, gave me a friendly farewell. On Tueſday the 27 of *Auguſt*, from *Linne* to *Boſton* in *Lincolnſhire* 24 miles, where I dined with the right Worſhipfull Sir *Anthony Thomas* Knight, from *Boſton* I road 14 miles to *Horn Caſtle*, where I lodg'd the 28 of *Auguſt*. But I crave pardon of the Reader, for I had almoſt forgotten a merry paſſage or two which hapned in *Norfolke*, not farre from *Linne;* and thus it was.

At a place called *Priors Thorns*, neere to two Towns, namely, *Northbery* and *Sapham*, there dwelt a man named *Frier*, who was rich in ſubſtance, but very poore and miſerable in his conditions: belike hee had read or heard of a Play that was written 40 years ſince by Maſter *Benjamin Johnſon*, the Play is extant, and is called *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which Play was

was acted and perſonated a mizerly Farmer, that had much corne in his Barnes, and did expect a ſcant or barren Harveſt, that through want and ſcarcity hee might ſell his corne at what deare rates hee pleaſed, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the Harveſt proved abundantly plentifull, wherefore hee being in an extraordinary merry or mad veine, put himſelfe to the charge of the buying of a two penny halter, and went into his Barn as ſecretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he faſtned the other end to a beam, and moſt neatly hang'd himſelf: But (as ill luck would have it) his man preſently came into the Barne, and eſpyde his Maſter ſo bravely mounted, the unlucky knave drew his Knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as lowde as he could, rubbing and chafing his Maſter with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the laſt he awak'd out of his traunce and fetch'd a deep groan, began to ſtare and look about him; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his firſt words to his man was Sirrah, who did cut this, O Maſter (ſaid the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to doe it, and I pray you to take God in your minde, and never more to hazard your ſoule and body in ſuch a wicked manner: to which good counſell of the poor fellow,

the Caitiffe replyde, Sirrah, If you would be medling (like a ſawcy buſie rogue) you might have untyde it, that it might have ſerv'd another, time, ſuch an unthrifty raſcall as thou will never be worth ſuch a halter, it coſt me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, hee did abate the ſaid two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another ſervice: This was acted really and lately at the place aforeſaid, in imitation of that part in the Play, of *Every Man out of his Humour.*

After the ſaid *Frier* had ſome Hogs which were like to die with the Murrain, which Hogs he killed and powdred, and his wife, children, and Family, as many as did eat of the Porke, fell ſick and dyed all: for the which the ſlave deſerv'd a hanging, and a Hangman, but hee yet lives for ſome worſe purpoſe.

Concerning a paire of Brewers, and a piece of juſtice. Another ſhort *Norfolk* Tale is not impertinent. There was one Maſter *Fen* a Brewer at *Fenſham*, and one Maſter *Francis Dix* a Brewer at *Sapham*, this *Dix* was riding in the Countrey amongſt his Cuſtomers (the Inkeepers and Victuallers) and he call'd for a pot of Ale or Beere as he road by; (now that Ale-houſe was a Cuſtomer

mer to *Fen*, as ſoon as *Dix* had drank, hee asked who brewed that drink, to whom the Hoaſteſſe ſay'd, that Maſter *Fen* of *Fenſham* brewed it; well ſaid *Dix*, I dare lay a wager, that I will give my Mare but a peck of Mault, and ſhe ſhall piſſe better drink than this; at the laſt theſe words came to *Fens* hearing, for the which diſparagement, he ſued *Dix*, and recovered from him twenty pound damage, beſides coſts, at the Aſſizes laſt at *Norwich* 1639. And now to returne to the narration of my Travels, from whence I have digreſt, ſince I lodg'd at *Horne Caſtle* in *Lincolneſhire*.

From thence on the 18 of *Auguſt*, I road 30 miles to *Barton* upon *Humber*, and the next day (being Friday) I tooke a Boat for myſelfe, my Squire, and my two Palfreyes, down to *Hull*, or *Kingſtone* upon *Hull*, the ſtrength and ſcituation of which Towne I have formerly written of: and I had no new thing there wherof to make any new relation: let it ſuffice, that it is abſolutely accounted the ſtrongeſt and moſt defenſible Town in the Kingdome of *England*, and for good government inferiour to none: I might ſpeak ſomewhat of their good fellowſhip; but my Book would ſwell big with it, therefore I will pay them with thinking and thanking of them, both my old friends and new acquaintance all in generall. The

The 31 of *Auguſt* I left *Hull*, and road to *Holden*, 16 miles, and on the morrow I road to *Cowood* Caſtle, to ſee the moſt Reverend Doctor *Neale*, the Lord Archbiſhop of *Yorke* his Grace, whom in all humility I do acknowledge myſelf much bound in duty daily to pray for, and remember him with unfained reverend thankfulneſſe, not only for the underſerved favours and bounty which his Grace extended towards mee now, but for many other former approvements of his Graces love and liberality, when his Grace liv'd neere mee at *Wincheſter* Houſe. At Dinner with his Grace, I had the happineſſe to renew my Acquaintance with the Noble and Worthy Knight Sir *Francis Wortley*, who moſt courteouſly invited and commanded me to viſit him in my journey, of which more followeth.

My humble thanks rememberd to the right worthy worſhipfull Knight Sir *Paul Neale*, with his fair and vertuous Lady, as alſo my Gratefull remembrance to all my Lords Gentlemen and Servants, to whoſe loves and for whoſe friendſhips I ſhall ever acknowledge myſelfe an ingaged Debter.

Thus having paſt the Sunday with my Lords Grace, and thoſe other before named Gentlemen. On Munday the ſecond of *September*, I took my Breakfaſt and my leave both of *Cowood*, and

and road to *Yorke*, where I viſited the worthy Knight (my old acquaintance) Sir *Arthur Ingram*, with whom I thank his worſhip, I dined, and alſo had ſome other token of his love and bounty, for the which I remayn thankfull.

Of *Yorke* I have but little to ſay, though it be a great, a faire, and the ſecond City in *England*, built 989 years before our Saviours Birth, by *Ebrank* King of this Land, from whom the City is called *Eboracenſis*, this *Ebrank* is ſaid to have 21 wives, by whom he had 20 ſonnes, and 70 daughters: he raigned here when as King *Solomon* raigned in *Jeruſalem*, hee overran *France*, he builded *Alclaid*, or *Dumbritton* in *Scotland*, hee founded *York*, hee erected a Temple there, and therein plac'd a *Flamine* to *Diana;* but after (in King Lucius time) *Elutherius* pull'd downe the ſaid Idolatrous wooden Temple, and diſplac'd the *Flamine*, and cauſed the Minſter to be built in that magnificent manner of free ſtone, placing there an Archbiſhop; *Severus* the *Roman* Emperour dyed there, and alſo there dyed the Emperour *Flavius Vallerius Conſtantius* (which ſome call *Chlorus*) thoſe that will know more of *York*, let them reade Chronicles and larger Volumes.

The Lord Major of *Yorke* was (at my being there, one Sir *Roger Jaques* Knight, a Gentleman

man of approved wiſdome and government: myſelf did not ſtay three houres, and myne Hoaſt Maſter *Corney* at the Talbot, told mee all the news which I heard there, which was a fellow, that (amongſt other offenders) was the firſt that was hang'd, and the laſt that was cut down, and being put into the grave or pit, with his fellows, when the earth was caſt upon them, he began to ſtir and recover life, and was return'd to the Goale is now there living, and able to report truly what hanging is. *Probatum eſt.*

From *Yorke* I rode after Dinner to *Tadcaſter*, and ſo to a place called *Kidell*, where at a poore Ale-houſe I was glad of entertainment, and had the Company of a Tinker who made pretty Muſique with his *Banbury* Kettle-drum, there was alſo with him two Drovers and 35 Hogs, which were to be driven on the morrow ſeven miles further to *Leeds* Market, this good lodging and company, I paſt the night with all, and on the morrow I road to the Town of *Leeds;* of which Towne I muſt ſay ſomewhat. This Town is (for the bigneſſe of it) one of the moſt populous Towns in *England*, it hath in it above 12000 people, and having but one Church there, it was not halfe capable to receive ſo great a Congregation, they were extremly thronged and dangerouſly crowded (eſpecially in the heat of Summer, or ſultry con-

contagious weather) that the moſt part of the people were inforc'd eyther to go two or three miles ſeverall ways to other Village Churches, or elſe to ſtay at home and want the hearing of Gods Word, and the meanes of their ſalvation. The care and conſideration of theſe Grievances entred into the pious minde of one Maſter *John Harriſon* Gentleman there, (now living) ſo that God opened his heart, that of his owne proper coſts he cauſed a Church to be built (though it have but the name of a Chappell) which is ſo large, that it will contain 4000 people, it is ſo neatly compacted and framed, with exquiſite art of carving and Maſonry, with painting, gilding, poliſhing, embelliſhing, and adorning, with a moſt ſtately roofe, a fair lofty Tower or Steeple, a ſweet ring of Bels; beſides the admirable and coſtly Joyners and Carvers Workmanſhip in the Font, Pulpit Pewes, Chancell, Communion Boord, and all other things and ornaments for the decent adornment of ſuch a Houſe conſecrated and dedicated to the Service of God. I do abſolutely affirme, that neither the Church or the Founder hath any fellows to be found.

This Chappell is called by the name of Saint *John Evangeliſt*, it hath a faire Churchyard for Burials, well and ſtrongly walled about, and at the Weſt end of the Churchyard, the ſaid Gentleman

tleman hath founded a faire Almſe-houſe, and therein placed 21 poore aged people; alſo hee hath founded and finiſhed a faire School-houſe, for the inſtruction of youth, and a fine ſweet ſtreet hee hath built on both ſides in a uniforme and faire manner, with Houſes: the Rents whereof are for the mayntenance of the Almes houſes, the Schoole, and Reparations of the Church to the end of the World. And I leave this worthy Founder to God for a bleſſing, and to the World for imitation.

From *Leeds* I went to *Wakefield*, where if the valiant *Pinder* had been living, I would have play'd *Don Quixot's* part, and challenged him; but being it was ſo happy that he was dead, I paſt the Town in peace to *Barnſley*, and ſo to *Wortley*, to Sir *Francis Wortleyes* ancient Houſe. The entertainment which himſelfe, his good Lady, and his moſt faire and hopefull daughter gave mee there, as I never did or can deſerve, ſo I never ſhall be able to requite, to talke of meate, drinke, money, and free welcome for Horſe and Man, it were but a meer foolery for me to begin, becauſe then I ſhould run myſelf into a Labyrinth, out of which I ſhould hardly finde the way: Therefore to his Worſhip, my humble thanks remembred, and everlaſting happineſſe wiſhed, both to him and all that is his. Yet I cannot forbeare to write

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a little of the further favour of this Noble Knight. Upon the fourteenth of *September* afternoon, he took horſe with mee, and his Lady and daughter in their Coach, with ſome other Servants on horſeback; where three miles we rode over rocks and Cloud-kiſſing Mountains, one of them is ſo high, that (in a cleere day) a man may from the top thereof ſee both the Minſters or Cathedrall Churches, *Yorke* and *Lincolne*, neere 60 miles off us: and as it is to be ſuppoſed, *That when the Devill did looke over Lincolne, as the Proverbe is* (that hee ſtood upon the Mountaine) or neer it: Sir *Francis* brought me to a Lodge, the place is called *Wharncliffe*, where the Keeper dwels, who is his man, and keeps all this Woody, Rocky, Stony, vaſt Wilderneſſe under him, for there are many Deere there, and the Keeper were an Aſſe if he would want Veniſon, having ſo good a Maſter.

Cloſe to the ſaid Lodge, is a Stone in burthen at the leaſt 100 cart loads, the top of it is foure ſquare (by Nature) and about 12 yards compaſſe, it hath three ſeats in the forme of Chaires, made by art (as it were in the front of the Rocke) wherein three perſons may eaſily ſit, and have a view and goodly proſpect over large Woods, Towns, Corn-fields, fruitfull and pleaſant Paſtures, Valleyes, Rivers, Deere, Neat, Sheep, and all things needful for the life of man: contayned

in thouſands of Acres, and all (or the better part, belonging to that Noble Knights Anceſtors, and himſelf. Behinde the Stone is a large inſcription, ingraven, where in an old character is deſcribed the ancient memory of the *Wortleys* (the Progenitors to Sir *Francis* now living) for ſome hundreds of yeares, who were Lords and Owners of the ſaid Lands and Demaynes which hee now holds as their right Heire. About a Bow ſhoot from thence (by the deſcent of many rungs of a ladder) his Worſhip brought mee to a Cave or Vault in a rocke, wherein was a Table with ſeats, and Turfe Cuſhions round, and in a hole in the ſame Rock, was three Barrels of nappy liquour, thither the Keeper brought a good Red Deere Pye, cold roaſt Mutton, and an excellent ſhooing-horn of hang'd *Martinas* Biefe; which cheer no man living would thinke ſuch a place could afford: ſo after ſome merry paſſages and repaſt, we returned home.

On the fifth of *September*, I hired a Guide, and rode to *Hallifax* 16 miles, the ways were ſo rocky, ſtony, boggy and mountaynous, that it was a days journey to ride ſo ſhort a way. At *Hallifax* I ſaw the fatall *Engine*, wherewith they do behead pilfering Thieves, which Sir *Francis Wortley* told me was ſet upon this occaſion following.

This

This Towne of *Hallifax* hath (for time out of minde) liv'd and ſubſiſted by the rich and laudable Trade of Cloathing, and often times their Cloathes were ſtolne from the Tenterhooks, (or Tenters) whereupon the King (then Raigning) upon their humble ſuite had priviledge granted to the Town for ever: That if a Thiefe were taken either of theſe three ways, which is, *Hand-napping*, *Back-bearing*, or *Tongue-letting*, that is either *about to ſteale*, or *carrying it away*, or *confeſſing*, that then the party offending (after triall by a Jury of Townſmen) if the goods, be it cloth, cattell, or whatſoever is valuable, is judg'd to have their heads ſtruck off with the ſaid Engine, without any Aſſize or Seſſions. Now the Engine is two high pieces of Timber, an ell or yard aſunder, fixed and cloſed on the top, with a Croſſe piece like a Gallowſe; in the inner ſides of the two ſtanding pieces are two gutters, and on the top (or croſſe piece) is a pully through which they do put a ſmall Line or Rope, and faſtning it to another heavyer piece of wood of 100 weight (in which they doe fix the ſharp-edge toole) then they doe pull or hoyſt up the ſaid weight, and the ſtolne goods is brought to the place of execution with the malefactor; now one end of the Rope is made faſt to a pinne or ſtake, which being cut, the Engine fals ſo ponderouſly

derouſly and ſpeedily, that it ſevers the head from the body in a moment, but there is no man will or muſt cut the line, but the Owner of the ſtolne goods, which if he do, hee hath all again: if he will not cut it, then he muſt loſe all, and it is employed to ſome charitable uſes; by which means the Thiefe eſcapes; and this is *Hallifax* law.

The ſixt day I left *Hallifax*, and road over ſuch wayes as are paſt compariſon or amending, for when I went downe the lofty Mountaine called *Blackſtone Edge*, I thought my ſelf with my Boy and Horſes had beene in the land of *Breakneck*, it was ſo ſteep and tedious, yet I recovered 12 miles to *Rochdale*, and then I found ſmooth way to *Mancheſter*, and to *Sandy* Lane end 13 miles; and to *Cheſter* 14 miles, which was the furtheſt place of my tedious travell.

For my ſhort ſtay at *Cheſter* (which was but one day and two nights, I had good and friendly entertainment, of many Gentlemen, to whom I muſt reſt thankfull, eſpecially to the worſhipfull Maſter Alderman *Edwards*, and to Maſter *Wright* and his Wife. It was my fortune to ſee and rejoyce at the ſight of the Noble, Right Honorable Earle and Knight of the Renowned Order of Saint *George*, *William* Earle of *Darby:* And although I have no relation to his Lordſhip or acquaintance with him, yet for the reverend re

reverend reſpect which I doe owe and beare to Nobility, it did me good to ſee ſo grave and honourable a Peere.

The City of *Cheſter*, is of ancient erection and fame, it was the Royall Seat of Kings, and there are yet ſome ruines left of the memorable Pallace of King *Edgar*, to which Manſion the ſaid King was rowed in a Barge by eight Captives (or Tributary Kings from Saint *Johns*) on the river of *Dee*, which river there is ſpoyled and impeached by a bank of ſtones all over it, onely for the employment of a Mil or two, which River other ways would be both paſſable and profitable to the whole Country, for many miles, for the carriage of goods in Boats and Barks. *Cheſter* it ſelf is a fair City four ſquare, well walled, with an old ruin'd Caſtle, which hath beene a ſtrong Fabrick, but now a Gaole, the ſtreets are ſpacious, the buildings ſumptuous, and ſo contrived, that four or five men may walk in the moſt parts of a breaſt, dry from the injury of Raine, or any falling Weather; it is gravely and peaceably governed by a Major and his 12 Brethren, it hath foure Gates and three Poſterns, goodly Churches, and chiefly painfull and learned Preachers. And ſo much for *Cheſter*.

Onely a merry Tale, of a late true buſineſſe which hapned there; There dwelt a Bricklayer, a

good Workman (but a good husband) whoſe name was *John Tilly*, who had the good hap to ſpend all that he got in his lifetime, except two ſonnes and one daughter: And being ſicke and in his death-bed, there came a poore neighbour to viſit him, whom he deſired to make or write his laſt Will and Teſtament; the poor man (having Ink and Paper) asked him what hee ſhould write?

Quoth honeſt John Tittle, *my eſtate is but little, but I pray thee write thus.*

IMprimis, I give and bequeath to my Wife (for her ſolace and comfort) my little Dog, for it is a pretty nimble active Curre, and wil make her ſome ſport that may delight her, and put the grief of my death out of her ſad remembrance.

Item, I give and bequeath to my eldeſt ſonne John, all my working Tools belonging to my trade of Bricklaying, which as hee may uſe, may be as available to him, as they have beene to me, and this is the ſumme of my Will.

His youngeſt ſonne ſtanding by, ſayd, Father, have you nothing to give mee? *Yes ſonne (quoth hee) I had almoſt forgotten thee, but I will leave thee ſomewhat.*

Item

Item, I give and bequeath to my ſonne George ſeven foot of ground under the Gallowſe.

Good father take comfort (ſaid *George*) for my hope is that you will recover, and live to enjoy that Legacie your ſelfe.

Then the daughter pray'd him to give her ſomewhat whereby ſhe might remember his fatherly Love, *Yes, quoth he, I pray write.*

Item, I give and bequeath to my onely daughter a Whores conditions and qualities, which as ſhee may uſe them, ſhe may live in ſuch eſtate, and fame that ſhe may be miſtaken for a Gentlewoman.

Laſtly, I doe make and ordaine my Neighbour here, my full Executour: and for his paines for writing my Will, I do give him and his heires male for ever, an old ſhooing-horn.

The ninth of *September* I turn'd my back upon *Cheſter*, (almoſt without taking leave) and road 15 miles to *Nantwich*, the tenth I rode to *Stone* and to *Lichfield*, 32 miles.

Of the Ancient Town of *Lichfield* I can ſay nothing (by reaſon of my ſhort ſtay) onely there

is a faire and curious old Cathedrall Church or Minſter.

And the Towne hath that priviledge (as mine Hoaſt told me) that they can draw and hang one another, and never trouble any other Judge, Aſſize or Seſſions.

The eleventh I rode to *Faſeley*, *Aberſom*, *Hinckley* and *Dadlington*, eighteen miles, where all weary and almoſt worne out with age and travell, I reſted untill Saturday the fourteenth of *September*, and then rode eight miles to my brother *Miles*, at my old welcome lodging at *Leiceſter*.

Newes

Newes from *Hell*, with a ſhort deſcription of the *Hell* at *Weſtminſter*.

NOt from that Hell where ſouls tormented lye
In endleſſe Death, and yet ſhall never die,
Where gnaſhing cold, commixt with flames ſtill burning,
Where's entrance free, but never back returning:
Where nought but horrour, fiends, and torments dwell.
I bring no news from that accurſed Hell;
Yet mine own merits are of ſuch low price,
To barre me from Celeſtiall Paradiſe,
And ſinke me in that horrid Lake infernall,
But that my hope and faith is fixt ſupernall.
The Hell *I write of is well known to be*
A place of pleaſure, and for all men free,

Where wretched Ghoſts are not in torments ſtayd,
For all the pains upon the purſe is laid.
To finde this Hell *you need not travell farre,*
'Tis underſtood the high Exchequer *Barre*
At Weſtminſter, *and thoſe who thither venter,*
Do not give Cerberus *a ſop to enter,*
For Charons *fury, you need never feare it,*
(Although ten thouſand do land ſomewhat neer it)
Within this Hell *is good content and quiet,*
Good entertainment, various ſorts of diet,
Tables a ſcore at once, in ſundry places,
Where hungry mouthes fall to, and ſay ſhort Graces,
And then (in ſome ſort) I may parallell
This earthly Hell, with the infernall Hell.
Hot ſweltring vapours, Pots, and Cauldrons boyling.
Great vehement fires, with roaſting, ſtewing, broyling;
The Cooks & Scullions, all be ſmear'd and ſmoak'd,
And in their Maſters Greaſe well ſtew'd & ſoak'd,
And had the Devill a ſtomack unto it,
The Cook himſelfe is not the raweſt bit,
Like as th' infernall Hell *doth entertain*
All commers, ſo this Hell *doth not refrain*
To give free welcome unto every one
If money fayle not, there's excepted None.
This Hell *is govern'd by a worthy Duke,*
That Pluto *like, his under fiends rebuke,*

There

There the tormenting Tapſter is control'd,
If courteouſly he Nick not (as he ſhould)
He muſt attend at every knock and rap,
His reverend Jugge deckt with a frothy cap,
He fils and empts, and empts and fils again
Like Siſyphus, *he toyles, but not ſo vain,*
Like Danaus *daughters, taking up, and ſpilling,*
He's always emptying, and he's never filling.
Thither the Counſellour for comfort comes
To rince his toyling tongue, and waſh his gums.
The Client having Tityus *empty maw*
(His guts tormented with the Vulture Law)
He comming to this Hell *may finde reliefe,*
Of comfortable Plumbroath, and Roaſt Biefe;
There, for your ſolace you may feed upon
Whole Seas of Pottage, hot as Phlegeton,
And midſt thoſe Seas, by art, the Cooks hath laid
Small Iles of Mutton, which you may invade
With ſtomack, knife and ſpoon, or tooth and naile,
With theſe, the victory you cannot faile.
Therefore this earthly Hell *is eaſier farre,*
Then where the miſerable damned are,
There's no redemption from that black Abiſſe,
And here regreſſe, as well as egreſſe is,
Therefore they falſly do miſtake the ſtory,
To call this Hell, *which is but* Purgatory,
For here's no Thraldome, from this place you may
Get preſent freedome, if the ſhot you pay.

Here followeth three Satyricall *Laſhes* or *Jerks*, given with the *Pen* of the *Authour*, at or upon the *Devil's Ars a Peak.*



Ens, are moſt dangerous Tools, more ſharp by ods
Then Swords, and cut more keene then Whips or Rods,
Therefore (moſt high and mighty Duke of Dis)
Commander where the Lake Avernus *is,*
Great Lord of Limbo, Styx, *and* Phlegeton,
Of Tartarus, Gehenna, Acheron,
Moſt potent Monarch of black Erebus,
Prince of the Triple-headed Cerberus,

Sole

Sole Emperour of Darkneſſe, *and dark works,*
Maſter of Hereticks, Infidels *and* Turks,
Arch-flammin *of hot* Tophets *ſmouldring flames,*
King of Cocytus, *and th' infernall ſtreams,*
Earle of all Errors, and chief Dominator
Of all ſins done, by Earth, Ayre, Land, or Water,
Viſcount, and Baron of large Barathrum,
Since I have lived to come ſo neare your Bum,
As is your wicked worſhips Ars a Peake,
Though ſome men think my Muſe is all too weake;
I with my Pen doe meane to yerke and ferke ye,
And (as I promis'd) with three jerkes will jerke ye.
I know that many fooles will jeere and frumpe,
That I durſt come ſo neare the Divells Rumpe,
And laſh with my poore penne Satyricall,
This great Don Diego Diabolicall:
But I would have him and his friends to know,
I jeere him not, for all his Bug-bare ſhow:
'Tis knowne that he, and all that him attend,
To any Poet never was a friend:
And therefore now I daring him oppoſe,
And jerke his helliſh Majeſty in Proſe.

ALthough you (great Maſter of the perpetuall Hot-houſe) *Don ſel de Lucifer,* have on the Earth in all places and Countries many multitudes

tudes of damnable ſonnes, friends, and ſervants, to oppoſe mee and take your part, yet I being come ſo neer your *Podex*, muſt jerk your breech with my *Satyre Pendragonly* Gooſe quill, you know that reproofe is as ill taken as correction by the ungracious. Therefore although you are ſo bad that you are quite paſt any mending, yet your graceleſſe Majeſty may be lawfully touch'd by reprehending; you have been a Cheater ever ſince the Creation, and in that Art of Coozening, you firſt cheated your ſelfe of everlaſting happineſſe, and gained thereby perpetuall perdition, and ever ſince you have play'd *Hocus Pocus*, and with your tricks, ſleights, and jugling Legerdemayne, done your beſt to draw all the whole Race of Mankinde after you into your Kingdome of *Cimerian Tenebroſitie;* you taught our firſt Parents Infidelity, Pride, Diſobedience and Lying, which qualities of theirs are ſo naturally deſcended to us, that (by your induſtrious inſtigation) we do continually ſhew (by our lives and converſations) of what houſe wee came. By their example of believing too much in you, we are growne incredulous in things which moſt concerns our better and beſt of being, and wee are ſo inur'd and practiſde in lying, (by your inſpiration being the father of lyes) that wee are doubtfull to believe one another. And yet (like the

the *Cretans*) with long uſe and cuſtome, wee doe many times believe our own lyes to be true.

May it pleaſe your infernall Hell-hood to take into your execrable conſideration, that you were the firſt inventer of the moſt ignoble Science of Offence, you taught *Caine* the *Imbrocado*, and ſhewed him how to murder his Brother, and from that time to this, the Art of Murdering, Killing and Cutting Throats hath beene univerſally and perfectly learned and practiſed. You have beene the inventer of all manner of deſtroying weapons, from the high degree of the Welſh-hook, to the lower deſcent of the Taylors Bodkin; and in theſe later times you (with the helpe of a Frier) have deviſde a burning, ſmouldring, moſt Helliſh and undefencible miſchief that murders men by heaps, and (with a powder) can blow whole Kingdomes into the Firmament; and for the innumerable Engines that are daily uſed and caſt for ſuch uſes, your moſt high and Imperiall malediction have declared your ſelfe an excellent Artiſt, from the double *Cannon* to the *Elder* Gun-mines, Countermines, Petards, Granadoes, Fire-works, Wildfire, and the Devill and all doe continually ſeek and worke the deſtruction of miſerable mankinde. You are a great Traveller, and will take the

the paines to compaſſe the whole Earth to finde juſt man, on purpoſe to doe him a miſchiefe, but for a crew of common Drunkards, Raſcals, Bawds and Whores, you know you need not wet your foot to ſeek them, they are your own already, and by your good will, you would fill Hell ſo full, that Heaven ſhould have but a few.

And ſo let that paſſe for one and the firſt Jerke.

SEcondly, you know that there is but one narrow way to happineſſe, and many wayes to your *Zona Torrida, Frigida,* (for all thoſe large wayes doe meet in one at the laſt, and bring poore ſoules into your peſtiferous Purſnet) ſome go by the way of *Sodome,* to finde out your moſt damnable Manſion, ſome by the way of *Inceſt,* ſome by *Adultery,* ſome by *Fornication* (for they ſay you are the Maſter of the Honourable and Worſhipfull Company, and Brother-hood of the *Fornicators*) in which regard you are a great friend to Parators & Panders. You ſhew'd *Cham* the way how to deride his father, by which example a company of *Chammiſts,* have ever ſince practiſed not onely to mock, ſcoff, and abuſe their na-

naturall parents, but alſo to contemne, raile and revile againſt Kings and Princes, who are the Royall Fathers of Terreſtriall Government, and further to deſpiſe, ſlight, and libell againſt the moſt Reverend Fathers, the Stewards and painfull Diſpenſers of the ſpirituall food of Eternity; you directed *Corah* and his Complices the high rode-way to murmur; *Achitophel* to give wicked Counſell, and *Abſolon* to rebel and uſurpe; you ſhewed *Joab* the way to Treachery, *Achan* to ſteale, *Jobs* wife to abuſe her husband, from whom the moſt part of women (like apt ſchollers) are very expert in that kinde of miſerable myſtery. You put *Gehezi* into the high-way of taking a bribe, and it is too well known what a wicked number of followers he hath had of all degrees, from the Scepter to the Swain, from the black Gown to the buckrum bag. You directed *Nabal* (who Anagrammatized or lead backward is *Laban*) to be as churliſh as a Hog, from whom miſerable *Dives* hath perfectly learn'd the way to true miſery, you taught *Nimrod* the way to tyrrannize, and encloſe and encroach upon Land and Territories, which hath beene the bounding, mounding, and curtalling of Commons. The rayſing of Ambition, Pride, Voluptuouſneſſe, and ſuch earthly vertues of accurſed Greatneſſe, and to the Almighty making of Beggers.

gers. You tye faſt the Rich mans purſe, and let looſe the poore mans curſe, you inſtructed *Pharaoh*, *Senacherib*, and *Rabſheka* in the way of blaſphemy, and from thoſe Helliſh preſidents, their Wickedneſſe is daily impiouſly imitated, *Shimei* was one of your *Anathema* profound ſchollers, and from you hee learn'd to curſe the Lord's Anointed extempore: once (as I have read) you were ſo addicted to peace and unity that you made *Herod* and *Pilate* friends, who were hatefull enemies, but afterwards your Hypocriſie was found, that it was your plot to deſtroy innocence: you made *Demas* to forſake the Truth, and embrace the World (your wicked ſiſter:) you have never been unprovided of a Kennell of Whores, Queans, and Concubines, to tempt and draw the wiſeſt men to folly, and for him that is moſt ſtrong (in his owne opinion) you have alwayes one darling ſinne or other to fit his diſpoſition, conſtitution, inclination, or humour, that like a *Dalilah* ſhall weaken him, or quite overthrow him.

And this ſhall ſuffice for the ſecond Jerke.

Third-

THirdly and laſtly, you know that you end draws nigh, and therefore now you rave, rage, and are more mad then ever you were, you know that after Doomſday, that you ſhall have no more power over Mortals, then you ſhall be for ever chain'd in your Denne like a Dogge in a Kennell; and therefore now you with all double diligence, doe endevour to doe your beſt to doe your worſt, and as much as in you lyeth, you draw us from bad to worſe, and from worſe to worſt. The Hypocrite (by your intcitement) doth vizard all his villany, with the maske or veile of vertue; hee follows the ſteps of *Ananias* and *Saphira* to a haire, hee with his ſower looke ſhrowds a lofty minde. You have ſcatter'd pride into as many ſhapes as *Proteus*, ſo that a proud faſhion hunter (if either money or credit will furniſh him) will transforme himſelfe into as many formes as you can do; our roarers (who by your peſtiferous favour are ſtiled the damn'd crue) are ſo given to moſt unhallowed meditations, that they lie a bed almoſt till dinner time, to ſtudy new oaths, to vent at this Ordinary, at Bowls, Cock-fighting, Horſe-race, Whore-houſe, or any other place of Gentleman like or noble exerciſe, and as you have taught them to ſweare with

without feare, ſo they doe often forſweare without ſhame: although ſometimes they hazzard their eares, as they doe their ſouls. You ſet bad Projectors (and unprofitable) a work, as thick as Crab-lice or Caterpillers, and it is no doubt but you will deale ſo juſtly with them, that you will pay them their wages, and after you have ſet them agog (with a vengeance) to doe injury with a miſchiefe. You are ſo ſkilfull in Phyſicke, that you have made too many believe that the loſſe of a Mayden-head is an approved and ſpeedy Medicine for the Green ſickneſſe. Poets, Painters (and ſome few Courtiers) you have ſo well taught that they can flatter moſt artificially with Pen, Picture, and by word of mouth.

It is long of you that what ever the Choplin and the Chaplin hath, yet the thin-cheek'd Chiplin hath nothing at all. I know a poore Curate that comes and goes a mile every Sunday, be it Winter or Summer, all manner of weathers, ſometimes wet to the skin, and preaches once a week (on Sundays) for bare five pound a yeare, the Tythe being valued at ſixty pound *per annum*, ſo that the miſerable Stipend or Hireling wages, will hardly buy wood to make a fire for him when hee comes home to dry him; when hee is through wet. This is your worke (*Monſieur Diabola*)

Diabola) for it is your inſpiration to put ſuch wrangling ſpirits into Impropriatours, that for the not paying of a tenth Pudding or a tythe Egge the Law muſt take his courſe. You have brought the Schiſmaticall Separatiſt to be as unconformable as your ſelfe, for (like you) they cannot bide the Croſſe or the ſigne of it (if it be not upon money) and you have made them as unmannerly as your ſelfe, for they will not move a Hat, or Bow a Knee at the name of our Saviour, and they are wax'd as ſolvenly as you can make them, for they hate clean Linnen, and all order, neatneſſe and decency in the Church; And you have long practiz'd a politick ſlight, which is, that when a Reverend Paſtor is painfully, and carefully preaching to his Audience, inſtructing them how to avoid your ſnares and traps; then you are ſo angry and impatient when you are told of your faults, and heare your damnable devices laid open, that you could afford to pull the Preacher out of the Pulpit by the Eares, or to teare him in pieces, but that hee is ſo happy that you have no power over him: your inveterate malice being limited, curb'd, and ſnaffled by an unreſiſtable High and omnipotent power, and hee very well underſtands and knowes in whoſe ſervice he is, and whoſe Embaſſage he de-

D. livers,

livers, and therefore is ſo valiant that he neither feares or cares a ruſh for you; which your imperiall malevolence perceiving, you have another trick for him, which is to lull the people aſleep, (of which number many times the beſt of the Pariſh are ſome) by which means you do debarre them of what they ſhould heare, and in the mean time, the Preacher ſpeaks to the bare walls. And I am perſwaded that is againſt your will, that there is any good Preacher living, and ſeeing they do live (in deſpight of you) and that by their care & induſtry they doe now and then violently plucke a ſoule from you, in revenge thereof you chiefly ſeek their confuſion, either by war, ſlander, or ſtarving them through want of means. Yet this much may be ſpoken as one of your good parts, which is, that you were never known to be drunke, and though you never walke uprightly, yet you never ſtumbled, you were never ſo fox'd but you knew the way home (and the troth is, you are ſo bold, that you would make every place your home) The Court, the City, the Country, the Pallace, the Caſtle, the Cottage, and the Church and all, you are ſo audacious either to enter them by force, or elſe to inſinuate and ſneak into them by craft and ſubtilty. And though you are no drunkard, yet you doe love

love the whole Rabble of them ſo well, that you are unwilling to loſe one of them all, but my hope is better. For if they leave it, and mend their manners as they ſhould do, the Devill the one of them you are like to have. You have the art to make great Scholler to learne Retrograde, for if a man be never ſo good a Grammarian, and hath *Greek* and *Latine* as perfect as *Homer* or *Virgil*, yet (if he be married) you doe too often teach his wife the way to reade him backward, like an *Hebrician*, and though he be never ſo well skil'd in learned Volumes, and the Seven liberall Arts, yet ſhee puts him againe into his *Horn-book*. You have ſo much Devotion in you, that you doe aſſiſt thoſe Brethren that doe pray zealouſly, that they may be diſobedient with a ſafe Conſcience, and you make them ſo ſtout and valiant that ſome of them are more able to doe more ſervice in a white ſheet then the honeſteſt man in a whole Shire can doe. You know that the Projector would be an honeſt man if hee did not keep company with himſelfe, therefore you might do ſomwhat to be talk'd off, if you would ſeparate him. It is a ſcurvy faſhion of your deviſing, that wiſemen in Ruſſet, muſt reverence and ſtand bare to ſilken fools; but to conclude, you have gotten ſuch a freedome that you have a

finger in all Trades, and an Oare in every mans Boat, nor was there ever any bad thought, word or deed, imagined, ſpoken, or committed ſince the Creation, but you were at the middle and both ends of it: and I do remember that I have read how once you bragged, boaſted and promiſed to give all the Kingdomes of the world to be worſhipped, and afterwards you were in that poor roguiſh caſe, that you were faine to aske leave to take poſſeſſion of a ſilly Hog. In which manner of vain-glorious oſtentation, bragging and boaſting, the moſt part of men are expert, and to promiſe much, and performe nothing is, ſo eaſie a leſſon of your teaching, that many great men are more ready and perfit in it then in their *Pater noſter.* And now you Grand Maſter of miſchief, you may truſſe up your hoſe, for at this time my Pen is worn blunt, my Inkhorn dry and my ſelfe weary with jerking, where correction is in pain, and no poſſibility of no amendment.

Thus after the expence of much money, and ten weeks time, having ridden 645 miles (of ſundry meaſures and ſizes) all weary and almoſt mony-leſſe, I returned to *London* on Friday the twentieth of *September*, 1639.

FINIS.

1640.

The Praiſe of the Needle.

[HAZLITT, No. 62.]


THE NEEDLES EXCELLENCY
A New Booke wherin are diuers Admirable
Workes wrought with the Needle. Newly inuented and
cut in Copper for the pleasure and profit of the Industrious.
WISDOME
INDVSTRIE
FOLLIE
Printed for Iames Boler and are to be sold at the Signe of the Marigold in Paules Church yard.
The 12th Edition inlarged wth diuers newe workes as needle-workes purles & others neuer before printed
1640

THE PRAISE
OF THE
NEEDLE.

TO all diſperſed ſorts of ARTS and TRADES,
I writ the Needles prayſe (that never fades)
So long as children ſhall be got or borne,
So long as garments ſhall be made, or worne,
So long as Hemp or Flax, or Sheep ſhall bear
Their linnen wollen fleeces yeare by yeare:
So long as Silk-wormes, with exhauſted ſpoile,
Of their owne Entrailes for mans gaine ſhall toyle:
Yea till the world be quite diſſolu'd and paſt;
So long at leaſt, the Needles uſe ſhall laſt:
And though from earth his being did begin,
Yet through the fire he did his honour win:
And vnto thoſe that doe his ſervice lacke,
Hee's true as ſteele and mettle to the backe.
He hath I per ſe cye, ſmall ſingle ſight,
Yet like a Pigmey, *Polipheme* in fight:
As a ſtout Captaine, bravely he leades on,
(Not fearing colours) till the worke be done,
Through thicke and thinne he is moſt ſharpely ſet,
With ſpeed through ſtitch, he will the conqueſt get.
And as a ſouldier Frenchefyde with heat)
Maim'd from the warres is forc'd to make retreat;
So when a Needles point is broke, and gone,
No point Mounſieur, he's maim'd, his worke is done,
And more the Needles honour to advance,
It is a Taylors Iavelin, or his Launce.
And for my Countries quiet, I ſhould like,
That women-kinde ſhould vſe no other Pike.

The prayſe of the Needle,

It will increaſe their peace, enlarge their ſtore,
To uſe their tongues leſſe, and their Needles more,
The Needles ſharpeneſſe, profit yeelds, and pleaſure,
But ſharpeneſſe of the tongue, bites out of meaſure.
A Needle (though it be but ſmall and ſlender)
Yet it is both a maker and a mender:
A graue Reformer of old Rents decayd,
Stops holes and ſeames, and deſperate cuts diſplayd.
And thus without the Needle we may ſee,
We ſhould without our Bibs and Biggins bee;
No ſhirts or Smockes, our nakedneſſe to hide,
No garments gay, to make us magnifide:
No ſhadowes, Shapparoones, Caules, Bands, Ruffs, Kuffs,
No Kirchiefes, Quoyfes, Chin-clouts, or Marry-Muffes,
No Croſ-cloaths, Aprons, Hand-kerchiefes, or Falls,
No Table-cloathes, for Parlours or for Halls.
No Sheetes, no Towels, Napkins, Pillow-beares,
Nor any Garment man or woman weares.
Thus is a Needle prov'd an Inſtrument,
Of profit, pleaſure, and of ornament.
Which mighty Queenes haue grac'd in hand to take,
And high borne Ladies ſuch eſteeme did make,
That as their Daughters Daughters up did grow,
The Needles Art, they to their children ſhow.

And as 'twas then an exerciſe of praiſe,
So what deſerves more honour in theſe dayes,
Then this? which daily doth it ſelfe expreſſe,
A mortall enemy to idleneſſe.
The uſe of Sewing is exceeding old,
As in the ſacred Text it is enrold:
Our [a] Parents firſt in Paradiſe began,
Who hath deſcended ſince from man to man:
The mothers taught their Daughters, Sires their Sons,
Thus in a line ſucceſſively it runs
For generall profit, and for recreation,
From generation unto generation.
With worke like Cherubims Embroidered rare,
The Covers of the [b] Tabernacle were.
And by the Almighti's great command, we ſee,
That *Aarons* Garments broydered worke ſhould be;
And further, God did bid his Veſtments ſhould
Be made moſt gay, and glorious to behold.
Thus plainly, and moſt truly is declar'd,
The Needles worke hath ſtill bin in regard
For it doth ART, ſo like to NATVRE frame,
As if I T were her Sifter, or the SAME.

[a] *Gen.* 3, 7. [b] *Embroidery antient, Exo* 26, 1 *Ch*, 28. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

Flowers

The Prayſe of the Needle.

Flowers, Plants, and Fiſhes, Beaſts, Birds, Flyes, and Bees,
Hils, Dales, Plaines, Paſtures, Skies, Seas, Rivers, Trees;
There's nothing neere at hand, or fartheſt fought,
But with the Needle may be ſhap'd and wrought.
In clothes of Arras I have often ſeene,
Mens figurd counterfeits ſo like haue beene,
That if the parties ſelfe had beene in place,
Yet A R T would vye with N A T V R E for the grace
Moreover, Poſies rare, and Anagrams,
Signifique ſearching ſentences from Names,
True Hiſtory, or various pleaſant fiction,
In ſundry colours mixt, with Arts commixion,
All in Dimenſion · Ovals, Squares, and Rounds,
Arts life included within Natures bounds:
So that Art ſeemeth meerely naturall,
In forming ſhapes ſo Geometricall,
And though our Country every where is fild
With Ladies, and with Gentlewomen, skild
In this rare Art, yet here they may diſcerne
Some things to teach them if they liſt to learne.
And as this booke ſome cunning workes doth teach,
(Too hard for meane capacities to reach)
So for weake learners, other workes here be,
As plaine and eaſie as are A B C.

Thus skilfull, or unskillfull, each may take,
This booke, and of it, each good uſe may make,
All ſorts of workes, almoſt that can be nam'd,
Here are directions how they may be fram'd:
And for this kingdomes good are hither come,
From the remoteſt parts of Chriſtendome,
Collected with much paines and induſtry,
From ſcorching *Spaine* and freezing *Muſcovie*,
From fertill *France*, and pleaſant *Italy*,
From *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Denmarke*, *Germany*,
And ſome of theſe rare Patternes haue beene fet,
Beyond the bounds of faithleſſe *Mahomet*:
From ſpacious *China*, and those Kingdomes Eaſt,
And from great *Mexico*, the Indies Weſt.
Thus are theſe workes, *farre fetcht, and dearely bought*,
And conſequently *good for Ladies thought.*
Nor doe I derogate (in any caſe)
Or doe eſteeme of other teachings baſe,
For *Tent-worke*, *Raiſd-worke*, *Laid-worke*, *Froſt-worke*, *Net-*
Moſt curious *Purles*, or rare *Italian Cutworke*, (*worke*,
Fine *Ferne-ſtitch*, *Finny-ſtitch*, *New-ſtitch*, and *Chain-ſtitch*,
Braue *Bred-ſtitch*, *Fiſher-ſtitch*, *Iriſh-ſtitch*, and *Queen-ſtitch*,
The *Spaniſh-ſtitch*, *Roſemary-ſtitch*, and *Mowſe-ſtitch*,
The ſmarting *Whip-ſtitch*, *Back-ſtitch*, & the *Croſſe-ſtitch*,

The prayſe of the Needle,

All theſe are good, and theſe we muſt allow,
And theſe are every where in practiſe now:
And in this Booke, there are of theſe ſome ſtore,
With many others, neuer ſeene before.
Here Practiſe and Invention may be free,
And as a *Squirrell* skips from tree to tree,
So maids may (from their Miſtreſſe, or their Mother)
Learne to leaue one worke, and to learne an other,
For here they may make choyce of which is which,
And skip from worke to worke, from ſtitch to ſtitch,
Vntil, in time, delightfull practice ſhall
(With profit) make them perfect in them all.
Thus hoping that theſe workes may haue this guide,
To ſerue for ornament, and not for pride:
To cheriſh vertue, baniſh idleneſſe,
For theſe ends, may this booke haue good ſucceſſe.

Here follow certaine Sonnets in the Honorable memory of Queenes and great Ladies, who haue bin famous for their rare Inventions and practiſe with the Needle.

1

KIng *David* by an apt ſimilitude,
Doth ſhew with Maieſty, the *Church* her worth;
And to a faire Kings daughter doth allude,
Where to her Spouſe, he bravely brings her forth,
In Garments wrought of *Needle-worke* and Gold,
Reſplendent and moſt glorious to the eye:
Whoſe out-ſide much more glory did infold,
The preſence of th' eternall Majeſty.
Thus may you ſee Records of holy Writ
Set downe (what death or Time can nere deface.)
By theſe compariſons, comparing fit,
The noble worth of Needle-workes high grace.
Then learne faire Damſels, learne your times to ſpend
In this, which ſuch high praiſings doth commend.

2

Katharine *firſt married to* Arthur, *Prince of* Wales, *and afterward to* Henry *the* 8. *King of* England.

I Read that in the ſeventh King *Henries* Raigne,
Faire *Katharine*, Daughter to the *Caſtile* King,
Came into *England* with a pompous traine
Of *Spaniſh* Ladies which ſhee thence did bring.
She to the eight King *Henry* married was,
And afterwards divorc'd, where vertuouſly

(Although

The Prayſe of the Needle.

(Although a Queene) yet ſhe her dayes did paſſe,
In working with the *Needle* curiouſly,
As in the Towre, and places more beſide,
Her excellent memorialls may be ſeene:
Whereby the *Needles* prayſe is dignifide
By her faire Ladies, and her ſelfe, a Queene.
Thus for her paines, here her reward is iuſt,
Her workes proclaime her prayſe, though ſhe be duſt.

3

Mary, *Queene of* England, *and wife to* Philip *King of* Spaine.

HEr Daughter *Mary* here the Scepter ſwaid,
And though ſhee were a Queene of mighty power,
Her memory will never be decaid,
Which by her workes are likewiſe in the Tower,
In *Windſor* Caſtle, and in *Hampton* Court,
In that moſt pompous roome call'd Paradiſe:
Who euer pleaſeth thither to reſort,
May ſee ſome workes of hers, of wondrous price.
Her greatneſſe held it no diſ-reputation,
To take the Needle in her Koyall hand:
Which was a good example to our Nation,
To baniſh idleneſſe from out her Land:
And thus this Queene, in wiſedome thought it fit,
The Needles worke pleaſ'd her, and ſhe grac'd it.

4

Elizabeth *Queene of* England, *and Daughter to King* Henry *the eight.*

WHen this great Queene, whoſe memory ſhall not
By any terme of time be over-caſt;
For when the world, and all therein ſhall rot
Yet ſhall her glorious fame for ever laſt.
When ſhe a maid, had many troubles paſt,
From Iayle to Iayle, by *Maries* angry ſpleene:
And *Woodſtocke*, and the *Tower* in Priſon faſt,
And after all was *Englands* Peereleſſe Queene.
Yet howſoeuer ſorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion ſtill,
And in that exerciſe her time ſhe ſpent,
As many living yet doe know her skill.
Thus ſhee was ſtill, a Captive, or elſe crownd,
A Needle-woman Royall, and renownd.

The

The Prayſe of the Needle.

5

The Right Honourable, Vertuous, and learned Lady Mary, *late Counteſſe of* Pembrooke.

A Patterne, and a Patroneſſe ſhe was,
Of vertuous induſtry and ſtudious learning:
And ſhee her earthly Pilgrimage did paſſe,
In Acts which were high honour moſt concerning.
Braue *Wilton* houſe in Wiltſhire well can ſhow,
Her admirable workes in Arras fram'd:
Where men, and beaſts, ſeeme like, trees ſeeme to grow,
And Art (ſurpaſſ'd by Nature) ſeemes aſham'd,
Thus this renowned Honourable Dame,
Her happy time moſt happily did ſpend;
Whoſe worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
(Vntill the world ſhall end) ſhall never end
She wrought ſo well in Needle-worke, that ſhee,
Nor yet her workes, ſhall ere forgoten be.

6

The Right Honourable and religious Lady Elizabeth Dormer, *Wife to the late Right Honourable, the Lord* Robert Dormer *deceaſed.*

THis Noble Lady imitates time paſt,
Directs time preſent, teacheth time to come,
And longer then her life, her laud ſhall laſt,
Workes ſhewes her worth, though all the world were dumb.
And though her Reverend ſelfe, with many dayes,
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
Yet with her Needle (to her worthy prayſe)
Shee's working often ere the Sunne doth peepe.
And, many times, when *Phœbus* in the Weſt
Declined is, and *Luna* ſhewes her head:
This antient honour'd Lady reſts from Reſt,
And workes when idle ſloath goes ſoone to bed,
Thus ſhee the Needle makes her recreation,
Whoſe well-ſpent paines are others imitation.

To

The Prayſe of the Needle.

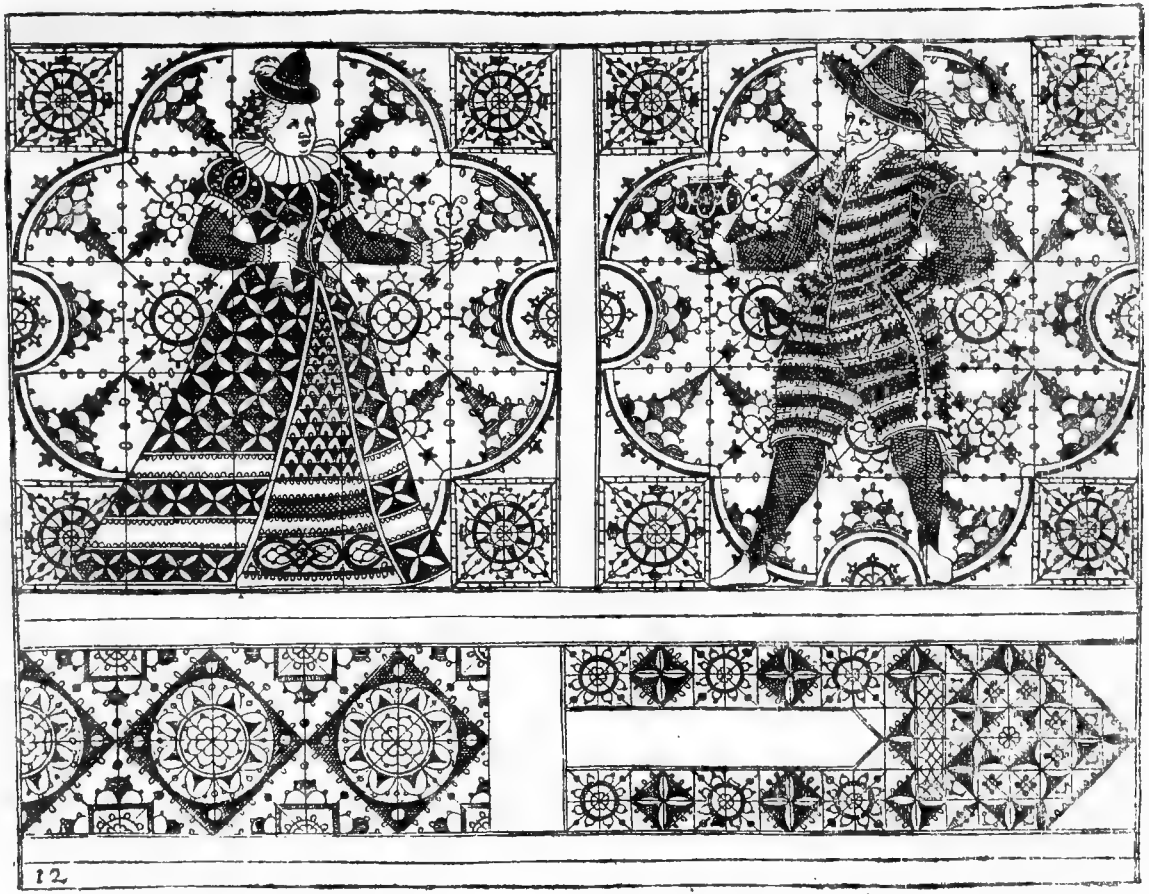
To all degrees of both ſexes, that love or liue by the laudable imployment of the Needle.

IF any aske to whom theſe lines are writ,
I anſwer, unto them that doe inquire:
For ſince the worlds Creation none was yet,
Whoſe wants did not the *Needles* helpe deſire.
And therefore not to him, or her, or thee,
Or them, or they, I doe not write at all:
Nor to particulars of he or ſhee,
But generally, to all in generall.

Then let not Pride looke ſcuruily a-ſcewe,
Without the *Needle*, Pride would naked goe:
Nor yet let ſcorne, cry piſh, and tuſh, and mew,
Scorne is forgetfull much in doing ſo,
Nor yet let any one preſume to prate,
And call theſe lines poore trifles, by me pend:
Let not opinion be prejudicate,
But mend it ere they dare to diſcommend,
So fare thou well, my well-deſeruing booke,
(I meane, the works deſerts, and not my lines)
I much preſume that all that one it looke,
Will like and laud the workemans good deſignes,
Fooles play the Fooles, but tis through want of wit,
Whilſt I to wiſedomes cenſure doe ſubmit.

FINIS.

Iohn Tayler.



12

1640.

Differing Worſhips.

[HAZLITT, No. 64.]

Differing Worſhips,

Or,

The Oddes, betweene ſome Knights Service and God's.

OR

TOM NASH his Ghoſt, (the old *Martin* queller) newly rous'd, and is come to chide and take order with Nonconformiſts, Schiſmatiques, Separatiſts, and ſcandalous Libellers.

Wherein their Abuſive opinions are manifeſted, their Jeeres mildly retorted, and their unmannerly manners admoniſhed.

By IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Ley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neere *Pauls* chaine. 1640.

TO
THE FRIENDLY,
VNFRIENDLY, PRE-
judicate, or Indifferent Rea-
der, or Hearer, and ſo con-
ſequently to all, and
every body.

I *(with applauſe) have writt, neere ſeavenſcore Books,*
Yet never fear'd baſe words, or ſcurvy looks:
Though ſome detracting ſpirits ſnarle and hiſſe,
I (with mine owne hand) doe acknowledge this:
Let Rake-hells raile, and Rebels kick and ſpurne;
The Buſh *ſhall be unburnt, when they ſhall burne:*
Such as would ſink the Arke (which doth denote
That then Gods Church was in that ſacred Boate)

 More

To the Reader.

More barbarous than the barbarous ſouldiers were
That did refuſe Chriſts ſeam-leſſe Coate *to teare;*
To ſuch as theſe, and none but ſuch as theſe,
My lines may have a relliſh to diſpleaſe;
And I doe ſay (as better men have ſaid)
God is my record, I am not affraid
Of Force *or* Fraude; *for he that feareth ſuch,*
Will never dare t' abide the Teſt *or* Tutch:
Nor is it flatt'ry that doth cauſe me write,
(My Climacterical *doth ſay, Good Night)*
And 'tis a Court-like adulating ſinne,
Which I ne're us'd, nor will I now beginne;
He that's offended, let him tell wherefore,
And ſhew ſome reaſon why he hath therefore;
And where my error is, but ſhew me it,
In all Humility I will ſubmit.
Some ſattin Momus, *or ſome ſilken* Zoylus,
Or Midas *puft in pluſh, or musky* Troylus;
This was not writt to doe them any pleaſure,
Nor can their Wiſedomes take of it true meaſure;
If ſuch as underſtand not, are offended,
I bid them all come kiſſe my Muſe, and mend it.
But ſure, as long as God is on my ſide,
What need I care if raskals doe deride;

My

To the Reader.

My deere, deere Mother, Englands Church, *'tis ſhe,*
(In humble duty) drawes theſe lines from me;
For though I am no Clergie-man, I know,
That I obedience unto HER *doe owe;*
In HER, I *was baptiſed, and in* HER
I have been ſhew'd Truth, and to ſhun to erre;
In HER *th' eternall food (moſt excellent)*
I have receiv'd, in th' Word and Sacrament,
And for HER *ſake (to* vindicate *her cauſe)*
Expecting neither proffit nor applauſe,
Theſe following lines unto the world I ſend,
Which (I am ſure) ſhall laſt, till time ſhall end.

I. T. *Poeta Aquaticus.*

Differing Worſhips,

Or

The Oddes, betweene ſome Knights ſervice and Gods.

And firſt to begin with the Knights or Ladies High and Mighty Worſhips.

NOte the Rare fabrick of his *Worſhips* Building,
Behold th' Illuſtrious Splendor of the Gilding,
View well the *Columns*, and the *Buttreſſes*,
Marke the faire Pompous *Porches* Glorious dreſſe,
The *Pillars*, and the *Pillaſters* admire,
Looke how the pointed *Pyramids* aſpire,
The *Obeliskes*, *Corinthian* carv'd work fine
Of pureſt *Marble*, *Ieat*, or *Serpentine*,
Of *Alabaſter*, *Tutch*, or *Porphiry*,
Or of th'admired (mock-Jeat) Ebony;
From the Foundation to the Battlement
Moſt ſumptuous, ſtately and magnificent.

His *Worſhips* Radient Hall, wood-linings pure,
Miter'd and *Cipher'd*, and *Reval'd Immure*:
His *Marble Pavement Chequer'd* black and white,
T'Amaze and Raviſh the beholders ſight;
His *Worſhips* faire Glaſſe-windowes, with his name
And Armes, (which ſhewes from what deſcents he came)
His *Worſhip* eats and ſleepes, in Roomes, are hung
With coſtly *Arras*, and himſelfe among
(I meane his Picture, if right underſtood)
Gentles Allyed, in Marriage, or in Blood;
See more, and take note what you ſee, at length
His *Worſhips Altar's* Crown'd with Glorious ſtrength
Of *Maſsie Plate*; His *Worſhips* Tables hold
Large Purple Velvet Carpets, fring'd with Gold.
His *Worſhips Spouſe*, and *Iſſue*; like a *Rood*
Of *Gliſtring Images*; his *Worſhips* food
Approaching, Be uncover'd, *Stentor* cries;
His *Worſhips* Waiters bow before him thrice,
With ſervile reverence, humbly ſtooping low,
They pay the duty they his *Worſhip* owe.
His *Worſhips* Chaplaine, twice, (with double grace)
In feare and trembling, takes and leaves his place,
And (having read his Chapter) ſtill muſt ſay,
Thus ends your *Worſhips* Leſſon for the day.
His *Worſhips* Lady (likewiſe mighty fine)
Adored is, as 'twere a Thing Divine;
Her Waiting-woman, and her Chamber-mayd
Is ſude to, bow'd to, and implor'd and pray'd.
Knights Service thus, and Lady *Worſhip*, ſee
How odly, madly Gods and this agree.

Here

Here followeth the unfaſhionable faſhion, or the too too homely Worſhipping of God.

GODS *Houſes*, almoſt like *Troyes Ilion*,
Are alſo built of courſe and baſer ſtone,
With broken *Pavement*, *Window*, *Wall* and *Dore*;
Well, if but White-lim'd, and then *Oaker'd* o're;
Drillings of Raine, make greene and yellow ſtreakes,
And (Where they give him place) the Painter ſpeakes
In Creed, Commands, and Prayer, and 'gainſt his Will
To the Kings foes, puts *Dizzie Painter* ſtill,
Sayes *Woodcock* was Church-warden, then cries Woe
Over the Pulpit, and in mind to ſhow
Beggers at dore, how dreadfull to their trade
Death is, he ſets him working with a *Spade*.
Nine duſty Seats, twelve Treſſels, two crack'd Bels,
Three broken Halters. And what? Nothing elſe
Goes to a *Church*? The Chancell hath a Boord
Worth nine pence (moſt unworthy of the Lord)
With pretty home-ſpun Linſey-woolſey ſpread
Under the Linnen, whither (ſcarce white) Bread
And cheape ſowre wine, two hob-nail'd Wardens dragge
In *Gibeons* Bottles, and courſe Pudding-bagge.
All manners, and all decencie muſt be
Laid by; as much as bowing of the Knee
Unlawfull is, though *Paul* commands it ſo,
Yet many new pure ſpirits doe ſay no.
That Kneeling, comes ſo neere Idolatry;
T'avoid which, they will be ſo mannerly

To be Chriſts fellow, and to ſit at's Table,
And give his houſe like reverence as the ſtable.
Thus ſawcie Mortals (vile and tranſitory)
Doe rob themſelves of grace, and God of glory;
Theſe rude behaviours every good man greeves,
When *Temples* are eſteem'd like dens of Theeves.
Gods Worſhip this: The great Kings Service! ſee
How odly madly *God's* and *man's* agree.

The unequall or incomparable compariſon.

'TIs ſtrange that ſome Religions doe allow,
That men to ſtocks and ſtones ſhall bend and bow;
And that the man that did the Image frame,
Muſt kneele (in adoration) to the ſame;
Imploring aid, and hoping for a good
From ragges and reliques, ſtones, and ſtocks of wood.
Erecting Churches with great charge (profuſe)
For mans idolatry, and Gods abuſe;
And think they merit their ſalvation
For impious works of ſuperſtition;
With Ceremonies ſuch ſuperfluous ſtore,
As Pagans, Jewes, and Gentiles ne're had more;
With humble bending, bowing, crouching, creeping,
With kneeling, croſſing, penitentiall weeping,
With ſlaviſh feare, and fearfull reverence,
Prepoſterous zeale, and blind obedience;
They think't too little, all they can or may
In ſerving God, the quite contrary way.
On th'other ſide, a peeviſh crew doth lye
(Moſt perverſe pure, in their impuritie)

And

And they ſo ſparing of their manners bee,
They'le move no hat at Church, nor bend a knee;
And whilſt they dwell in houſes ſeel'd in State,
Gods Houſes muſt lye waſte and deſolate;
The conſecrated Temples they'le come in,
Eſteeming Reverence there to be a ſinne,
And that (for holineſſe) there is no ods
In manners, 'twixt his horſes houſe and God's.
But leaving this Saint-ſeeming holy crew,
Who (in their braines) doe ſtrange religions brew:
Whoſe Grounds have neither Reaſon, Root or Pith,
Which *Patriarches* were ne're acquainted with,
Which from the *Prophets* were unknowne and hid,
Which *Chriſt* and his *Apoſtles* did forbid,
Which *Councels*, or old *Fathers* ne're decreed,
Nor from the firſt true *Church* did e're proceed.
If either *Separatiſt*, or *Schiſmatique*,
Or *Anabaptiſt*, Hare-brain'd *Heretique*,
From *Scripture*, *Church*, or *Father* could but ſhow
That reverently to *God* men should not bow,
In triumph then, they might diſplay their Banners,
And ſhew ſome reaſon for their want of manners.
To thee (that read'ſt or hear'ſt) theſe lines I ſend,
That art ſo ſtiffe in th'hams, thou canſt not bend;
Thou ought'ſt (in feare and love) bow downe thy knee
To him, whoſe Grace and Love came downe to thee;
Oh fall before him that hath rais'd thee up,
And (for thy ſoules life) drank Deaths bitter cup.
Thy Body proſtrate, that it may expreſſe
Thy Soules intentions humble thankfulneſſe;
As hee's thy Maker, duteous honour doe him;
As hee's a Judge offended, kneele unto him;

They have neither Scriptures, examples of Patriarches, Prophets, Apoſtles, Councels, Ancient Fathers, nor the Primitive firſt true Church, but all are againſt them in this point of duty.

The Captive doom'd to hell for his offence,
Ought kneele to Him that did redeeme him thence;
Fall downe, (and with thy ſoule) thy body bend,
And then (no doubt) thy prayers will aſcend;
For though Heaven be from Earth, a mighty ſpace,
The moſt High's neer'ſt the lowly with his grace.
An injur'd man oft-times ſuch mercy feeles
To pardon his offender, when he kneeles.
Judge and condemne thy ſelfe, and then the fruit
Will be, God will not Judgement execute.
For free remiſſion of thy ſinnes unholy,
Thou canſt not (in thy geſture) be too lowly;
He that's aſham'd to worſhip God, is then
Like him that doth deny him before men.
Then, if thy ſoule be touch'd with penitence,
Expreſſe it, with thy bodies reverence;
For though God of our kneeling hath no need,
To bleſſe Humility he hath decreed.
And not to kneele, when we Gods bleſſings ſeeke,
Doth ſhew we neither lowly are or meeke.
To bow thy heart, true faith doth thee perſwade;
And he that made thy heart, thy knee hath made;
And ſince he hath made all, and every part
Hee'le have thy knees obedience, with thy Heart:
Hee'le have no halfes, he made, and will have all,
And there's no halting ſafe, 'twixt God and *Baal*.
Beware therefore, when God thou com'ſt before,
Thy rude behaviour not incenſe him more;
Thy miſery bewaile, upon thy knee
And he (from miſery) thy ſoule will free;
For as thou often kneel'ſt for daily Bread
Wherewith thy earth-decaying corps is fed;

So

So forth' Eternall Living Bread muſt thou
Both heart and knee, both ſoule and body bow.
The Prodigall with kneeling and with mourning
Was grac'd, and feaſted at his home-returning.
That *Chriſt* to man Coheireſhip doth impart,
'Tis Gods abundant Love, not mans deſert;
His humble ſervants here, by him ſhall be
Exalted to Eternall dignitie.
Wilt thou, or dar'ſt thou (thou fraile earthy clod)
Be fellow to th'Immortall Sonne of God,
Or dar'ſt thou ſtand or ſit with ſawcie pride
To entertaine thy Saviour glorifide?
Doſt thou not know the Great Kings Seale of Heaven
Is come from thence to thee, and to thee given,
Wherein the pardon of thy ſinnes is ſign'd,
Whereby thou may'ſt true peace of conſcience find?
Whereas Chriſts Holy Spirit preſent is
Wherewith his Grace doth bleſſe this work of his,
Where Bread of Life, the bread doth ſanctifie
To all that Eat it, in Humilitie:
Thou alſo (in the Cup) by faith may'ſt ſee
His precious Blood, that deign'd to die for thee;
Which ſignes and figures of Remembrance muſt
Put us in minde that we muſt firmely truſt
His Body offred for us, and his Blood
Is All in All, the Summe of all our Good.
He that Receives this, and will not afford
To kneele and thank ſo Great, a Gracious Lord;
Is Atheiſt, Pagan, or beſides his wits,
Unworthy of ſuch bleſſed Benefits.
There is the figure of th'Eternall Feaſt,
And thither Grace invites thee as a Gueſt,

The

The Royall Robe, the wedding Garment there
Is ſet before thee, for thy ſoule to weare;
The King is preſent, Angels wait on thee,
And wilt thou not kneele downe, and thankfull be?
And now ſome proofes I plainly will unfold
How good men worſhip'd God in times of old.

Gen. 17. 17. When God (who is for evermore I AM)
Did promiſe *Iſaac* unto *Abraham*:
The good old man his duty knew ſo well,
That humbly bowing, on his face he fell.

Deut. 9. 18. *Moſes* did fall before the Lord, and pray
He would from *Iſr'el* turne his wrath away:

2 Sam. 12. 16. Bleſt *David* all night on the earth did ly,
And faſt and pray in great humility.

1 Kings 8. 54.
2 Chron. 6. 15. King *Salomon* did to this duty yeeld,
That (though his prayer was long) he praying kneeld:

1 Kings 18. 42. *Eliah* humbly kneel'd, and prayd for raine,
And bleſſed fruitfull ſhowers he did obtaine:

Math. 8. 2.
Mark. 1. 4.
Luke 5. 12. The *Leper* worſhip'd Chriſt, and faith procur'd
That (I WILL, BE THOU CLEANE) was ſaid, which cur'd:

Math. 8. 8.
Luke 7. 6. When our Humility is of ſuch proofe,
To know our ſelves unworthy that our roofe
Chriſt ſhould come under; then ſuch Grace we win,
That then the King of Glory doth come in.

Mark. 7. 25. The woman kneel'd and beg'd, and her requeſt
Was granted, and the devill diſpoſſeſt
The man poſſeſt, with many fiends fell downe,

Luk. 8. 28. And all the Legion to the ſwine were throwne.

Luk. 8. 41. When *Iairus* kneel'd, and did for favour plead,
His daughter was revived, that was dead.

Luk. 8. 47. The woman with the bloody Iſſue fell,
And kneel'd, and trembled, and ſhe was made well.

Among

Among ten *Lepers* cur'd, Grace bore ſuch ſway,
That one return'd, and tythe of Thanks did pay. Luk. 17. 16.
Our Saviour (humbly) kneel'd and meekly prayd
God his heavenly Father for his ayd. Luk. 22. 41.
St. *Peter* kneel'd, and prayd unto the Lord, Mat. 26. 39. Mark. 14. 35.
And *Dorcas* was from death to life reſtor'd.
And bleſſed *Paul* with kneeling did implore, Acts 9. 36. 40.
That God would bleſſe his Church for evermore;
And when from *Tyrus* he did make repaire,
He (with the reſt there) humbly kneel'd in prayer. Acts 20. 36.
St. *Steven* kneel'd and prayd with veh'ment cryes, Acts 7. 60.
For his ſtone-hearted ſtony enemies.
The ſlave did kneele, and from his Lord did get Mat. 18. 26.
Forgiveneſſe for ten thouſand talents debt.
Th'Almighty (by himſelfe) hath ſworne and vowd, Iſay45.23. God did ſwear here: and it is not in mans power to make him call it back.
That every knee ſhall unto him be bow'd,
In Heaven, in Earth, all things beneath the ſame,
That every knee ſhall bowe at *Ieſus* name. Phil 2. 10.
The wicked and accurſed fiends of Hell Mark 3. 11.
In feare and trembling downe before him fell.
In Heaven (where endleſſe Glories Saints doe crown) Revel. 4. 10.
The foure and twenty Elders doe fall downe,
And worſhip him that ſits upon the Throne,
That lives for ever, the bleſt three in one:
There Angels, Heav'ns, and all the Powers therein,
The chaunting *Cherubin* and *Seraphin*
Continually three Holies lowd doe cry
Unto the Lord of Sabbothes majeſty;
The Glory of whoſe majeſty doth fill
Both Heav'n and Earth, whoſe praiſe is ſinging ſtill
By bleſt Apoſtles, Prophets, Martyrs, and
The holy Church through every Realme and Land;

The non-Conformiſt may perceive by theſe cōmands and examples that kneeling and bowing muſt be uſed but the Scripture doth not command ſtanding or ſitting or difobedience in any place.

All theſe doe knowledge him alone to be
The Father of infinite majeſty;
Whoſe honorable, true, and onely ſonne
By his obedience, hath our pardons wonne;
The Holy Ghoſt, the comforter of all
Such as with ſtedfaſt faith for comfort call;
To this God, Good and Gracious, Glorious, Great,
To him all knees muſt bowe, all ſoules entreat;
All thoſe that will not bend, ſuch power he hath
That he will *break* them in his furious wrath;
Private men muſt not frame what worſhip they will.
'Tis well t'avoyd will-worſhip, but 'tis ill
To frame what kinde of worſhip each man will.
When in the *Temple* we doe God implore;
'Tis God, and not the Temple we adore.
Exod. 37. 6. 1 Kings 6. 23.
The Prieſt did worſhip t'wards the *mercy* Seate,
And 'twixt the *Cherubins* our God entreat;
He worſhip'd neither Seat, nor *Cherubins*,
But only God that takes away our Sinns.
And as on Sea and Land, in every place,
With humble reverence we muſt ſue for Grace:
So in his Church, and houſes conſecrated,
And to his ſervice only dedicated,
Wherein Chriſt Crucified is preach'd, where he
In Word and Sacraments doth deigne to be,
Sure, in thoſe places, where Gods love is ſuch,
All mens beſt manners cannot be too much.
For though we owe God reverence everywhere;
Yet in the Church it beſt becomes us there;
When we participate moſt of his Grace,
O, then, and there, ſhew manners in that place.
The Saints in Heav'n doe kneele, and praiſe Gods name,
And Saints on earth muſt likewiſe doe the ſame.

O come

O come let's ſing unto the Lord, rejoyce
In our ſalvations ſtrength, our hearts and voyce; Pſal. 95.
Let us (with thanks) before his face appeare,
And ſhew (in him) with Pſalmes our Gladneſſe there:
O, come, let's worſhip, fall, and kneele before
The Lord our maker, let us him adore.
This doctrine *David* to the Church did teach,
Which (from thoſe times to theſe) all good men preach.
Only a new fantaſtick upſtart Troope
Of proud contentious ſpirits, ſcorne to ſtoope.
I have ſhewd proofes, and more I will produce,
How men are bound unto this reverent uſe.
St. *Paul* repeats the places I have ſhewd,
That every knee ſhall to the Lord be bowd; Rom. 14. 11.
For there's no other name elſe under Heaven,
But *Ieſus* name, by whom Salvation's given. Acts 4. 12.
Th'Apoſtle kneel'd, and told th' *Epheſians* why,
To pray that Grace their faith might fructifie. Eph. 3. 14.
In *Ieſus* bleſſed name, our ſoules releife
And life eternall doth conſiſt in chiefe. Ioh. 20. 31.
In all we ſay or doe, we ſtill muſt frame
To ſay and doe (with thanks) in *Ieſus* name; Coloſſ. 3. 17.
Beleevers in this name, with faith moſt ſteady
Are ſav'd, and unbeleevers damn'd already. Ioh. 3. 18.
This name alone was the Apoſtle's ayde
To diſpoſſeſſe the devill from the mayd; Acts 16. 18.
That from this name no bonds ſhould make him flye,
And for this name he willingly would dye. Acts 21. 13.
Full of ſuch proofes as theſe the Scriptures are,
Which to all people plainly doth declare
That 'tis th'Almighties Mandate and decree,
That all, at *Ieſus* name, ſhall bend the knee.

And in all ages, till theſe times and dayes,
The Churches practice it hath been alwayes;
And that (amongſt us) this duty is not new;
But Queene *Elizabeths* Injunctions view:
Or elſe King *Iames* his eighteenth Canon read;
There (by Authority) 'tis publiſhed.
Archbiſhop *Whitguift* if you pleaſe to note
In's Book, which he 'gainſt maſter *Cartwright* wrote,
Maintaines, that all men muſt this duty doe;
(Imprinted, page ſeaven hundred forty two.)
And learned *Hooker* doth the ſame defend,
In that rare Tract and Treatiſe which he pend,
Eccleſiaſtick Polity inſtil'd;
The true uſe there, of Kneeling is compil'd,
So abſolute, acute, and exquiſit,
That all the Chriſtian world approveth it.
Thoſe unkneeling ſaucy Separatiſts
Are often falſly called *Calviniſts*:
For maſter *Calvin's* flat againſt their ſide;
And they are all from his directions wide:
He (in his *Inſtitutions*) doth allow
At *Ieſus* name, that every Knee ſhall bowe;
Thoſe that will read, may (in five places) finde
How *Calvin* clearely hath declar'd his minde.
Madde Innovaters, in their Conſultations
Doe nothing but cry out 'gainſt Innovations;
Like he that rob'd himſelfe, and by and by
Cry'd *theeves, theeves*, and purſude with Hue and Cry.
So theſe men have new faſhion'd fangles found,
Which have from Scripture or the Church no ground.
Whilſt we in our Church Government doe hold
Not any thing but what's authentique old:

Injunct. 52.

Lib. 5. §. 30. page 248.

Calvins Inſtitutions lib. 1. cap. 13. §. 24. lib. 2. c. 11. § 12. lib. 2. c. 14. §. 3. lib. 2. c. 15. §. 5. lib. 3. c. 5. in all theſe places Calvin is plain for the reverend uſe and practice of this duty.

Yet

Yet vile Impuritans revile the State
And Church; when they themſelves doe innovate.
Sure they are Ignorants or Hypocrites
That are inſpir'd with theſe unholy fits;
And with a heav'd-up hand, and white of eye,
They'le doe a man a miſchiefe zealouſly,
And on religious points will ſtand moſt ſtoutly,
But in concluſion cozzen men devoutly.
Theſe peoples braines are ſtuft with froath and bubbles,
Their concord's diſcord, and their peace is troubles.
He that can meaſure ſmoake, or weigh the wind,
Or to the Peace the reſtleſſe *Ocean* bind;
Number the *Starres*, or *Sands* on *Neptunes bounds*;
Or take great *Whales* at Sea, with hunting hounds;
Make *Mountaines* ſwim, ſtop *Rivers* in their ſource,
Or ſtay the *Sunne* in his *Diurnall* courſe:
He that can doe all theſe, hath power and skill
To fix theſe fellowes ſtedfaſt in their will.
Theſe are our *Church* and *Ceremony* haters,
That love to fiſh in foule and troubled waters;
Swift in defame, their reaſon is their will,
And Will ſhall be their reaſon, they ſay ſtill.
To end this point, they are a ſort of youths,
Whoſe judgements ſtill are fartheſt off from truths.
But He that in the Heavens doth reſide,
Doth ſee their malice, and their plots deride;
And though they rave and raile, our State ſhall ſtand
Supported only, by th'Almighties hand.
And through the venom'd vapours of their ſpight,
Our Churches Government ſhall ſhine more bright.
Their errours have beene anſwer'd, quaſh'd and quell'd,
And often (by grave learned men) repell'd

Their cauſes have beene canvas'd and diſputed
By *Scriptures*, *Councels*, *Fathers*, all confuted,
Eccleſiaſtick Canons, *Statutes*, *Lawes*,
Decrees, *Senſe*, *Reaſon*, all againſt their Cauſe;
All *Inſtitutions*, *Orders*, *Decencie*,
And Ancient Cuſtome tells them all, they Lye.
But all theſe they eſteeme at ſlender rate,
For they have vow'd ſtill to be obſtinate.
They'have beene refeld by wiſe-men, grave, and good,
And learn'd, and ſtill all theſe they have withſtood;
Therefore they are unworthy of Reply
From wiſe men, but from ſuch poore fooles as I,
To Anſwer their poore cavils, they are ſuch,
A *Sculler's* fitter than a *Scholler* much.
I know two Enemies Gods *Church* reſiſts
(The Papiſts, and Schiſmatique Separatiſts)
And Shee (alas) like *Chriſt* betweene two Theeves,
Prays daily for their Pardons and Repreeves.
For why? Betwixt the *Romane Monarchie*,
And the ſevere *Geneva Anarchie*,
Our *Church* diſperſeth her reſplendent Beames,
As bleſſed Vertue is 'twixt two extreames.
For whilſt Shee hath a biding in this world,
From Wrong to Injury Shee's daily hurl'd,
From *Scylla* to *Charibdis*, flung and toſt,
And (did not grace preſerve her) ſhee were loſt.
And yet Both thoſe, that thus doe her oppoſe,
(One 'gainſt the other) are inveterate foes,
Yet both agreed, maliciouſly entic'ſt,
Like *Herod* joyn'd with *Pilate* to kill *Chriſt*.
'Twas our ſinnes kill'd him (as my faith avowes)
And ſhall we rend and teare his ſacred *Spouſe?*

(The

(The *Church* I meane) O impious ſhame of ſhames!
Unworthy are all ſuch of *Chriſtian* names.
The Ceremonies of our *Church* are three,
Which neat, and decent, and convenient bee:
Kneeling was one, which I have treated on;
The other two I'le not be long upon.
The *Croſſe* in *Baptiſme*, (that moſt Chriſtian Signe)
'Gainſt which theſe ſeeming Chriſtians doe repine.
About ſome ſeven and thirty yeares agone,
When bleſt King *Iames* did grace Great *Britains* Throne, Canon and Conſtitution Eccleſiaſticall 30, *Annoprimo Iacobi* 1603.
The firſt yeare over *England* that he reign'd,
Canons and *Conſtitutions* were ordain'd,
Wherein this *Ceremony* they derive
From the true Church that is call'd *Primitive.*
For then the *Ethnicks*, and the faithleſſe *Iewes*
Did both th'Apoſtles, and the reſt abuſe,
Becauſe they did beleeve and preach *Chriſt* dy'd
And ſuffring on a *Croſſe*, was crucifi'd
'Mongſt miſ-beleevers; all Chriſtians were then
Derided and eſteem'd the ſcorne of men;
The *Chriſtians* (deeming all the world as droſſe)
T'expreſſe their conſtant faith, profeſt the *Croſſe.*
The *Iewes* did mock the *Chriſtians*; and againe,
The *Chriſtians* gloried in the Jewes diſdaine;
The ſcornes of men, not daunted them awhit;
The *Croſſe* (their comfort) they rejoyc'd in it,
They lov'd the *Croſſe*, and triumph'd in the ſame,
And (for the *Croſſe*) were never fear'd with ſhame.
Since then the *Greeke* and *Latine* Church combinde
With great applauſe, and one conſent of minde,
That (at *Baptizings*) every *Church* and Nation
Should Signe all Chriſtned in each Congregation

With

With that moſt Chriſtian Badge, to ſhew that we
From world, fleſh, fiend, and ſinfull luſts muſt flee,
And under our Redeemers Banner fight
'Gainſt ſinne, the Devill, and the worlds delight.
Theſe reaſons plainly doe demonſtrate this;
This Ceremony now, no new thing is,
Nor yet from *Rome* did firſt admittance win,
For from th'Apoſtles times it did begin;
Yet had it come from *Rome*, the *Roman* faith
Was * Famous through the world, th'Apoſtle faith;
And thoſe that will have nothing that was there,
Muſt neither have *Gods Church*, his Grace, nor feare.
The Romiſh Church was Right, for many yeares,
Till ('mongſt their wheat) the Envious man ſow'd tares:
Wherefore we firſt began to leave her quite,
When ſhee began to mingle wrong with right.
Shee parted not from us, but we from her,
And we left her in all that ſhe did Erre:
As farre as ſhee leaves *Chriſt*, 'tis good that we
Should ſo farre from her Errors ſundred be.
The Romane Church was Right; but ſuperſtition
Hath made her Wrong, and altred her condition:
Her Errors (not her Eſſence) we oppoſe,
With prayers and teares we doe reſiſt our foes;
And they allow our Service and our Prayers
Are good, and that we leave much good of theirs;
But let them keep what's good: Let us be glad
That we have left them (only) in what's bad.
And for the ſigne o'th *Croſſe*, no man that lives
Doth think it vertue unto *Baptiſme* gives;
'Tis but a Ceremony (us'd of old)
Which ſignes *Chriſts* ſheepe and lambes into his fold;

* *Or publiſhed.* Rom. 1. 8.

All

All Emperours and Kings, who Chriſt profeſſe,
All Potentates and Princes (great or leſſe)
Their *Hatchments*, *Armes*, *Eſcoucheons*, every one,
The figure of the *Croſſe* is formed on;
Their *Banners*, *Enſignes*, *Flaggs*, and golden Crownes,
The *Croſſe's* figures fix'd for their Renownes:
And by the *Ball* and *Croſſe*, the world may ſee,
That underneath the *Croſſe* the world muſt be,
And by the *Croſſe* they ſhew (by ſignes externall)
The *Chriſtian* Faith (profeſſed) is ſupernall;
All *Chriſtian Coynes* doe, likewiſe *Croſſes* beare,
(But thoſe put not our Puritans in feare)
The ſight of thoſe, to them are much delicious,
They only unto ſuch are ſuperſtitious,
They love them, with ſuch zeale and verity,
They'l never part with them in charity.
The *Croſſe's* uſe prov'd ſince th'Apoſtles time,
Through th' ancient practice of the Church cald Prime,
And in the raigne of th' Emperour *Conſtantine*,
All Chriſtians that were baptiz'd, had this Signe,
And that from thence unto theſe very dayes;
This Ceremony hath been us'd alwayes,
By *Chriſtians* through all *Chriſtendome* ſo grac'd,
So long a time with great regard embrac'd.
Shall any proud Sciſmatique, impure crew,
Dare offer to ſuppreſſe't or call it new?
It addes no vertue to the Sacrament,
Nor is it us'd for any ſuch intent;
For after Baptiſme's done, our Church doth uſe
To ſigne with th'*Croſſe* (which wranglers doe abuſe)
Thus 'tis a decent and indifferent thing,
And from it doth no ſuperſtition ſpring;

Yet not ſo' indifferent any ſhould withſtand it;
It muſt be; for the King and Church command it;
Th' Almighty doth the Higher Powers ordaine;
Rom. 13. 1. 2. *And Kings beare not the ſword for nought,* in vaine:
And ſeeing this command is juſt and good,
It neither ought, nor muſt not be withſtood;
All power proceeds from God, therefore ſubmit,
And ſcape Gods judgement in obeying it.
We muſt not dare to conſter, mould, or faſhion
2 Pet. 1. 20. The Scriptures to each mans interpretation;
And ſurely, the *unlearned and unſtable,*
2 Pet. 3. 16. *To underſtand hard Scriptures are unable.*
The Lords thoughts, and his wayes, are his, not ours,
Iſay 55. 8. 9. And high as *Heaven* from *Earth,* above our powers.
Where God commands, weake men muſt not diſpute,
We ought to obey the King in love, for conſcience ſake, eſpecially in ſuch of his commands as are not contrary to Gods word. And where they underſtand not, there be mute.
Then, as the King is Gods Leivetenant here,
Obey in conſcience, not in ſlaviſh feare,
And as the Church and State, with paines and cares
Ordain'd good *Lawes* obey'd for many yeares.
What bold audacious ſpirits then are they
That King, Church, State and *Lawes* thus diſobey?
Ten millions of their braines can ne're deviſe
A book ſo good as that which they deſpiſe;
(The *Common Prayer* I meane) if they ſhould ſit
Ten thouſand yeares, with all their Art and witt,
They would prove *Coxcombs* all, and in the end,
Leave it as 'tis, too good for them to mend.
Theſe are the Crew that under faire pretences,
By flatt'ry cauſe diviſion and offences,
Rom. 16. 17. 18. *Theſe ſerve not the Lord Ieſus Chriſt a jot,*
They are their bellyes ſervants (well I wot)

With

With adulating ſpeech, and faire deceit,
They doe the hearts of ſimple people cheat;
Contentious men that doe contention crave;
We, nor the Church of God ſuch cuſtome have:
And thus to theſe *croſſe men* I have declar'd
How much of old the *Croſſe* was in regard,
And though the Papiſts uſe it with abuſe,
That cannot take away the lawfull uſe;
For though a golden Idoll be a curſe,
That makes not God (well us'd) to be the worſe.
Materiall *Croſſes* made of wood or ſtone,
(Through zeale) moſt of them are caſt downe and gone,
From age to age, the Sires to their ſucceſſion;
Thoſe *Croſſes* ſtood t' expreſſe our faiths profeſſion;
But when th' abuſe of them began to grow,
That to thoſe *Croſſes* Sotts would creepe or bow,
For this cauſe (chiefly) they were overthrowne,
Abus'd from their firſt uſe, were beaten downe;
But our *Croſſe* us'd in Baptiſme, ſtill hath beene
A ſigne inviſible, yet never ſeene:
Nor doth it on the Infants face appeare
That ever any *Croſſe* was figur'd there.
Then what madde men are thoſe, that beare ſuch ſpleene
Againſt a thing, not to be felt, or ſeene,
Yet heard (though hardly to be underſtood)
By many of the perverſe brotherhood?
For of their conſtant faith we may deſpaire
Who are affraid of ſhaddowes in the ayre.
And thus much for the *Croſſe* may well ſuffice
To give content to all, except preciſe.
Now, for the *Surplice*, which is third and laſt
Of Ceremonies, which make fooles agaſt:

1 Cor. 11. 16.

Some 12 years ſince at *Tewxbury* in Glocesterſhire, a preciſe Churchwarden pulled downe a croſſe of ſtone and cauſed a hogstrough to bee made of the top of it; but his hogs all ran mad and dyed, and he with his whole family came ſuddenly to miſchances or untimely ends.

Such as doe prize it as a ragge of *Rome*,
An iſſue of the Whore of *Babels* wombe;
Such as doe hold it (for their Sect) more meete
To ſuffer penance in a milk-white ſheete,
And think it better doth affect their ſight,
Than in the Church to ſee a *Surplice* white.
Theſe *Amſterdamnable* opinions runne,
As fierce as pellets from an Elder-gunne;
Their witt's leſſe than their reverend beards by halfe,
And each of them as wiſe as *Walthams calfe*,
And wiſedome is as thick amongſt the rout
As *Water-grewell* when the *Oate-meale*'s out.
Yet they are wiſe enough, with tooth and nayle,
To libell, and talke nonſenſe, rave, and rayle,
And with a ſcandalous and vile intent,
To caſt contempt upon all government;
Now, for an anſwer to their cavilling,
(Who are indeed not worth the anſwering)
Note, what high names the *Holy Ghoſt* hath pend,
To honour ſuch as on his Church attend;
Revel. 1. 2. For their great dignity he doth afford
To call them *Angels*, in his ſacred word;
To th'*Angel* of the Church of *Epheſus*,
Of *Smyrna*, *Sardis*, and of *Pergamus*,
Of *Thyatira*, *Philadelphia*,
And of the (luke-warme) *Laodicea*;
To theſe ſeaven Miniſters St. *Iohn* did write,
And gave them each an *Angels* Epithite;
And heavenly *Angels* often did appeare,
Mat. 28. 3. In veſtures white as ſnow, bright, pure and cleare:
Mar. 16. 15. Which doth denote that Church-men ought to be
Luk. 24. Ioh. 20. 12. In Doctrine ſound, and in integrity,

Angelical

Angelical, white, cleane and cleare, unſpotted,
Wherefore the *Surplice* was to them allotted
To be an Emblem of pure Sanctitie,
And for diſtinction of their qualitie;
Whereby, the miniſteriall function may
Be knowne, and well diſtinguiſht from the Lay.
And as on *White* a ſpot is ſooneſt ſeene,
So with Gods Miniſters it ſtill hath beene;
A Lay-mans crimes like little Glo-wormes glow,
A Church-man's like prodigious Comets ſhow;
Therefore the *Surplice* was, on good pretence,
Giv'n as a Robe of ſpotleſſe Innocence,
To ſhew (that though all men are ſinfull, fraile)
Paſtors ſhould be moſt cautious how they faile;
Becauſe ſo many looke on them and prie,
And to their converſations have an eye.
The *Surplice* came from *Rome*, I dare confeſſe,
(What tho, 'tis not to be eſteem'd the leſſe)
Nay more, it was *Romes* Biſhop did ordaine it,
And yet that not a jot at all doth ſtaine it.
Pope *Stephen* liv'd, as by Record appeares,
Since Chriſt, two hundred, fiftie and two yeares;
And as his Name was *Steven*, ſo his fate
Was, that he did Saint *Stephen* imitate.
When *Decius* was the *Romane* Emperour,
That Pope dy'd by that Pagan Tyrants power;
He (for his Saviour) ſuffred Martyrdome,
And he ordain'd the *Surplice* firſt in *Rome*.
Thus, when the Church was in her prime perfection,
This veſtment was ordain'd by good direction,

This Pope *Stephen* was a glorious Martyr, beheaded by *Decius* the 29 Emperor from *Iulius Cæſar*, of which 29 only 16 did reigne but 45 yeares of 252 yeares time after Chriſt. And in thoſe times many Popes were put to death by thoſe Tyrants, becauſe they would not deny their Chriſtian faith.

For order, ornament, and decencie,
And not for perverſe Non-conformitie.
There were no Brethren then ſo out of frame
To think cleane linnen was the Churches ſhame;
Revel. 6. 11. & 7. 9. No, they beleev'd *That long white Robes in Heaven*
To th'everlaſting bleſſed ſhould be given;
Revel. 15. 8. And in that place ſev'n Angels did appeare,
And they all pure white linnen Robes did weare;
Pure, fine, white ſhining linnen doth expreſſe
The Saints moſt ever happie bleſſedneſſe:
And at the Marriage of the *Lambe* 'tis ſaid
Revel. 19. 8. The Church (Chriſts *Spouſe*) in white ſhall be array'd.
And when our Saviour (graciouſly) did ſhew
Matth. 17. 2, 3. His Glory, to *Iohn*, *Iames*, and *Peters* view;
His face ſhin'd as the Sunne, his cloaths as white
As was the radient luſter of the light:
Yea, very white as Snow, and that no *Fuller*
Mar. 9. 3, 4. Upon the earth can make ſo white a colour;
And therefore with our glorious Bleſt *Meſsias*,
Luke 9. 29. Appear'd two good men, *Moſes* and *Elias*.
Thus ſpotleſſe Innocence, Immaculate,
In moſt pure white was ſeene in glorious State.
Thus Angels, Saints, and bleſt immortall Spirits
(Who are where all true happineſſe inherits)
And Chriſt, when he his three Diſciples led
To *Tabor's* Mount, and was Transfigured,
They all wore *Linnen white*, (or like the ſame)
They did themſelves in their appearance frame;
The Saints wore white, as figures myſticall,
Chriſt as a glorious Robe Majeſticall.

Which

Which ſhewes Gods Miniſters (in Imitation)
May weare a *Surplice* in the Congregation;
For men (on Earth) are in the beſt eſtate,
Who doe the Saints in Heaven moſt imitate:
Theſe Ceremonies (Three) are prov'd to be
Paſt fifteene hundred yeares Antiquitie:
And they that murmure, prate, and call them New,
Are *Corahs*, *Dathans*, and *Abirams* crew.
'Tis falſely call'd Religion that doth cauſe
Men to reſiſt *God's*, *King's*, and *Churches* Lawes,
They being all from *Gods* decree deriv'd
So long us'd, with ſuch charge and care contriv'd,
So Tolerable to be undergone,
So neceſſary, eaſie to be done,
So reverend (in their uſe) diſcreet, and neat,
Moſt decent (as I did before repeat)
That they who 'gainſt them doe revile and brawle,
Are (in their fiery zeale) *Topheticall*;
'Tis not Religion, 'Tis Divillitie
T'oppoſe the King, 'Tis bad Divinitie.
And what a fine Church were we like to have
If theſe companions had what they would crave?
Yet not to wrong their learning in a letter,
'Tis knowne, no men can raile or libell better,
As if th'had learn'd of Oyſter-wives to prate
At th'Univerſitie of *Bellinſgate.*
Cain ſacrific'd, and *Ieſabel* did faſt,
Prince *Abſolom* ſome ſilly fooles embrac'd,
So *Iudas* kis'd when as to kill he meant,
So *Pilate* waſh'd, yet was corruptly bent,

So

So *Ananias* brought his feigned gift,
So *Satan* alleag'd Scripture for a ſhift:
Theſe were all Hypocrites, and ſo are you,
Pretending Truths, intending nothing true:
Whoſe glazen Arguments will bide no hammer,
For they are but bad Logick, and worſe Grammar.
Their ſuppoſitions, falſe miſtruſts and doubts
They prove with nothing elſe but lyes and flouts.
A Good cauſe may be ſpoil'd, and quite diſgrac'd
By indiſcretion, and by words miſplac'd:
But theſe mens cauſes being bad, their courſe
And filthy language makes it much the worſe.
And theſe ſweet Rules and Grounds they doe profeſſe
As mighty *Maxims* of their holineſſe.
Such men, who in authoritie are great,
With Envie ſtill are round about be-ſet:
They are not only blam'd for doing ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
Their honours are ſo mixt with toyles and cares
Which oft (before old Age) doth bring gray haires;
Their broken ſleepes make us more ſoundly ſleepe,
Their unreſt doth in reſt and peace us keepe,
And whilſt the Peaſant takes his ſweet repoſe,
The Peere is round behem'd with cares and woes.
No labour's like the labour of the minde,
And Kings rich Crownes with pricking Thorns are linde.
Shall we be diſobedient then to ſuch,
Who for our peace diſturbed are ſo much?
Shall Hell-hounds dare aſperſions baſe to fling
'Gainſt thoſe that thus ſerve *God*, the *Church* and *King*?
No;

No; let's implore th'*Eternall Majeſtie*,
To guide and guard their true integritie.
To draw to end, kind brethren, take advice,
In things indifferent be not over-nice,
Preſume not to binde *Princes* Wills to yours;
Love, and ſeeke Peace, obey ſuperiour powers;
Stand to the *Faith*, doe more good *Workes* I pray,
And ſerve not *God* the cleane contrary way.
And now my pen in Quiet ſhall Remaine,
Except ſome mad-men Rouſe it up againe.

FINIS.

Lenvoy, or Poſtſcript.

FRom wronging of my King, from State reviling,
From Libels writing or in Print compiling:
From troubling of my coxcombe, braines, or mazzard,
From putting my eſtate or eares in hazzard:
From ſeeking things that are beyond my reach;
From dreaming I could all the Clergie teach;
From Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſie,
From ſtriving to obtaine a Pillory,
And from deſerving of the triple Tree,
Good Lord of Heaven and Earth deliver mee.

1641.

A Swarme of Sectaries.

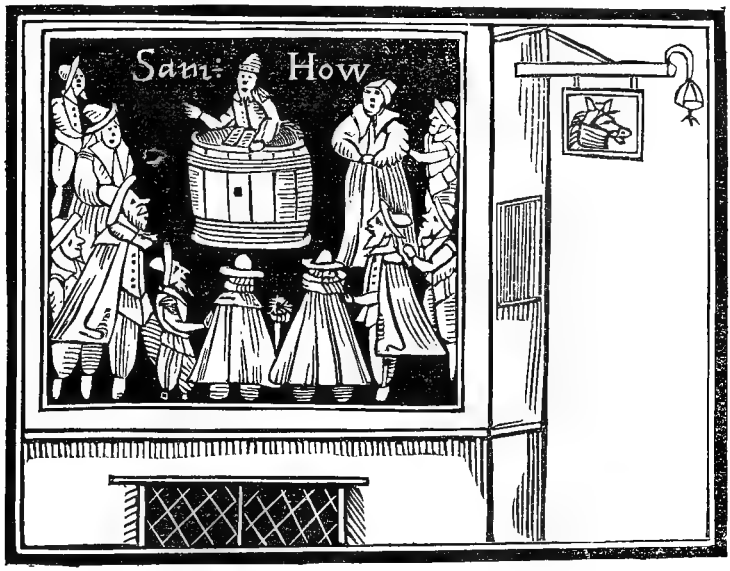
[HAZLITT, No. 66.]

A SVVARME OF SECTARIES, AND SCHISMATIQVES:

Wherein is diſcovered the ſtrange preaching (or prating) of ſuch as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sowgelders, and Chymney-Sweepers.

By John Taylor.

The Cobler preaches, and his Audience are
As wiſe as Moſſe *was, when he caught his Mare.*



Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily, betwixt hawke and buzzard, 1641.

The ods or difference betwixt the Knaves Puritan, and the Knave PURITAN.

And firſt of the Knaves Puritan.

HEE that reſiſts the world, the fleſh, and Fiend,
And makes a conſcience how his daies he ſpend
Who hates exceſſive drinking, Drabs and Dice,
And (in his heart) hath God in higheſt price;
That lives conformable to Law, and State,
Nor from the Truth will flie or ſeparate:
That will not ſweare, or couzen, cogge, or lie,
But ſtrives (in Gods feare) how to live and die:
He that ſeekes thus to do the beſt he can,
He is the Knaves abuſed Puritan.

The Knave Puritan.

HE whoſe beſt good, is only good to ſeeme,
And ſeeming holy, gets ſome falſe eſteeme:
Who makes Religion hide Hipocriſie,
And zeale to cover cheating villany;
Whoſe purity (much like the devils Ape)
Can ſhift himſelf into an Angels ſhape,
And play the Raſcall moſt devoutly trim,
Not caring who ſinkes, ſo himſelf may ſwim:
Hee's the Knave Puritan, and only He,
Makes the Knaves Puritan abus'd to be.

For (in this life) each man his lot muſt take,
Good men muſt ſuffer wrong for bad mens ſake.

To he that will.

THou that this little Book in hand doſt take,
Of what thou read'ſt no falſe conſtruction
Be not prejudicate, to carp, or grudge, (make
And look thou underſtand before thou judge :
My Muſe is Muſicall, and runs diviſion,
And holds all Critick Cockſcombs in deriſion.
The wretch, that true Religion doth deſpiſe,
Is like the Atheiſt, that his God denies,
And thoſe that do contemne Religious Rites,
Muſt look for portions with the hypocrites :
And therefore with all Reverend due reſpects
To Truth, I have diſplaid ſome peeviſh Sects,
Full of foule errors, poore, and bare of ſence,
Yet tending to ſome dangerous conſequence.
'Tis paſt a Butchers, or a Brewers reach,
To pearch into a Pulpit, or to preach ;
A pot, a platter, dripping pan, or ſpit,
Are for a Ladies Bed-chamber unfit :
Rich Hangings, Curtaines, Carpets, garments gay
Doe not become a Kitchin any way.
A Preachers work is not to gelde a Sowe,
Vnſeemly 'tis a Iudge ſhould milke a Cowe :
A Cobler to a Pulpit ſhould not mount,
Nor can an Aſſe caſt up a true account.

A

A Clowne to ſway a Scepter is too baſe,
And Princes to turne Pedlers were diſgrace :
Yet all theſe, if they not miſplaced be,
Are neceſſary, each in their degree,
If each within their limits be contain'd,
Peace flouriſheth, and concord is maintain'd.
The good man *Iob* deſcribes it plain and right,
Where order is not, darkneſſe, and the light
Are both alike, for blindefold Ignorance
Of perfect wiſdome hath no glimpſe or glance.
But ſuch as 'gainſt all order doe rebell,
Let them not doe as did *Achitophell*,
To ſet his houſe in order home went he,
But what became of him, pray reade and ſee.
Kinde Brethren, I doe wiſh you better fortune,
And with tongue, pen, and heart, I you importune
To have the patience but to heare, or reade
What kinde of fellowes doe you thus miſleade ;
I doe inveigh here with impartiall pen
Againſt no ſilenc'd, learned Clergy men,
Nor any man that underſtands me right,
But will approve theſe lines which here I write :
For let baſe ſpight ſay what it dare or can,
I know, what's writ, offends no honeſt man.
I write of ſome, that with tongue, pen and print
Have writ and rail'd, as if the devill were in't.
I could name many of that precious crew,
And for a taſte I will recite a few.

Iob 10. 22.

2 Sam. 17 23.

Firſt, of one that was a Merchant of Pitchards, Black pots, Double Iugges, and Pipkins, and was forward to preach, not being called or ſent.

NEare to the lower end of Cheapſide late,
There dwelt one *Knight* that ſold much brittle
As glaſſes, earthen diſhes, pans and platters, (plate,
Pots, pipkins, gallipots, and ſuch like matters.
This *Knight* the Brethren (by appointment ſent
To Loving-land, (an Iſle) in Suffolk went,
And at a Village (Summerlayten hight)
A Sermon there was preached by that *Knight.*
His prayer extemp're done, he op'de the book,
And *Vnto us a Childe is borne*, he took
To be his Text, and handled it ſo gravely,
That for it did in Yarmouth Gaole, the Knave lie.
Knight had to aide him to negotiate,
One *Gault* (a Shoomaker) Aſs-ſociate,
Both which were quickly to promotion riſen,
Preferr'd from Yarmouth, unto Norwich priſen.
From thence *Knight* was unto the Gatehouſe broght
Whence upon Baile, his liberty he fought,
And was bail'd, but his baile and he both fled
To Amſterdam, and there he publiſhed

Strange

Strange Libels, full of miſchiefe and debate, (State.
Which here were ſcatterd 'gainſt the Church and
Whereby he to the world did plaine reveale
His mallapert, moſt ſaucie, purblinde zeale.

Another ſweet youth in a Basket.

ONe *Sidrach Cave* made Baskets late in Elie,
A conſtant brother, rais'd up his maids belly :
But 'twas in Gandermonth, his wife lay in,
His fleſh rebell'd, and tempted him to ſin ;
And *Cave's* wife tooke the wrong moſt patiently,
For which the Brethren prais'd her ſanctity.

A third Bird of the ſame Neſt.

ANother (one *Iohn Howgrave*) dwelt at Yar- (mouth
(Not hot, or cold, but with a meere lukewarm-
From country, wife & houſhold late he fled (mouth)
To Rotterdam, for's Conſcience as he ſed ;
At *Iohn Burgaries* houſe, he took his Inne,
And woo'd his Hoſteſſe to the Paphean ſin.
Burgaries wife by him with childe was got,
That *Howgrave* fearing Rotterdam too hot,
Fled back to Yarmouth, whence at firſt he came ;
His fault was knowne, and he chid for the ſame :
He ſaid it was not he did that vile deed,
But ſin that dwelt in him that fault did breed ;
And that the devill ſhould more damnation win,
For tempting Gods deare childe to ſuch a ſin.

Another

Another like that.

OF young, and old, both ſexes late, a crew
were bound from England old, to Engl: new :
And ſtaying long at Yarmouth there together,
Expecting Ships for paſſage, winde and weather,
A Brother came to *Howgraves* wife, and kiſt her,
And told her ſad newes of a new falne ſiſter,
Falne (quoth ſhe) from the Word ? I hope not that,
And let her fall then, to no matter what :
Ah no, ſhee's fowly got with childe (quoth he)
Now out upon her, pray by whom (quoth ſhe)
'Twas by a faithfull Brother he replide,
Well, well, quoth ſhe, we all have gone aſide ;
If 'twere a Brothers, deed ſhe could not ſhun it,
But 'thad been naught, had one of th'wicked done it.

A precious youth.

ALſo one *Spilsbery* roſe up of late,
(Who doth, or did dwell over Alderſgate)
His office was to weigh Hay by the Truſſe,
(Fit for the pallat of Bucephalus)
He in ſhort time left his Hay-weighing trade,
And afterwards he Iriſh Stockings made :
He rebaptiz'd in Anabaptiſt faſhion
One *Eaton* (of the new found ſeparation)
A zealous Button maker, grave and wiſe,
And gave him orders, others to baptize ;

Who

Who was ſo apt to learne that in one day,
Hee'd do't as well as *Spilsbery* weigh'd Hay.
This pure Hay-lay man to the Bankſide came,
And likewiſe there baptiz'd an impure dame,
A Basket-makers wife, known wondrous well,
In Moſſe his Alley he and ſhe doth dwell.

As good as the reſt.

AT Brentford dwels the widdow Conſtable,
(As wiſe as was the Dean of Dunſtable)
Her husband dy'd, and ſhe great haſt did make,
Our Church, and Churches doctrine to forſake;
Profeſſing purity, chaſte, undefil'd,
Yet in a Gravell pit was got with childe,
And now ſhe bids Religion quite adiew,
Turn'd from a Nonconformiſt, to a Jew.

THeſe kind of Vermin ſwarm like Caterpillars
And hold Conventicles in Barnes and Sellars,
Some preach (or prate) in woods, in fields, in ſtables,
In hollow trees, in tubs, on tops of tables,
To the expence of many a tallow Tapor,
They toſſe the holy Scripture into Vapor:
Theſe are the Rabſhekaes that raile ſo bitter,
(Like mungrill Whelpes of Hells infernall litter)
Againſt that Church that hath baptiz'd and bred
And like a loving mother, nurſt & fed them, (them,
With milk, with ſtrong meats, with the bread of
Like a true mother, and our Saviours wife. (life,

Here followeth the Relation of the moſt famous preaching Cobler *Samuel Howe.*

OF late a wondrous accident befell,
A zealous Cobler did neare Morefields dwell:
A holy Brother of the Separation,
A ſanctified member by Vocation.
One that did place his principall delight,
To ſet ſuch as doe walke aſide, upright,
To mend bad Soales, and ſuch as go aſtray,
Diſcreetly to ſupport, and underlay.
This Reverend tranſlating Brother (H o w)
Puts both his hands unto the ſpirituall Plow;
And at the Nags head, neare to Coleman-ſtreete,
A moſt pure crew of Brethren there did meete,
Where their devotion was ſo ſtrong and ample,
To turne a ſinfull Taverne to a Temple,
They baniſh'd Bacchus thence, and ſome ſmal ſpace
The drawers and the Bar-boy had ſome grace.
There were above a hundred people there,
With whom few underſtanders mingled were,
Who came to heare the learned Cobler H o w,
And how he preach'd, pray mark, Ile tell you now:
He

He did addreſſe himſelfe in ſuch a faſhion
As well befitted ſuch a Congregation.
He made ſome faces, with his hands erected,
His eyes (moſt whiteſt white) to heaven directed:
His hum, his ſtroking of his beard, his ſpitting,
His poſtures, and impoſtures done moſt fitting.
A long three quarters prayer being ſaid,
(The good man knowing ſcarce for what he prai'd)
For where his ſpeech lack'd either ſence or weight,
He made it up in meaſure and conceit.
A worthy Brother gave the Text, and than
The Cobler (H o w) his preachment ſtrait began
Extemp'ry without any meditation,
But only by the Spirits revelation,
He went through-ſtitch, now hither, & now thither,
And tooke great paines to draw both ends together:
For (like a man inſpir'd from Amſterdam)
He ſcorn'd *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam*;
His Text he clouted, and his Sermon welted,
His audience (with devotion) almoſt melted,
His ſpeech was neither ſtudied, chew'd or champ'd,
Or ruminated, but moſt neatly vamp'd.
He ran beyond his latchet I aſſure ye,
As nimble as a Fairie, or a Furie:
He fell couragiouſly upon the Beaſt,
And very daintily the Text did wreſt; (him,
His audience wondred what ſtrange power did guide
'Tis thought no man can do the like beſide him.
Yet ſome there were, whoſe cenſures were more quicker,
Said Calveskin doctrin would hold out no liquor.
'Gainſt Schooles, and learning he exclaim'd amain,
Tongues, Science, Logick, Rhetorick, all are vain,

And wiſdome much unfitting for a Preacher,
Becauſe the Spirit is the only teacher.
For Chriſt choſe not the Rabines of the Jewes,
No Doctors, Scribes, or Phariſees did chuſe:
The poore unlearned ſimple Fiſherman,
The poling, ſtrict tole-gathering Publican,
Tent-makers, and poore men of meane deſart,
Such as knew no degrees, or grounds of Art;
And God ſtill being God (as he was then)
Still gives his Spirit to unlearned men,
Such as are Barbers, Mealmen, Brewers, Bakers,
Religious Sowgelders, and Button-makers,
Coopers, and Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers,
And Chimney ſweepers, by whoſe good endeavours
The flock may fructifie, encreaſe, and breed
In ſanctity, that from them may proceed
Whole multitudes of ſuch a generation,
As may hold learning in ſmall eſtimation.
The Latine is the language of the Beaſt,
Of Romes great Beaſt, that doth the world moleſt;
Beſides the Biſhops ſpeake it when they will,
And all the Preachers babble Latine ſtill;
Then ſince it is the Romiſh tongue, therefore
Let us that doe not Antichriſt adore,
Leave it to Lawyers, Gentlemen, and ſuch
Whoſe ſtudies in the Scriptures are not much.

This

THis was the very ſumme, the root, and pith,
The Coblers Lecture was full furniſh'd with :
And having ſaid his *All* (his prayer paſt)
He bleſt his Brethren, and came to his Laſte.
And in ſome points, the Coblers caſe is cleare,
Chriſt choſe not learned men when he was here,
Not Maſters, or expounders of the Law,
(For he knew all things, and all things foreſaw)
For had he choſe great men of wealth & arts, (harts)
The Jewes (with ſlanderous tongues and hardened
Would then have ſaid that what he did, or ſaid
Was done by their aſſiſtance, and their aide.
He therefore choſe poore men in meanes & tongue,
That by weak means he might confound the ſtrong.
Yet this is certain, that at Pentecoſt,
(When on th'Apoſtles fell the holy Ghoſt)
Each of them ſpake, each ſeverall language then,
And were, and ne're ſhall be ſuch learned men.
Not all the Univerſities that are,
Or were, or will be, with them may compare,
For never Biſhops, or Divines inferiours,
But did acknowledge them for their ſuperiours
For ſanctity, and working Miracles,
For preaching ſacred heavenly Oracles,
For perfect knowledge, and integrity,
For life and doctrines pure ſincerity
Th'Apoſtles had more than the whole world had,
Therefore the Cobler and his crew are mad.

Objection.

BUt ſome (perhaps) may anſwer me, that then
No humane learning did inſpire thoſe men.
And that the Spirits mighty operation
Gave them the language of each ſeverall Nation:
Indeed true Chriſtian Churches have confeſt,
That long agone all miracles are ceaſt,
We muſt not look for ſignes and wonders now,
God plentifully doth his Word allow,
And Tongues are not ſo eaſily diſcern'd,
But men muſt ſtudy for them, to be learn'd.
For when the Apoſtles all were gone and dead,
By learned men the Goſpell was or'eſpread:
And publiſh'd, and tranſlated every where,
Elſe we had never had a Bible here.
'Twas Schollers, and grave learned men that did
Tranſlate the Scriptures, which had ſtill been hid
From all Sects, that would Order undermine,
Maintaining learning fits not a Divine.
Therefore if they (as they doe boaſt) inherite
So large a meaſure of th'unmeaſur'd Spirit,
Let them ſpeak tongues, as then the Apoſtles ſpake,
To work great wonders let them undertake;
Let them convert unto the Faith of Chriſt
Whole nations (whom the devil hath long entic'd.)
Let them the Moores, and barbarous Indians teach,
And to Man-eating Canniballs goe preach:
Let all thoſe Brethren leave great Britaines Coaſt,
And travaile where the devill is honour'd moſt.

All

All you that are this Kingdomes peſtilence,
I wiſh you goe, and drive the devils thence;
And then my Muſe and I, in Verſe will tell,
You and your Spirit have done wondrous well.

A Short relation of ſome of the mighty Miracles done by the Apoſtles in the name and power of IESUS.

THree thouſand Soules, S. *Peter* in one day, Act. 2. 41.
By preaching, turn'd into the heavenly way;
He cur'd the Cripple, reade but *Acts the third*,
Strooke dead two deep diſſemblers with his word: Acts 5. 1.
Cur'de old *Æneas*, palſied, weak, and lame, Acts 9. 34.
Theſe things Saint *Peter* did in *Ieſus* name.
Cur'd people with his ſhadow, and reviv'd
Tabitha (whom Death had of life depriv'd, Acts 9. 40,
And after (fetter'd) in cloſe priſon ſhut,
An Angell him at liberty did put.
Let me ſee one of you ſuch rare things doe,
And then Ile ſay you have the Spirit too.
Saint *Paul* gave *Sergius Paulus* heavenly light, Acts 12. 7.
Inchanting *Elimas* he reav'd of ſight;
Did *Lidia* and the Jaylour both convert, Acts 13. &
And did the holy Ghoſt to twelve impart, 16.
And they ſtraitwaies ſpake ſeverall tongues moſt Acts 19. 16.
And I believe ne're went to ſchoole again. (plain,

If

If Napkins or handkerchiefes did but touch
The corpes of *Paul*, the force of faith was ſuch,
That fiends did flie, and vexed ſoules had reſt;
And from poſſeſt men devils were diſpoſſeſt,
And were but ſome of you well hang'd or whip'd,
And that your ſhirts were from your corpſes ſtrip'd
Or elſe your whip, or halter well would try,
If (by their touch) they'd make the devils flie,
And leave poſſeſſion, I dare lay my life
There's many a man would uſe them on his wife.
But no ſuch vertue doth from you enſue,
For if there did, the devill would flie from you.
Sweet Brethren of the Sect of *Ignoramus*,
You that deſpiſe *Te Deum* and *Laudamus*,
You that doe for our humane learning blame us,
I wonder what Religion you would frame us;
You, without any learning, barbarous, rude,
How dare you ſacrilegiouſly intrude
In Church-affaires, not being call'd or ſent,
And with your brazen faces impudent,
To pick Gods ſecret Cloſſet ope, and pry
(Moſt ſaucy) In th'Almighties ſecrecy:
Is't not enough, you have his Will reveal'd,
But you'le needs know his ſecret will conceal'd,
Break up the cloſſet doore, and boldly get
Into th'eternall, heavenly Cabinet.
This is a theft contemptible moſt high,
(Tranſcendent Felony and Burglary) (looke
And thoſe proud thieves, at doomes day muſt not
To be repriev'd, or ſaved by their booke.
Some there have been, ſo malapertly mad,
To gueſſe what talk Chriſt with the Doctors had:

To

To know where *Moſes* body buried lies,
Where Edens garden was, or paradiſe,
What God did doe before the world he fram'd,
And where hell ſtands (appointed for the damn'd)
Theſe curious Conſtables would ſearch and peepe
Through heaven, earth, ſea, aire, and th'infernal deep,
And for their needleſſe ſtudies, paines, and care,
They do conclude (like Cox-combs) as they are,
In boaſting knowledge they themſelves advance,
When all their skill is blinded ignorance.
All you of this pure ſelf-conceited Sect,
That brag your ſelves to be the Lords Elect,
Me thinkes it is too much for you or yours,
To be Gods Courtiers, not his Counſellours;
Where have you that rare revelation found,
The Scriptures cloſeſt myſteries to expound:
Is it becauſe you wit and learning want,
Or will the truth dwell with the ignorant:
Muſt the beſt preachers be unlearned fooles?
Then downe with Univerſities and Schooles,
Your Libraries, your Halls, and Colledges,
If ignorance ſurpaſſe your knowledges.
The word of God was faithfully tranſlated
By learned men, o're-ſpread and propagated:
'Twas done by Schollers, had it not been done
Till you had don't, we all had been undone.
Ye'r bid to ſearch the Scriptures 'tis confeſt,
You are not bid the Scriptures ſence to wreſt,
To metamorphoſe, alter, wring, and wrie
Gods Word according to your fantaſie,
Ye'have leave to heare, or reade it, 'tis not fit
You, or your Kennell ſhould interpret it;

For ſhould we truſt to your interpretation,
We ſhould have an unhandſome Congregation.
When God declar'd his Law in dreadfull thunder
Upon Mount Sinai, full of feare and wonder,
Exod. 19. 'Twas preſent death to any that was there,
12. That dar'd to touch the hill, or come too neere.
When as the Ark was back return'd again,
That ſeven monthes with the Philiſtines had lain,
Then fifteen hundred Bethſhemites were ſtrooke
1 Sam. 6. Stark dead, for daring in the Ark to looke.
19. When *Vzzah*, fearing that the Ark would fall,
2 Sam. 6. Put to his hand, was ſtraight ſtrook dead withall,
7. His office only was to drive the Cart,
To touch the Arke was no part of his part.
Since *Vzzah* for his good will to hold up
The falling Ark, did taſte deathes bitter cup;
Since thoſe that once to looke into it dar'd,
Or thoſe that toucht Mount Sinai were not ſpar'd,
What can a Cobler look for, or a Knave,
Who in the Church (or Arke) no function have?
Yet dares moſt faucily to preach and prate
Againſt all orders, learning, Church, and State.
It is moſt lamentable that ſo far,
Men ſo beſotted, or be-devill'd are,
That witleſſe Raſcals are held more divine
Then *Ierome*, *Ambroſe*, *Gregorie*, *Auguſtine*,
Or all the ancient Fathers (in a word)
Their learnings and their labours held abſurd
By ſcabs, and varlets, of no worth or merit,
But impious boaſting of th'inſpiring Spirit;
And had each one of you his right and due,
Your ſpirit ſhould be ſharply whip'd from you,

And

And when you felt the acuteneſſe of the laſh,
You would eſteem your doctrine Balderdaſh.
For in Saint *Auſtins* time, he made complaint,
That eighty two Sects did the Church attaint;
Since when, could I all Hereſies recount,
The number (trouble) treble will amount;
Yet in that Fathers daies, that reverend man
Did ne're heare of the Sect call'd Puritan,
And ſure the name of Puritan doth yeeld,
A good mans nickname, and a bad mans ſhield,
It is a cover for a cheating Knave,
And 'tis a jeare, a good man to deprave;
But both the good and bad, what e're they be,
They get no name of Puritan from me.
I write of Separatiſts, and Schiſmatiques,
Of ſhallow-pated, harebrain'd Heretiques,
Such as doe make the Text a Lesbian rule,
Whoſe faith or reaſon (like the Horſe or Mule)
Whom neither Law, or ſence can curb or bridle,
Who ne're are well imploy'd, nor never idle.
A man may well compare thoſe Separatiſts
Unto the hot Gun-powder Romaniſts:
For though they doe each other deadly hate,
And one the other faine would ruinate,
Yet both in their concluſions doe agree,
The ruine of our Church and State to be.
Their head's (like *Sampſons* Foxes) ſundred wide,
But yet their tailes are faſt together ty'd;
For both doe joyntly joyn, and both deſire,
With fire-brand zeale to ſet our Corn on fire.
To ſpoile our Government eſtabliſhed,
And (through the world) moſt famous publiſhed,

They joyne together to conſume and burne,
And with confuſion waſte and overturne
All ancient order, rule, and decency,
And doctrine, from the prime antiquity.
Thus both the grounds, & aimes of both thoſe Sects
Agree both (in their tailes) for their effects, (ſever,
How er'e their heads, Eaſt, Weſt, South, North, may
Their ends are one, to ſeek our downfal ever.
And of theſe two oppoſers (I'le bar ſwearing)
'Tis hard to know which barrell's better Herring:
But (of the twaine) a man ſhall alwaies finde
The Schiſmatique moſt obſtinate inclin'd,
And the more ignorant he is, the worſe,
Moſt ſtubborne, fenceleſſe, ſhallow in diſcourſe;
The Papiſt makes ſome ſhew of wit and fence,
And ſeeming reaſon for his falſe pretence,
And from him I may ſomething gain, whereby
My faith (more firmly) I may fortifie;
For though I doe not credit his diſpute,
Yet (by diſputing) I may gaine ſome fruit.
But from the other ſide I dare preſume,
I ſhall have nothing elſe but froth and fume,
With haſty anſwers, peeviſh, teſty, ſnappiſh,
Untoward, wayward, nonſence, fruitleſſe, apiſh.
Theſe, none but theſe hold learning in diſdain,
And all for uſe divine, accurſt, and vaine,
All humane knowledge therefore they deteſt,
Th'unlearn'd (they ſay) do know the Scriptures beſt:
That humane learning breeds confuſion,
Moſt fit for Ægypt, Rome, and Babylon,
And that the learned ones were, are, and ſhall
Be ignorant of humane learning all.

Theſe

Theſe with ſome other idle fancies mix'd,
In their unfix'd opinions are all fix'd.
But ſtay (my Muſe) hold, whither wilt thou gad?
The learned Reader ſure will thinke thee mad,
Becauſe thou art ſo tiring, tedious, long
About theſe Screetchowles with thy Cuckoes ſong:
And though I ſeeme thoſe Caitiffes to condemne,
Yet idle babling makes me ſeeme like them,
'Tis beſt therefore, no longer time to ſpend,
But ſome few lines, and briefly make an end.

A Zealous brother did a ſiſter meete,
And greeted ſweetly in the open ſtreete;
Thou holy woman, where haſt been ſaid he,
I came from a baptizing Sir (quoth ſhe)
Pray whoſe childe was it (he again requires)
She anſwerd, ſuch a Taylors in Black-fryers,
Hee's one of us, the man reply'd again,
Hee's one (quoth ſhe) that doth the truth maintain;
Quoth he, what might the childe baptized be?
Was it a Male SHE, or a Female HE?
I know not which, but 'tis a Son ſhe ſaid,
Nay then (quoth he) a wager may be laid;
It had ſome Scripture name, yes, ſo it had
Said ſhe, but my weak memorie's ſo bad
I have forgot it, 'twas a godly name,
Though out of my remembrance be the ſame:
'Twas one of the ſmall Prophets verily,
It was not *Eſay*, nor yet *Ieremie*,
Ezekiel, *Daniel*, nor good *Obadias*,
And now I doe remember, 'twas *Golias*.

ANother ſiſter (as the Spirit rap't her)
Said to her Boy, come ſirrha, reade a Chapter;
The Boy por'd on the Book, and fumbling ſate,
And had more minde to be at Ball or Cat;
His mother ſaid, why doſt not reade thou knave,
The Boy ask'd her what Chapter ſhe would have:
Thou paltry Imp (quoth ſhe) canſt thou finde none
'Twixt Geneſis, and Revelation;
To learne thy duty, reade no more but this,
Pauls nineteenth Chapter unto Geneſis.

ON London Bridge I lately did confer
About ſome buſineſſe with a Stationer:
A young man came into the Shop, and fought
Some holy Ballads, which he view'd and bought,
And there he pray'd the Shop-keeper to looke
The Epiſtles of Saint *Ovid* (a fine Book)
Upon Saint *Peter*, *Paul*, *Iohn*, *Iude*, or *Iames*,
They will not put the Saint unto their names,
But yet their ignorance impure, preciſe,
A heathen Poets name can Canonize.

ONe *Mapleton*, at Reding late did dwell:
Becauſe his fleſh did 'gainſt his minde rebell,
He cut it off ſo cloſe unto the ſtumpe,
That he ſcarce left himſelfe a piſſing pump;
And hee's one of thoſe wiſe men, and 'twere good
That all the Tribe of his ſweet Brotherhood
Would

Would follow his example on themſelves,
Then they would not beget more froward Elves :
Then peace and reſt our Church and State ſhould
All windmills, and vagaries of the brain (gain ;
Would from unquiet *England* baniſh'd be,
And from diſturbance we ſhould ſoon be free.
Theſe, with the reſt (unknowne) may be compar'd,
Whoſe love to learning I have plain declar'd.
To wofull paſſe our Church were quickly brought :
If theſe companions had but what they ſought,
From Rome, from them, from all that wrong us thus
Good Lord of Heaven and Earth deliver US.

AMEN.

Poſtſcript.

IF Prelates have by fraud, or frailty ſlip'd,
My Pen ſhall not in Gall of Aſpes *be dip'd;*
I'le pray we may have better in their places,
Whom Grace may guide, to ſhun the like diſgraces;
Let tradeſmen uſe their trades, let all men be
Imploy'd in what is fitting their degree,
And let the Paſtors Urym, *and his* Thummim
Be upright, and ſincere (as doth become him)
Let each man doe his beſt, himſelfe t'amend,
And all our troubles ſoone will have an E N D.

'T is madneſſe, that a crew of brainleſſe blocks
Dares teach the learned what is Orthodoxe.

1641.

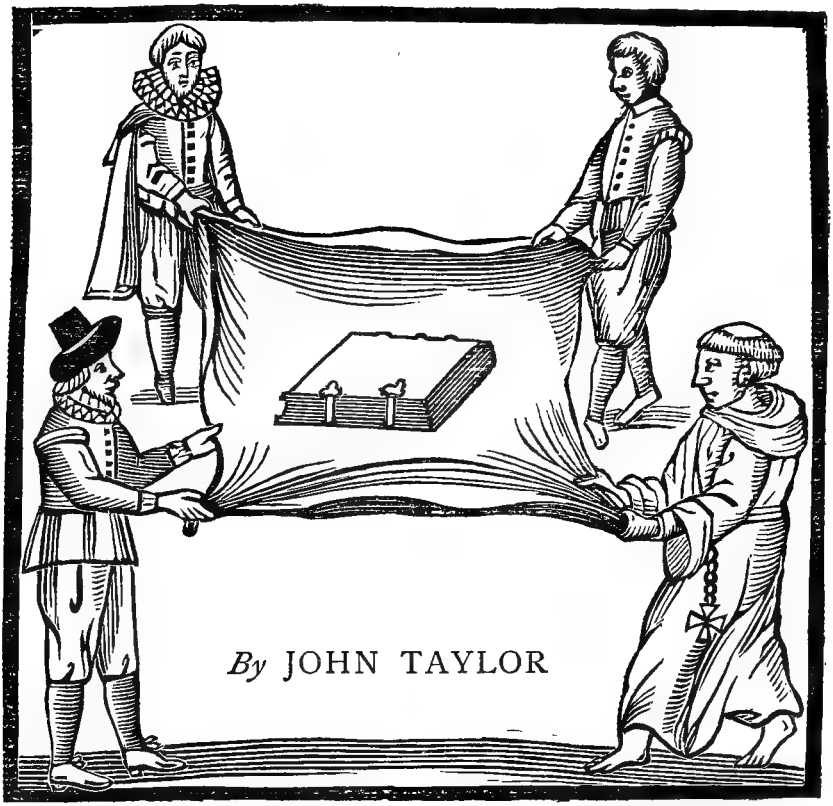
Religions Enemies.

[HAZLITT, No. 68.]

RELIGIONS ENEMIES.

WITH A BRIEF AND INGENIOUS Relation, as by *Anabaptists*, *Browniſts*, *Papists*, *Familists*, *Atheiſts*, and *Fooliſts*, ſawcily preſuming to toſſe Religion in a Blanquet.

The Anabaptiſt. The Browniſt.



The Familiſt. The Papiſt.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Bates* in the Old-baily. 1641.

RELIGIONS ENEMIES.

WHEREIN IS DESCRIBED ALL their diverſe and erroneous opinions *againſt the truth of the Goſpel.*

TO begin to ſome purpoſe in proſe, becauſe nothing to any purpoſe either in Verſe, poetry, Rime, or reaſon is for their ſtomacks, nor are they much affected with good proſe (for as the Tree is knowne by the fruit it beares, ſo they may be perceived of what ſpirit they are by their ſpeech and writings, and daily libelling. And to the end that I may rather prove my ſelfe a juſt reprehender of their follies, then an impudent rayler at their fooling and ſawcie ignorance, (which in plaine tearmes is no better then malice and madneſſe) I am induced to mix that which is materiall, true, and ſerious, with ſome things that may ſeeme harſh, tart, and diſtaſtfull to the pallats of theſe curious furious laviſh Libellers, and peſtiferous platformers: Indeed they doe pretend faire colours for their foule intentions, ſtrong proofes for their weake Aſſertions and ſcandalous Aſpertions, their talke being reformation, rectifying, mundifying, clarifying of the Church, and nothing is in their mouthes or pens but rayling and reviling againſt our Church of England, the Booke of Common prayer, preaching, Sacraments, Ceremonies, Rites, Orders, Government and Governours; for Governours and Government was inſtituted by the Patriarkes before the Law, by *Moſes*, the prophets and prieſts under the Law, by our Saviour Chriſt Jeſus and his Apoſtles

and ſucceſſours, ſince the time of the Goſpel, eſtabliſhed, confirmed, and ratified by Scriptures, Generall Councells, Ancient Fathers, Eccleſiaſticall Canons, Martyrs and Confeſſours, by Acts of Parliament ordained and decreed, and by all the aforeſaid Authorities continually uſed and daily practiſed within the Church of Chriſt Catholike, Apoſtolike and Militant over the face of the Earth, and received into this Kingdome when *Lucius* was King heere, and *Fleutherius* was then Biſhop of *Rome*, who was the thirteenth Biſhop of that See, *Anno* 179. ſo that the Inſtitution and practiſe of our Church and religion hath continued amongſt us neere 1500. yeeres, except when It was eclipſed by popery, even from the neere time of the death of ſome of the Apoſtles or their next ſucceſſours: For Saint *Ierome* ſaith that Saint *Iohn* the Apoſtle and Evangeliſt did live 68. yeeres after our Saviours paſſion, and that hee dyed in the yeere of Chriſt 101. and that he out-lived Saint *Paul*, and Saint *Peter*, whom ſome improbable Authors ſay was the firſt Biſhop or Pope of *Rome*; alſo that he ſurvived *Linus*, *Amacletus*, and to the ninth yeere of *Clement*, the firſt biſhop of *Rome* of that name, ſo that by computation of time, Saint *Iohn* could be no leſſe then 120. yeeres of age when he dyed; ſo that our Church and Church-Government is no Innovation or noveltie, as theſe late licentious Libellers have maliciouſly belyed her.

But indeed it is no Innovation or Novelty, for the Church of God and the onely Spouſe of his only beloved Son *Chriſt Ieſus* to be deſpiſed, diſperſed, perſecuted, hated, ſcorned, jeer'd, contemned, derided, and traduced, for it hath been, is, and will be ever the markes & tokens of the true Church to be known from Heathens, Infidels, pagans, Atheiſts, Mahometans Hereticks, Hypocrites, Schiſmaticks and Sectaries, with the whoſe rabble of the Kingdomes of Satan and Antichriſt, for ſince the beginning the Devill hath been buſie to intrap and deſtroy her.

By

By the word Church I do mean all the faithfull people of God that have ever been created, or that are to be to the end of the world, of what Nation, condition, or ſex ſoever they be, if they make a conſcience, to be obedient to Gods Lawes, and with gladnes embrace the Goſpel of *Ieſus Chriſt*, in whoſe faith if they live here, they are (*in Grace*) his Church militant here, and dying in Gods favour they are, that are ſo departed, & ſhalbe in glory his Church Triumphant hereafter eternall.

This Church hath many times bin ſo over-whelm'd with afflictions, tribulations and perſecutions, that ſhe ſeemed to be quite ſunke, or ſinking as S. *Peter* was when he walked on the Sea, *Mat.* 14. 31. then God in mercy hath ſtill held forth his gracious hand of power, providence, protection and preſervation, hath ſtill ſupported, held her up, ſtrenthned, comforted and delivered her, ſo that in diſpight of the raging of Tyrants, the rigour of torments, the ſtormes and tempeſts of perſecution, ſhe hath ſtill reſplendently broken thorow and diſperſt all the obſcure clouds of the Devils malice, ſo that the gates of Hell hath never prevail'd againſt her.

This Church was, by the ſubtilty of the Devill, aſſaulted in paradice in the perſons of our firſt Parents; This Church was perſecuted by *Cain* when he murdered his righteous brother *Abel*; this Church was oppoſed and rebelliouſly murmured againſt by *Corah*, *Dathan*, *Abiram*, and their complices; this Church that was prefigured by the Arke of *Noah* that ſwom and floated when all the world elſe was drowned, & none were ſaved that were not in it, which Arke, maugre all ſtormes and tempeſts, was preſerved and reſted on the mountaine *Ararat*, which was a Type that the true Church doth reſt upon the moſt High: this Church was alſo fore-ſhewed by the Buſh that burned with fire, & was not conſumed, which prefigured her preſervation: & this Church was & is as the ſeamles coat of *Chriſt* not to be divided, this is that Church which theſe factius men would ſink, burn, and rend in pieces, they being more merciles

then the raging waters, their blinde zeale more hot then the violent flaming fire, and their manners and civility farre leſſe then the barbarous ſouldiers.

The Arrians, Anabaptiſts, Browniſts, Donatiſts; Erticheans, Familiſts, Marcianiſts, Montaniſts, Nicholaitans, Pelagians, Papiſts, Puritans, Nonatians, and all other ſorts of Hereſies and Sects doe ſtiffely hold and maintaine to their uttermoſt power that every one (in his owne opinion) in each of their Sects are the true Church, and under the colours of a feigned piety they are all in violent oppoſition againſt each other, in a diſunion and diverſity among themſelves, and all in a generall malignant inveterate hatred againſt the Government, the Governours, and of the true Church indeed.

God hath ordained certaine Orders, Degrees or Functions of men in this Kingdome for the defence, guard, guide, preſervation and ſalvation of mankind; the firſt is Kings, Princes, Potentates and Peeres (or Nobility) whoſe wiſdome and power may and have made Lawes and Statutes agreeable to Gods Word, the ſpring and Fountaine of which Lawes are derived from the Law of God: ſecondly, (under Kings and Rulers) there are the moſt right Reverend Fathers the Clergie for the Churches Government, and for the directing and guiding of the wandring and ſtraying Flocke of Chriſt, whoſe Learning, wiſdome, gravity, painfull life and example may draw ſoules unto God. And whoſe Office and Authority which they have from and under the King (as from Gods Lieutenant) is ſuch that they by impoſition of hands alwayes have done and doe (as occaſion requires) ordaine Miniſters for the Church, for the preaching of the Word to the people, for prayer for them, and for the true and due adminiſtration of the Sacraments to them; and alſo by their power to maintaine Order and Decencie in the Congregation, and in their Juriſdictions and charge to admoniſh, reprehend, and excommunicate all obſtinate and erroneous offenders, and (in fine) to

advance the Word of God, and make it propagate, and to trample on, tread downe, and ſuppreſſe all Hereſies, ſects, ſchiſmes, and needleſſe and impertinent innovations, that might any way diſturb the peace of the Church.

Thirdly, the Phyſitian is to be honoured, becauſe hee is Gods Inſtrument for the health and preſervation of the body, but as much as the ſoule (which is immortall) is in value above the body, which is fraile, tranſitory, and mortall, ſo far is the holy Function of a ſincere and painfull Divine, (who is a phyſitian for the ſoule) to be preferd before any Phyſitian for the Body.

And fourthly, the Lawyer is to be reverenced and eſteem'd for he is (or ſhould be) the rule, ſquare, guide, and rectifier of all our temporall Actions, a righter of wrong, a true and impartiall Decider and Judger of all matters of debate and controverſies amongſt men, concerning our houſes, lands, debts, touching eſtate or loſſe of limbe or life, and all theſe are compriſed under the title of the goods of Fortune; in which, were not the Lawyer expert, the Law it ſelfe is but a dead letter, and of no Force or Vertue: Now, as much as goods and all outward meanes, which are called the goods of *Fortune*, becauſe they are uncertaine, here to day and gone to morrow, are ſhort of the eſtimation of bodily life and health, ſo much is the Lawyer below the Phyſitian in uſe or eſtimation.

But men being conſtant in nothing but in wavering inconſtancie, doe in a perverſe and prepoſterous manner begin at the wrong end, and as they doe make more account of body, goods and Fame, then they doe either of their ſoules or everlaſting happineſſe, ſo much they eſteeme the Phyſitian and the Lawyer above the Divine; I confeſſe them all to be as worthy of Honour as they are endued with Honeſty, and each of them to be held in as much regard and Reverence as their paines and ſtudies ſhall merit for their true ſervice to God and man; yet, with *Mary*, I humbly deſire to make *choyce of the*

the better part which ſhall not be taken from mee, Luk. 10. and 41. 42.

In the meane ſpace, (amongſt mutable and contentious ſpirits) Religion is made a Hotch potch, and as it were toſt in a Blanquet, and too many places of *England* too much *Amſterdamnified* by ſeverall opinions; Religion is now become the common diſcourſe and Table-talke in every Taverne and Ale-houſe, where a man ſhall hardly find five together in one minde, and yet every one preſumes hee is in the right. The Booke of Common-prayer which was eſtabliſhed by Act of Parliament by that good and godly King *Edward* the ſixth, and after re-eſtabliſhed by another Parliament, by that unparaleld and peerleſſe princeſſe Queen *Elizabeth*, and continued ſince in the happy Raignes of two gracious Kings in the Church of *England* for the ſervice of God theſe ninetie yeeres; yet one would have it to be caſt out now, holding it a falſe worſhip; another is angry at the veſtments and habits of the Miniſtery; one will not kneele, another will not ſtand, one will ſit downe, one will not bowe, another will not be uncovered, one holds all good manners to be popery, another that all decencie is ſuperſtitious, another that railes are Romiſh (which is falſe, for the papiſts have no railes in their Churches, nor any thing ſo convenient: One fooliſhly aſſumes and preſumes to ſave himſelfe, and ſome of his Neighbours too, by his good workes; another will be ſaved by a bare and lazie Faith that will doe no worke at all, and thus religion is puſt and blowne to and fro with every wind of doctrine, and as it were toſt in a Blanquet; but of this more largely hereafter in another part which will ſuddenly be printed, till when and ever it ſhall be my hearty prayers, that as there is but one Shepheard, that God in his gracious goodneſſe and mercie would make us all one ſheep-fold.

FINIS.

1641.

The Liar.

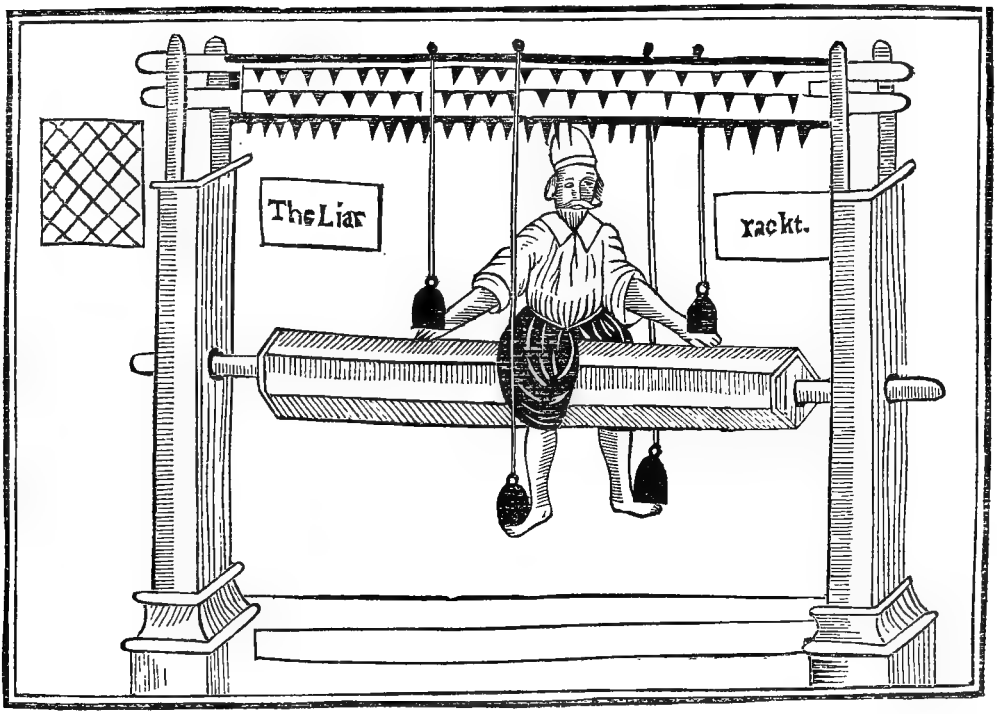
[HAZLITT, No. 70.]

THE
LIAR.

OR,

A contradiction to thoſe who in the titles of their Bookes affirmed them to be true, when they were falſe: although mine are all true, yet I terme them lyes.

Veritas veritatis.



Printed in the yeare 1641.

A Booke of Lyes.

THere was an Engliſhman which travelled to the Swediſh army, and began to relate very ſtrange paſſages which he had ſeene here in England, thinking that travellers might lye by authority; for ſaid he, in the County of Berke, at a place called Abingdon, when the Earle of Strafford loſt his head, was ſuch thundring and lightning, and earthquakes, that it is almoſt incredible. Surely I thinke it is incredible indeed, for I know 'tis no ſuch matter.

He told too that the very ſame day that my L. Archbiſhop of Canterbury was committed to the Tower, there was a child born in the County of Somerſet with a Miter on its head, a marke on his breaſt like a Crucifix, and many other ſtrange things which were there ſeene.

Another time, ſaid he, I ſaw a Lady goe over Thames at London ſtarke naked, without ſwimming, for ſhe cannot be drowned, *ergo* ſhee is a witch.

Item, he related unto them that the Biſhop of Canterbury was little better then a Papiſt, and that he was committed for that occaſion to the Tower, and that he was not like to be freed from thence till he came with his heeles forward.

Item, he reported that *Q. M.* was to leave the fragrant ſoile of England, and go into Italy.

Item, he related that *Sucklin*, *Davenant*, and *Pearcy* were accuſed as traytors, and fearing to be hanged, fled for it beyond the Seas, becauſe they would not be chid.

Item, he told them that *Wrens* neſt was defiled, and that the Jeſuits and Friers had almoſt wept their eyes out for his fall.

Item, all the Browniſts and Anabaptiſts, and the like, of what age ſoever, that ſhall come to be baptized, may have a twenty ſhilling piece laid on his forehead, as ſoone as the Miniſter ſhall have ſigned him with the ſigne of the Croſſe.

Item, There is a booke come out of the Kings entertainment in Scotland ſome certaine dayes before he came there.

Item, he ſwore that he never did tell a lye in all his life.

Item, hee vowed moſt deeply that the Scots were as many in number as the ſtars in the sky.

Item, he told that the Turk and the Jew were as good friends as ever was friend to friend.

Item, he moſt falſly proteſted that he ſuffered as

as much in Hungary of famine as ever did Germany in all its warres.

Item, he vowed that our Biſhops did bend like greene ſticks, and therefore he thought that they would never break, and that they were all bowers to the Altar, and Papiſts, for they loved Images extraordinarily.

Item, he told a moſt notable lye, that Lawyers in England did ſcorne to take any fees for pleading any cauſe: then ſaid one, How doe they live? he anſwered, like Camelions, they feed upon the ayre, and cloath themſelves with honeſty, which is the warmeſt weed they can weare in theſe times.

Item, he ſwore that any man might ſteale any thing now in England, and never be ſhent for it, for all the Iudges are hanged becauſe they have taken bribes.

Item, he proteſted that *Gregory* the Hangman is growne very rich, becauſe none are hanged.

Item, he vowed he ſaw St. *Pauls* ſteeple ſtand in its owne place where it was built, and Charing croſſe quite ruinated.

Item, hee told that there were a great many Puritans in England, and that they did now ſo diſturbe the quietneſſe of the Commonwealth, that it was now almoſt turned topſie turvy.

Item, hee proteſted that all the women in England were growne preciſe, and turned Preachers.

Item, hee told them that it was as common a thing for Sow-gelders, Tinkers, Felt-makers, Buttonmakers, Weavers, and Coblers, to preach in a tub, a joyn'd ſtoole, or ſuch like thing, as for a man to drinke when he is thirſty.

They heard him with patience till hee had made an end of his lying, and then they asked him whether yea or nay hee ſaw theſe things he ſpake of, he preſently ſwore all the oathts of God that he ſaw theſe things with his owne naturall eies, which he had reported, and he would maintaine it, though he ſpent his deareſt blood in the doeing of it; well they heard his proteſttations, and made a full account that they would prove his conſtancie whether he would be a Martyr yea or nay, in the meane time they horſed him, and this was the manner of it.

There was a great high thing raiſed to the hight of twelue of fourteene yards, made of Iron, whereon he was ſeated, with two great weights on his toes, and the like on his hands where he ſate in great paine, if he ſhould chance to eaſe himſelfe upwards, there were ſharpe nailes over his head which would prick him, thus he ſate, and thus he ſuffered, till they had ſufficiently made a laughing ſtock of him; well when hee had ſuffered enough they let him downe, and incontinently he came backe againe into this country, where he related as followeth.

The

The Emperour (ſaith he) hath given ſuch an overthow to the Sweeds that I thought not one would have returned againe; the Canons roared, the skies were dimmed with ſmoke, and the earth ſhooke with an earthquake; another time, the Swedes gave the Emperour ſuch an overthrow, that I dare ſay he will never riſe againe, which made the Pope proclaime a faſt for ſix and thenty weeks, but a pox choak them they eate fiſh a little too much.

A little after there was a commet ſeene in the ayre, forth the ſpace of two moneths, with great thundering and lightnings and ſuch like, which made all the whole Country amazed.

Theſe and ſuch like things he related till hee made the wearie eares of honeſt men glow, and if they had ſerved him as he was ſerved before he had had his deſert, and hang him that would pittie him for me, but in conceit either in the ſtocks, cage, counter, or Bridewell I leave him.

Gentle reader, I have heere related under the name of lies nothing but true tales, for if a man doth now ſpeake truth he ſhall be ſure to ſmart for it now a daies, either heere or in other places; read gentlie, and buy willingly.

FINIS.

1641.

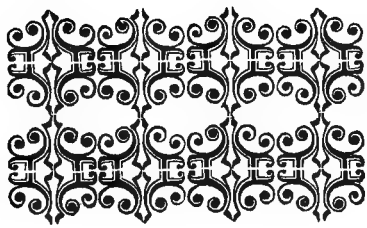
A Pedlar and a Romiſh Prieſt.

[HAZLITT, No. 71.]

A PEDLAR AND A ROMISH PRIEST

In a very hot Diſcourſe, full of Mirth, Truth, wit, Folly, and Plain-dealing.

By *Iohn Taylor.*



Printed in the yeare 1641.

A Pedlar and a Romiſh prieſt in a very hot Diſcourſe, full of Mirth, truth, Wit, *Folly, and plain-dealing.*

A *Poland Pedlar* went upon a day,
Vnto a Romiſh Prieſt to learne to pray;
The Prieſt ſaid Pedlar get thee to the cloiſter
And learne the *Ave* and the *Pater Noſter.*
Pedl. Now good ſir *Iohn* (quoth he) what talk is that
I heare you ſpeak, but God in Heauen knowes what.
Prieſt. It is that worthy holy Lattin letter
Doth pleaſe the Lord wel and our lady better.
Pedl. Now good Sir Iohn, I know not what they be
The Lattin tongue is heathen Greeke to me.
Prieſt. Pedlar if thou to me wilt but repaire
Within one Month, I'le teach thee Lattin Prayer.
And though thou underſtand not what thou ſayſt,
Thou ſhalt ſpeake pretty Lattin when thou prayeſt
Pedlar To pray ſo ſir, is onely but in ſaying,
In words, not ſence, a prating, not a praying;
Shall I that am a man of perfect age,
Talke like a witleſſe parret in a Cage.
Prieſt. A parret can but prattle for her part,
But towards God hath neither mind or heart.

Then ſeeing I have head and heart to pray,
Shall not my heart know what my tongue doth ſay?
For when my tongue talkes, if my heart miſ-carry,
How quickly I may marre your *Ave Mary*?
And I ſir having many things to ſeeke,
How ſhould I ſpeed not knowing what I ſpeake.

Prieſt. God underſtands all tongues, & knows, & he
The thoughts and ſecrets of the heart doth ſee.

Pedl. Then if I think one thing and ſpeak another,
I wrong my ſelfe, and Chriſt, and his bleſt Mother;
For when I pray they would my pack repaire,
Your *Ave mary* is a fruitleſſe prayer.

Prieſt. The Latin prayers are but generall heads,
For our Reliefes in all our wants and needs:
The Latin ſerves us as a Liturgie,
As curious Arts directs Chirurgery,
And in that language Maſſe is ſaid and ſung,
For private things pray in thy Mother tongue.

Ped. Then I muſt have a tongue, ſir *Iohn*, for either,
1 for the Mother and 1 for the Father. (ſmall things,

Prie. Thinkſt thou the Mother doth not know ſuch
Chriſt is her Son man, and he tells her all things.
But where did that bleſt Virgin learne her Latin,
For in her daies was neither Maſſe nor Mattin,
Nor yet one Prieſt that Latin then could ſpeake,
For holy words were H*ebrew* then or *Greeke*,
She never was at R*ome*, nor kiſt Popes feet,
How came ſhe by the Maſſe faine would I weet.

Prieſt. Pedlar, if thou beleeve the Legendary,
The Maſse is older farre then Chriſt or M*ary*,
For all the Patriarkes both more or leſſe,
And great M*elchiſedeck* himſelfe ſaid Maſſe.

Pedl.

Pedl. But good ſir prieſt, ſpake al theſe Fathers Latin
And ſaid they Maſse in golden Coapes or Satin;
Could they ſpeake Latin long e're Latin grew,
(For without Latin no Maſse can be true)
And you that would inforce us to this taske,
Me thinkes 'tis like a may-game or a maſque.

Prieſt. Well Pedlar thou art too too curious,
Thy pur-blinde Zeal's fervent, but furious,
I rather would a hundred monkes direct,
Then ſuch an ignorant of thy mad ſect;
This thou muſt know, this cannot be deni'd,
R*ome* govern'd all when Chriſt was crucifi'd.
R*ome*, Heathen then, but afterwards converted,
And grew ſo honeſt, and ſo holy-hearted,
That now our Emperour is turn'd to a pope,
Whoſe Holines (as you have heard I hope,
Hath made a Law that all the world muſt pray
In Latin language to the Lord each day;
He's Chriſt's full Vicar, and Ile boldly ſay,
That what he doth command we muſt obey,
He bids us pray in Latin, even ſo
We muſt doe, where we underſtand or no,
He hath full power to confound or ſave,
And who dares then but doe as he will have.

Pedl. This purpoſe to ſome purpoſe puts me back,
And hath more points, then pinnes are in my pack,
What ever power you give unto your pope,
He cannot make a man an Ape, I hope,
And if he be full Vicar to our Lord,
Should not his words and Chriſts keepe one accord.

Prieſt. Doubtles they doe, and never are contrary,
In *Pater noſter*, *Creed*, or *Avemary*.

Ped.

Ped. But Chriſts Diſciples when they made their
Vnto their Maſter, how to make devotion, (motion,
As I have done to you (ſir *Iohn*) to day;
I pray you in what tongue bade he them pray,
Chriſt did not one word *Latin* to them ſpeake,
Their talke was then all *Siriack*, *Hebrew*, *Greeke*,
He bade all Nations pray after one manner,
But bade not all take Latin for their Banner:
Your Latin is but one of the Tranſlations,
Why ſhould it then exclude all other Nations;
And on my ſoule, ſir *Iohn*, if I doe ſay,
In mine owne mother tongue when I doe pray
Lord helpe me, Lord forgive me all my ſinnes,
Yea (why not) Lord ſupply my packe and pinnes.
And every thing whereof I ſtand in need,
(For this depends upon our daily bread)
I hope in God that I ſhall ſpeed as well,
As if in Latin I my wants did tell:
And ſince ſome tongues have more antiquitie
Then Latin, were it not iniquitie
To force all people to pray like the Pope,
No good (ſir *Iohn*) you'l not ſay ſo I hope.

Prieſt. Wel *pedlar*, one thing I would faine make
Return we to our Lady back again, (plain,
And if thou hadſt as much capacitie
As roving wit, with great audacitie,
The caſe is cleare, that Virgin *Mary* meeke,
Could all and every tongue and language ſpeake.
Haſt thou not heard man how the Holy Ghoſt,
Came downe like cloven tongues, at *pentecoſt*,
And fill'd the houſe where all the 12. were ready,
And one tongue truly lighted on our Lady,

And

And thinke not that I talke of toyes and dreames,
Aske but the Reverend Jeſuites of R*hemes*,
And what they write of this but wiſely note.
Ped. In faith ſir *Iohn* it is not worth a groat;
Will I beleeve't thinke you becauſe they ſay it;
Prieſt. Nay but they prov't as no man can denay it;
Saith not the Text, that when the Lord aſcended,
Vnto the 12. he earneſtly commanded,
That from *Ieruſalem* they ſhould not goe,
Vntill the Comforter did come, and ſo *Act.* 1.
They all conjoyned with one joynt conſent,
And to an upper roome together went,
Where *Mary* was and others whole ſix ſcore,
That with the 12. did daily God adore.
Then (ſayes the text) when *Pentecoſt* was come,
They were together then both all and ſome,
And all were filled with the Holy Ghoſt. (Hoſt,
Ped. Now good ſir Prieſt you count without your
I ſee well that your Rhemiſh Jeſuites tongues,
Hath cloven the text even to the very lungs.
That (ALL) for which you reckon up ſix ſcore,
Is here meant onely of the 12. no more;
Nor *Mary* is not named there as than,
What need we then beleeve it, holy man,
On with your ſpectacles ſir *Iohn* and read,
And credit this as one point of your Creed,
The Holy Ghoſt did fall upon no more,
Then he was promiſed unto before:
Now he was onely promiſed to the twelve,
Looke on the text, I pray, and iudge your ſelve;
Speake man, and be not ſilent, I am ſorry,
To ſee you ignorant of ſuch a ſtory;

For

For ſhame, let not a pedlar with his packe,
Put you with all your Sophiſtrie to wracke.
For as the Stories in themſelves are divers,
Flowing and falling into ſundry Rivers,
In divers Chapttrs ſo they ſtand divided, *the* 1. *&* 2.
So that the caſe may clearely be decided; *chap.*
For when thoſe 6. ſcore were at firſt convened,
There was another myſterie then meaned;
To wit, *Mathias* free Election,
And ſo Saint *Peter* gave direction,
That all thoſe ſix ſcore then ſhould beare record
Of their proceedings then before the Lord:
The chooſing of a paſtour was in hand,
Which without Churches knowledge cannot ſtand,
And ſo *Mathias*, (by the power of Heaven)
By lot was tooke as one with the Eleven.
Then (ſaies the the Text) all theſe together were,
What all theſe were doth very plaine appeare,
To be the 12. in the laſt verſe before,
And not make Leape Yeare of eleven verſe more.
To draw all backe to that hundred and twentie,
Indeed this way ſhould have tongues in plentie,
They differ in 12. verſes, the Text ſaies,
Beſides the time is different full 10. dayes,
The firſt upon the day the Lord aſcended,
The other when the holy Ghoſt deſcended.
Such glaZen arguments will bide no hammer,
For they are but bad Logick and worſe Grammer;
As for the Holy Ghoſt 'tis verifide,
His comming downe, unto no Law is tide;
Sometimes inviſible, and ſometimes ſeene,
As diverſly at divers times hath beene,

Few

Few needes to ſee his comming with their eyes,
His workes are witneſſes which may ſuffice;
And ſo Saint *Paul* this gift found privately,
By *Annanias* hand aſſuredly. *Act. 9.*
And ſo, ſir *Iohn*, to ſhew you all my packe,
And let you ſee my breaſt as well as backe;
I wonder yee conſider not the end,
Why God the Holy Ghoſt in Tongues did ſend:
Know ye not women are forbidden preaching,
Know ye not tongues were onely given for teaching;
Women (at home) have hardly leave to ſpeake,
But they take leave, and often ſilence breake;
Their husbands muſt permit their tongues to walke,
And therefore, in Gods Houſe, they may not talke:
And then, ſir *Iohn*, what worſhip doe you win
Vnto our Lady, when you bring her in
As a Companion with the whole ſix ſcore,
Who gat the Holy Ghoſt and ſhe no more,
And where the Pope hath made her Queen of heaven,
You make her here like one of the Eleven,
In this, her dignitie doth ſeeme to fall,
You thruſt her to the Kitchin from the Hall.
And this is alſo one of your rare Themes,
Held by your reverend Jeſuites of *Rhemes*,
That Latin came not with the Holy Ghoſt,
VVhen as the tongues came downe at *Pentecoſt*.
Now if it came not then I pray, expreſſe
How came it by that perfect holines,
That in it onely, and no other tongue,
Both Maſſe and matins muſt be ſaid and ſung.
Your laſt refuge will be unto the Pope,
So knit up all together in a Rope.

Pri. Wert thou at *Rome*, & half theſe words didſt (ſpeak,
Pedlar it were enough thy neck to break;
But here you live, and talk and prate ſecure,
And undervalue that bleſt Virgin pure,
Yeelding no honour, or no adoration
To her, or to her dayes of celebration.
(Goe but to *Spaine*, and ſhew thy vild condition,
Thou ſhalt be tortur'd in the Inquiſition.)
Her Miracles, of ſmall worth you eſteeme,
Her merits at low value you miſdeeme,
Her ſacred Reliques you condemne, diſpiſe,
And all her attributes you much miſpriſe:
Thou ſaiſt with ſix ſcore I doe make her ſhare,
Your ſelves will her with your courſe wives compare,
Shame and confuſion doth to all belong,
Who dare the beſt, moſt bleſt of creatures wrong.

Pedl. Indeed (ſir *Iohn*) you come upon me now,
With ſome things which my faith doth diſallow,
I pray you to conſider but a little,
You give her many a title and a tittle,
For which you have no warrant in the word,
And yet purſue us both with fire and Sword,
As Heretiques, for doing not as yee doe,
Yet, what the word bids and no more that we doe;
Thinke you that anie man can be ſo mad,
As to hold Chriſt his Saviour, and ſo bad,
As to hold *Mary* for his Saviours Mother,
And not to love her farre above all other,
Above all Creatures, ſhe was full of grace,
And ſure in Glory ſhe hath ſupreme place
And eminence, all other Soules tranſcending
In joy and bliſſe, that never ſhall have ending.

The

The Holy Ghoſt inſpir'd her beyond meaſure,
She was poſſeſt with Heaven & earths whole treaſure,
And grant ſhe could ſpeake Latin, and all Tongues,
Yet Maſſe or Mattins to her not belongs.
Of all that mortall were ſhe was the beſt,
And her immortall ſoule is now moſt bleſt.
Her memorable Honour to preſerve,
Her dayes of celebration we obſerve,
The Feaſt of her Annuntiation,
Her cleare and pure Purification,
The Church (in reverence) hath ordain'd theſe dayes,
On which we ſhould ſend up our prayers and praiſe,
To our good God, whoſe mercie was ſo great,
To leave his glorious and immortall Seate,
And to the bleſſed Virgins wombe he came,
And tooke on him our filthy ſinne and ſhame;
And on theſe dayes we pray that we may be,
The Virgins followers in Humilitie,
That our true meekneſſe, and our lowlines,
May raiſe us to eternall bleſsednes;
We hold it the ſure way to our ſalvation,
To follow her in holy imitation;
Through heavenly influence her excellence,
Muſt be admir'd with love and reverence,
And thoſe that dare compare moſt ſawcily,
Their wives or mothers with her ſanctitie,
Are ſawcie knaves in pride and ignorance,
Or *Atheiſts*, fit to lead the hang-mans dance;
We love her then, though we beleeve not in her,
Nor (by will-worſhip) doe we thinke to win her;
We hold her bleſsed for Chriſts fleſh conceiving,
But farre more bleſsed for Chriſts faith receiving:

She was his mother, ſo 's the Church his wife,
Which was to him much dearer then his life,
Now if that one could fall at oddes with th'other,
He would reſpect his wife before his mother;
For who ſo to him once a wife doth take,
Muſt father, mother, friends and kin forſake.
And this is every Spouſes carriage,
But moſt in this ſpirituale marriage,
As *Maries* mother of Chriſts humane life,
She's but the Daughter of his heavenly wife,
By which meanes onely, faith doth me perſwade,
Of Chriſt bleſt body ſhe's a member made;
Whereby theſe glorious Titles ſhe hath won,
Maid, mother, wife, and ſiſter to her Sonne.
All this ſir *Iohn* I doe but briefly ſay,
To let you ſee you play us much foule play.

Pri. Well Pedlar, tho that pack about thou beare,
Th'art ſome apostate Monke or Frier I feare,
Of *Luthers* love, or *Calvins* curſed crew,
And ſent abroad ſuch buſineſſe to brew,
Diſguiſed like the perſon of ſome Pedlar.

Ped. No faith (ſir *Iohn*) I am not ſuch a medler,
Nor have I mind or meanes, ſo high to mount,
A little I can read and caſt account,
My wits are weake to utter Rime or Reaſon,
I know not what you call your *Kerrieleiſon.*
So help me God (ſir *Iohn*) I know no better,
Nor in your Latin can I read a letter,
For Latin is a Language admirable,
And my poore friends and parents were unable,
To purchaſe one ſcrap of it, for my ſhare,
And ſure without it I can ſell my ware,

And

And though I have no Latin, yet I can
Aſke what I want of either God or man,
In mine owne mother tongue, I know and ſee,
How ſimple ſoules by you abuſed bee.
And how your doctrine half our praiers would carry,
From Chriſt our Saviour to the Virgin *Mary*,
I alſo doe perceive how you doe frame,
Strange innovations to that heavenly Dame,
Aſcribing her that honour, which to none
Is due, but onely unto God alone:
Of which ſhe takes ſmall notice, nor will ſhe
For it, at any time your helper be.

Prieſt. Read but the Legend, Pedlar, and ther view
Her miracles, approve her honour due,
For which the Pope in Latin doth preferre,
That Maſſe and matins muſt be ſaid to her.
Read, and conſider, and believe it well,
Or elſe thou art at leaſt half wayes in hell.

Ped. Sure Hell is not within the Popes commiſſion,
Though purgatorie, and the Inquiſition,
Are things which he himſelfe of late created,
Yet of ſmall worth, by wiſe men they are rated;
I anſwer as I oft before have ſaid
I love, and reverence that bleſt mother maid,
But I beleeve in God, and when I pray,
Chriſt help me (when my ſoule or corps doe ſtray)
And ſo what e're I either have or want,
I neither pray to he or to ſhe Saint;
And as for Tongues, I have but one, no more,
And wot ye well, although I had ſix ſcore,
I would conforme my ſelfe to *Pauls* commanding,
Pray with my tongue, pray with my underſtanding.

Think you the twelve, when they receiv'd the tongues,
Talkt, and knew not whereto their talk belongs,
Yeelding a ſound not knowing what they ſaid,
Idle in preaching, ideler when they pray'd,
No, each of them knew well what he did ſay,
And why not we (ſir *Iohn*) as well as they;
For ſince each man hath one tongue at command,
Shall men ſpeake tongues they do not underſtand?
Alas good ſir, had I been train'd at Schoole,
As I am but a ſillie ſimple Foole,
A hundred Queſtions more I might have moved,
But here I ceaſe for feare to be reproved,
For theſe few doubts I learn'd in ſundry places,
Me thinkes ſuch men as you ſhould cleare all caſes.

Prieſt. Now Pedlar, I confeſse thou putſt me to it,
But one thing I will tell thee if thou'lt doe it;
If to our Prior thou wilt with me goe backe,
Perhaps he will buy all that's in thy packe,
And teach thee better how to pray then any,
For ſuch a holy man there are not many,
Be here to morrow Betweene ſix and ſeven,
And thou wilt find thy ſelfe halfe waies in Heaven.

Ped. Content ſir *Iohn*, but there is one thing more,
I muſt have your opinion in before,
Suppoſe the holy Priour have no leiſure,
To talke of every purpoſe at our pleaſure,
Your Booke which is the golden Legend nam'd,
(Wherein as many lies as lines are fram'd)
And, on my conſcience, I doe thinke that you,
Doe know the moſt on't to be moſt untrue;
And therefore tell me ſir before you goe,
Whether your ſelves beleeve it, yea or no.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Yes verily we doe beleeve it all,
And hold it holy and authenticall.

Ped. Then Ile repeat a tale or two in proſe,
Which few wiſe men beleeve as I ſuppoſe.

IN the 45. and 46. leafe of the aforeſaid Booke, I have read, that in the Raigne of King *William* the Conqueror, the *Danes* had a purpoſe to warre againſt *England*; to prevent which, the King *William* ſent *Helliſeus* the Abbot of *Ramſey* Embaſsadour into *Denmarke*, who having ended his Embaſſie, as hee returned homeward, he was on the Sea dangerouſly diſtreſt with an impetuous and terrible Tempeſt, ſo that the Maſter of the Ship, and all the Marriners did yeeld themſelves as loſt men: In which extreamitie they all prayed devoutly to our Lady for helpe, and ſuddenly there appeared walking on the water a Reverend perſonage in the form or likenes of a Biſhop, who called the Abbot *Hellizeus* to him, and told him that our Lady had heard their prayers, and that ſhee had ſent him to deliver them from the ſtorme, and that it was her pleaſure to have the day of her Conception kept holy yearely for ever on the eight day of December, which the Abbot promiſed to do, and preſently the *Angel* vaniſhed away, the Tempeſt ceaſed, the Abbot arrived ſafely in England, and reported what he had heard, ſeene, and ſuffered; and laſtly the feaſt was commanded to be kept on the 8. day of December accordingly.

Alſo

ALſo in the ſame Booke and leafe is related, that a Couſin german of a King of *Hungary*, who raigned I know not when, whoſe names were I know not what, did marry with a Lady (I know not who) at a place I know not where, did I know not why, forſake his wife I know not wherefore, to ſerve our Ladie I know not how; for the ſtory lies thus, that hee was a devout and daily invocator to the bleſsed Virgin, and (being newly married) the ſame day of the marriage the Bridegroom ſtaid alone in the Church, remembring that hee had not that day done his accuſtomed Oriſons, wherefore he ſent his new Bride home, and himſelfe ſtaid in the Church to performe his devotion, where preſently our Lady appeared to him, and taxed him with unkindneſse, in that hee would leave her and betake himſelfe to another, but if hee would forſake his wife, and follow her in a devout life and converſation, then ſhee promiſed to give him the Kingdome of Heaven, whereupon it is ſaid, hee preſently forſooke his wife and ever after was a true ſervant to our Lady.

What think you now (ſir *Iohn*) is this good ſtuffe,
It edifies me, much like blind man buffe;
Is't not a ſhame, that you theſe things dare doe,
To wrong poore people, and our Ladie to;
You have no ſtarting hole, nor no excuſe
To cover or to colour your abuſe;
But by your leave, I'le tell a tale or twaine
In proſe, and fall into our Verſe againe.

In

IN the 88. leafe I did reade of another nameles Lady, that dreamed ſhe was before the ſhrine of our Lady on a Candlemas day, ſhe then (as ſhe dreamed) had a burning Candle in her hand, which Candle ſhe three times commanded to offer to the Image of the Virgin, which ſhee not doing, the *Angel* ſtrove with her for it, and brake it in the midſt, at which the Lady awaked, and found halfe a Candle in her hand, which ſhe ever after kept as a holy Relique, and with the touch of it did many Miracles, and cured a great number of diſeaſes onely with the very touch of the ſaid Candle.

THere was a Thiefe whom they call a Knight, that had long time uſed to rob on the High way, by which accurſed Gentle-man-like Trade, hee was grown very rich, and kept tall fellowes to attend him, who were as arrant Thieves as himſelf, amongſt whom one that performed or ſerved the office of his Chamberlaine was a Devill in the ſhape of a man. It fell out ſo, that they rob'd a holy man, who deſired hee might ſpeake with the chiefe or Maſter Thiefe, which being granted, the Holy man requeſts that hee might ſee all the ſervants together, whereupon they were called, then ſaid the Holy man, Here are not all, and then they miſſed the Chamberlaine, and called him, who was no ſooner come into the ſaid bleſſed mans preſence, Hee cryed out, ſaying, I am a Devill in this humane forme, who have followed this Knight a long time to deſtroy him for his bad Life, but I could never have any power over him to hurt gim, becauſe he

did daily, with great devotion, oftentimes ſalute the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, with *Ave Maria.* leaf. 105.

IN the 217. leafe there is a tale of a Monke, that was a great Lecher, who by accident was drunke and drownd in a River which he fell into, and the Devils came buſily about his Carkas to carry it to Hell, but becauſe the ſaid Monke had uſed conſtantly to pray to our Ladie, ſhee then appeared her ſelfe and commanded the Devils to depart, and then ſhee gave the ſoule of the Monke into his dead bodie againe, and ever after he had a care to live honeſtly.

IN the ſame 217. leafe there is a Relation of a Knight that had ſpent all his ſubſtance waſtfully in riot, and being deſperate in his wants, he would have ſold his wife to the Devill for a great ſumme of monie; but the bargaine being made, and the good Gentlewoman to be delivered to the fiend, our Ladie appeared to her, and laid her in a ſleepe, taking upon her ſelfe the ſhape of the ſleeping Gentlewoman, which when the Knight would have delivered, the Devill began to roare and howle, and trembling ſaid, that the Knight had deceived him, in bringing the Mother of God to him inſtead of his wife; and with that the Devill fled away, and the Knight with repentance tooke his wife againe, and in concluſion our Ladie gave them wealth, ſo that ever after they lived together lovingly.

In

IN the 220. leafe it is ſaid, that as the body of the bleſsed Virgin was carried towards her grave or buriall, that a Jew in deſpightfull manner laid both his hands on the Beire, and violently would have overthrowne it, when preſently his hands ſundred from his armes, and clave faſt to the Biere, at which the Jew roard, cryed out and repented, and Saint *Peter* commanded him to kiſse the Beire, whereby hee was preſently recovered, and had his hands reſtored to his armes againe.

Alſo it is ſaid, that the houſe that the bleſsed Virgin dwelt in at *Bethelem* was removed by heavenly Angels, and carried through the aire many thouſand miles over Sea and Land, to the Countrie of *Dalmatia*, where it did remaine for a certaine time, and then it was againe removed to L*oretto* in *Italy*, where it remaines to this day, being a Holy place, much viſited by Pilgrims, and (by vertue of it) many miracles are wrought daily.

And thus the Booke you brag of, far excels
The lyes of Jewes, Turkes, Moores, and Infidels;
And ſure the Heathen, hearing of theſe lyes,
The Chriſtian Religion diſpiſe;
He that will one day guerdon good and bad,
T'whoſe word we muſt not dare abate or adde,
Againſt thoſe he will draw his vengefull ſword,
That mingle fables with his ſacred Word.

Pri. Thy blinded Zeale my very heart doth grieve,
Thou underſtandſt not what thou ſhould believe,
Thinkſt thou ſo many Grave and learned men,
Have liv'd and dy'd in bleare-ey'd errours den,
Doſt thinke all Popes, all Cardinalls, all lyers,
Abbots, moſt zealous Monkes, moſt holy Fryers.
Doſt thinke all theſe for many a hundred yeare,
Did not profeſſe and know the Truth ſincere?
Theſe men maintain'd the Church in glorious ſtate,
Till *Luther* and curſt *Calvin* 'gan to prate.

Ped. Like as a Squirrill skips from tree to tree,
Euen ſo (ſir *Iohn*) you from the matter flee:
Our talke was Latin, and our Lady firſt,
And you to other arguments out burſt.
I tell you I that Virgin love and honour,
Although my prayers doe not wait upon her,
Nor doe I hold her Reliques of ſuch price,
To raiſe ſoules to the heavenly Paradiſe.
You her ſuppos'd apparell doe adore,
Haire-lace and Slippers (which ſhe never wore)
Her Combe, her Girdle and her Gowne of ſilke,
Her apron and the pot that held her milke,
Her cloake, her Hankerchiefe, her Hood, her Haire,
To theſe you mumble many a Latin prayer,
And therefore I defie you, and in ſadnes,
I hold ſuch holines a kind of madnes;
And ſo, ſir *Iohn*, we two will make an end,
And each of us about his Buſines wend.
Yet e're we part I would fall to againe,
And of the Latin ſpeake a word or twaine,
There was but one tongue at the Birth of *Abel*,
And many at the building up of *Babel*,

A wicked work, which God would have confounded,
But when Chriſt came, all tongues again reſounded,
To build his Church, by his Apoſtles teaching;
Which was in praying ſure as well as preaching;
For prayer is the full and true perfection
Of holy ſervice (ſaving your correction)
Then if our Lord to mine owne tongue be readie,
What need I then with Latin move our Ladie,
Or if to both my prayers muſt be in,
I pray ſir tell wth which ſhould I begin,
And to pray jointly to them both as one,
Your Latin prayers then are quickly gone¿
For *Pater noſter* never will accord
With her, nor *Ave Mary* with our Lord.
If I have him, what need I ſeek another,
Or will he nothing doe without his Mother,
And this (ſir Prieſt) was much in Queſtion,
Diſputed long, with deep diſgeſtion,
Whether the *Ave Mary* ſhould be ſaid
To God, or to our Lady when they pray'd,
With which Saint *Andrewes* Univerſity,
Was puzled with a ſtrange diverſity,
And ſate ſo long they cooled all their Kale,
At laſt the Maſter Cooke heard of the tale,
And like a mad man ran among the Clergy,
Crying with many a *Domine me aſperge*,
To give the *Pater noſter* to the Father,
And *Avies* to our Lady altogether,
And every man may thinke (that wife or grave is)
She's more then ſatisfied with *Creeds* and *Aves*.
At which the Clergie (fearing more confuſion)
Were all contented with the Cookes concluſion.

Prieſt. Pedlar, this tale, is of thee coyned new;
Ped. Sir *Iohn* Ile leeſe my packe if't be not true:
Againe, all learned Monkes and Fryers have read,
How Chriſt himſelfe taught us of his owne head,
That every ſoule that is with ſinne oppreſt,
Should come to him, and he would give them reſt:
Come all to me (ſaid he) not to another,
Come all to me (ſaid he) not to my Mother.
And If I doe as our good Lord commanded,
I know our Lady will no wayes withſtand it.
And ſo if I ſhould ſay my prayers in Lattin,
Unto the Lord at Even-ſong or at Matin,
And never underſtand what I were ſaying,
Thinke you the Lord would take it for true praying,
No ſure, he will not, for I truly know,
My tongue and heart muſt both together goe,
And hereupon I'le tell you what befell,
To learned Clearkes, that Latin well could ſpell,
With whom by chance I lodged at an Inne,
Whereas an old wife on her wheele did ſpin,
And towards evening ſhe fell to and pray'd,
But neither they or I knew what ſhe ſaid,
One ſaid ſhe canted, others ſaid ſhe mumbled,
And ſtill ſtrange language from her lips ſhe fumbled,
Round run her wheele, and round her tongue did run,
She mumbled and ſhe ſlaver'd, and ſhe ſpun;
What think you now ſir *Iohn* of this old Huſſie,
Where was her heart when as ſhe was ſo buſie.
At laſt (ſaid one) Dame wot you what you ſay,
No, not (quoth ſhe) but well I wot I pray;
You pray (quoth he) and know not what I grant,
Alas how can you be ſo ignorant.

The

The woman, muſing little at the motion,
Said, ignorance is Mother of Devotion.
If Ignorance be mother then (ſaid he)
Sure darkneſſe muſt her onely daughter be;
Pray'd you, (quoth I) when al the time you ſpan,
What matters that, quoth she God's a good man,
And knowes what I ſpeak in the Latin tongue,
Either at Matins or at Even-ſong.
Alas, good ſir, was not this wife abus'd,
Whoſe ſoule and ſences all were ſo confus'd,
You know theſe unknown tongues can profit no man,
And one tongue is enough for any woman;
But when we pray in true ſinceritie,
As God commands in ſpirit and veritie,
The heart ſends up the tongue as Meſſenger
Unto the Lord, a pleaſant paſſenger.
Prieſt. But Pedlar, here's a prettie little Booke,
Wherein if thou wilt ſpare the time to looke,
Set forth by a good Catholicke Divine,
Which out of doubt will ſettle thy ingine
With it, thy conſcience will be better fram'd,
The Gag of the new Goſpel it is nam'd:
He clearely proves by *Zacharies* example,
When he did ſacrifice vvithin the Temple,
And all the people prayd and ſtood vvithout,
They knevv not then what tongue he ſpake no doubt;
Ergo the Maſse may be both ſaid and ſung,
In other language then our mother Tongue.
Ped. Sir *Iohn* I ſee your holy Catholicke,
Upon the Text hath put a pretty tricke,
Did *Zachary* ſpeake in a Latin ſtile,
When all the people ſtaid without the while,

He

He was a Jew ſure, and knew Hebrew well,
And ſpake no Latin for ought you can tell;
For if the people heard not what he ſaid,
Could they or you know in what tongue he pray'd
Since underſtanding commeth by the eare,
He cannot underſtand that doth not heare.
Prove it that *Zachary* ſpake Latin, then
I'le ſay all Monkes and Fryers are honeſt men.
Becauſe a learned Prieſt may pray in Latin,
And mumble o're his Even-ſong, Maſſe, and Matin,
Ergo a Pedlar to the Lord may pray,
And know no ſillable that he doth ſay,
So when you put me to your *Pater noſter*,
I aske an Egge when I would have an Oiſter.
And ſeeing thus our Faiths doe diſagree,
That neither I with you, nor you with mee
Can be united, with one minde and heart,
I thinke it beſt we take our leaves and part.
I'le pray that God, in Grace and mercy, would
Bring all his ſtraying Flock into his Fold.

F I N I S.

1641.

A Tale in a Tub.

[HAZLITT, No. 78.]

A TALE

In a

TUB

OR,

A TUB

LECTURE

As it was delivered by *My-heele Mendſoale*, an Inſpired Browniſt, and a moſt upright Tranſlator.

In a meeting houſe neere *Bedlam*, the one and twentieth of *Decembler*, Laſt, 1641.

VVritten by J.T.

London, Printed 1641.

A TVB Lecture,

BEloved Siſters, and my well infected *Brethren*, attend this Text, as you ſhall find it written in the firſt Chapter of *Bell* and the *Dragon*, the third Verſe, as it followeth.

Now the Babylonians had an Idoll they called Bell, and there were ſpent upon him every day, 12 *great meaſures of fine flower, and* 40 *ſheepe, and ſix veſsels of wine.*

I will firſt of all make a Diviſion in the former part of my Text, I will leave the latter to the Laſt, and expound that as I ſhall *VVax* to an *End.*

Now the Babilonians had an Idoll they called Bell.

This ſentence I ſhall divide into 4 parts, becauſe your underſtandings my Beloved Brethren, conſiſteth chiefly in the Knowledge of Diviſions, the particles are theſe.

1. The Time. 2. The Nation. 3. The Crime. 4. The Denomination.

The Time, *Now.* The Nation, *The Babylonians.* The Crime, *had an Idoll.* The Denomination, *called Bell,*

Now the Babylonians had an Idoll called Bell.

Firſt I will begin with the time, you muſt not conceive that it was 1. 10. 100. 1000 yeares agoe, but *Now*, at this preſent, *Now the Babylonians, &c.* Beloved there is much evill and abomination to be picked out of theſe three letters *Now*, according to the explication of a deare deceaſed Brother of ours which you cald *Anthony Now, Now*, and cald he was from us too ſoone, yet the worſt the wicked can ſay of him is, that hee dyed a dutifull death, and hee did but *Come when he was called,*

but leaving our Brother as he hath left us, I will proceed with this word *Now*, *Now the Babyloniæns*. *Now* doth plainely and ſignificantly expound it ſelf in theſe words, at this time, this preſent, this inſtant, and never were people more ſtrangely miſled by falſ teaching and preaching then *Now*: you ſhall heare how many ſentences or queſtions this word *Now* will anſwer me: When were golden Croſſes, Images & pictures ſuffered to ſtand in defiance of the *Brethren*, nay even in the open ſtreetes? my Text doth anſwer *Now*: When were lying, ſcurrilous pamphlets, which abuſe the Brethren in proſe and Verſe, by the Name of *Rownd-heads*, more in Faſhion then *Now*. There was one who writ a Booke, intituled, *A Medicine for the times*, where aſſuredly he doth vindicate that pillar of Golden ſuperſtition, *Cheap ſide Croſſe*, calling us thieves, who bare away the lead, becauſe thoſe limbes ſhould not be agen ſet up by Idolatrous people, & when was this booke generally ſold to draw the hearts of the people from us, but according as it is in my text, *Now:* but were he in our Conventicle that writ it, and he that printed it, I thinke it were convenient that all of us with one a-cord ſhold endeavour to hang them to death, and were they here, no fitter time then *Now*: but ſithence they are not preſent, we will defer their execution till wee can confidently ſay we have them *Now*: but becauſe I will not treſpaſſe upon your patience much longer then my limited time, 6 houres, I will *Now* conclude this part of my Text, and proceed to the next, which is the *Nation*.

This Nation were *Babylonians*, for ſo my Text telleth me,

Now the Babylonians.

Beloved, theſe Babylonians are a Nation that inhabited

ted Babylon, and derive their names from *Nimrods* Tower, *Babel*, a Tower, which according to my Authors deſcription, was 4 hundred thouſand times higher then the Tower of *London*, bearing twice as many hundred thouſand piece of Ordnance, for it was the intention of that proud *Nimrod*, to ſhoot downe heaven: amongſt this Nation lived that grand enemy to our ſect, *The Whore of Babylon*, a moſt fathomleſſe Harlot, and corrupted every man that had any Part in Babel (the more fooles they) this *Nimrod* was the firſt that ever taught Idolatry, for (as I have bin told) you know I cannot read my ſelfe, before ever the Art of carving or painting was, hee taught the people to adore the fire, which expreſſed his hot zeale in Idolatry, it was onely their ignorance in arts, that kept them from ſetting up ſuch a Croſſe, as is in *Cheap-ſide*: not long after *Nimrod* ſucceeded King *Aſtiages:* after his deceaſe, *Cyrus* of *Perſia* received his Kingdome, as you ſhall read in the firſt Verſe of this Chapter, and according to my Text is living at this preſent, for,

Now the Babylonians had an Idoll, called Bell,

And thus much ſhall ſuffice to have bin ſpoken for the ſecond part of my Text, which is the Nation, *Babilonians*, now the *Babilonians*, I will now proceed unto the third, which is their crime, their Idolatry, their Image worſhip the Divell by this time had inſtructed them in the Art of making Idols, for ſo my Text ſaith,

Now the Babylonians had an Idoll.

This Idol was made of Braſſe without and clay within, a brazen face, and an earthen heart, fil'd with corrup-

tion and fraught with abhomination. This word Idoll properly derives it ſelfe from Idle, which in ſignification, my attentive Brethren, is ſloth, lazineſſe, they wold imploy their times in nothing but making Images. Ile warrant you in thoſe dayes a Journeyman Image-Maker might get his halfe crowne a day, doe you but cenſure then, my deare Aſſembly, how they flouriſhed in their wickedneſſe, but, ſince they had nothing elſe to doe but to ſet up Idols, it ſhall become us to make it the buſines of our whole lives to pull them downe: but take this caution with you, when you next attempt the holy deſtruction of that neſt of Idols, *Cheap-ſide Croſſe*, be not too violent, leaſt you ſuffer as our Brother did, yet had hee paſt the Pikes, he had bin living to this day. This Idoll in my Text, was Braſſe without, and earth within, a cheape Idoll to thoſe in *Cheap-ſide*, for they are Gold without, and lead within. Beloved, Lead was not made to forme Idols with, but for the good of mankind, which is to make Bullets, and Tyle Houſes; your onely way to confound this aforeſaid *Cheap-ſide* Croſſe, is to pull downe to the ground, that old Idoll *Charin*, and beat downe this with the ſtones, that wee may have no more cauſe to ſay,

Now the Babylonians *had an Idoll called* Bell.

I am now come to the Denomination of this Idoll, they cald him *Bell*, for ſo ſaith the Text,

Now *the* Babilonians *had an* Idol.

This notorious Babe of Idolatry, who hath to name, *Bell*, hath his name derived from that generall enemy to mankind *Belze-bub*, one whom we all know to bee the Devill,

Devill; this *Bell* was made of braſſe, & that is the only reaſon (my beloved) that our *Bels* be hel'd ſo much in contempt amongſt the Brethren. This *Bell* according to the text had ſpent upon him every day 12 great Meaſures of fine Flower, 40 Sheepe, and 6 Veſſels of Wine: now who devoured this Flower? Bell, who conſumed the 40 Sheepe, but Bell? who dranke the wine, ſo that there was a generall exaction laid upon each Pint and Quart, but Bell, or A-bell.

I have obſerved that there was never any good in that word where *Bell* had a ſhare in't what was *Adam Bell*, but a hunter, ſo was Nimrod, who built that ambitious Tower *Babel*; I have heard with mine owne eares, thoſe blads which call themſelvs *Cavaleroes* call a Croſſe Bard ſword *Troy Bel.* what is a *Bel*-man but a night walker (as I apprehend him) nay doe not your ſuperſtitious papiſts curſe the Bretheren with *Bell Booke and Candell*; was not that *Cardinall* an arch Heretick who had to name *Bell Armine*; doe not thoſe perſecuting papiſts in *Ireland Re-Bel*, yes double and *Tre-Bel*; and I hope there will be ſuch an Equall uniformity amongſt us who are the ſelect *Brethren* that no particular man may be ſayd to bare the *Bel:* nor ſhall any man hereafter be counted a man the founder for being *Bel-Metle*, for *Bel* was *Braſſe* without and Clay wlthin.

N*ow the* B*abilonians had an Idol called* B*ell*,

and there was ſpent upon him every day 12 meaſures of fine flower, and 40 ſheepe and 6 Veſſels of wine, beloved had I been to ſerve *Bell* with this banquet I would have made *Bels eares ring noone* ere he ſhould have had it; now who doe you conceive ſhould worſhip this *Bell?* noe worſe man then *Cyrus* the King, as you ſhall find it in the fourth verſe;

And

And Syrus *worſhipped it and went daily to adore it.*

And it is thought (by ſome Authors) that this *Syrus* firſt made this *Bel*, if hee did, hee was but a *Bel*-founder; or at leaſt the firſt that ever was a *Bel*-founder. I ſhall love a *Bel*-founder the worſe for it all dayes of my life; I could proceed further and would but for feare of the law, who if I ſhould be too zealous, would cenſure this Lecture to be a *Libell*, therefore, this ſhall ſuffice at this time, next meeting ſhall perfect the worke begun : repaire to your houſes and conſider of theſe ſayings, Farewell.

FINIS.

1642.

A full and compleat Anſwer.

[HAZLITT, No. 79.]

A full and compleat Anſwer

againſt the Writer of a late Volume ſet forth, entituled *A Tale in a Tub*, or *A Tub Lecture*: with a Vindication of that ridiculous name called ROUND-HEADS.

Together with ſome excellent verſes on the defacing of *Cheap-ſide Croſſe*.

Alſo proving that it is far better to preach in a Boat than in a Tub.

By THORNY AILO, Annagram.



LONDON,
Printed for *F. Cowles*, *T. Bates*, and *T. Banks*. 1642.

Firſt, The Complaint of the abuſed moſt ridiculous *Round-heads.*

COme, brethren, let's deplore our wofull ſtate,
Since all we have done is almoſt undone:
Our paines and charges both betimes and late
Is like the battry of an *Elder Gun;*
We back againe unto our trade muſt fall,
Nor ſhall we be allow'd to preach at all.

And we from *Sylla* to *Charybdis* caſt,
And from *Charybdis* back to *Sylla* hurld,
From wrong to injurie, from griefe that's paſt
To woe that's preſent, we rub through the world,
'Twixt Hawke and Buzzard, we ſeeme Planet-ſtruck,
'Midſt Chance and Fate, bad Fortune and ill Luck.

'Tis manifeſt that we have done our beſt,
To bring all wit and learning in diſgrace;
The Church and Church-men we do ſtill moleſt,
In hope we each might have a Preachers place:
Our zeale hath ſtill the Houſe of Prayer deni'd,
And many a Barne and Stable ſanctifi'd.

What have we not done? we have rav'd and rail'd,
Vnrail'd, revil'd, exclaim'd, and made a noyſe,
Brake windowes downe, left nothing unaſſail'd,
And wanting men *(*to clamour*)* borrowed boyes*:*
We have moſt ſtoutly play'd the beaſts like men,
In hope to be all benefic'd, (But when?)

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, that they which *China* diſhes make,
Doe burie them in the earth an hundred yeares:
Their Makers being dead, their Heires doe take
Thoſe diſhes from the earth, and all our feares
Is, that doe what we can with works and wiſhes,
Our labours will be like to *China* diſhes.

For now againe the wicked 'gin to riſe,
And call us *Round-heads*, and ſuch ſcurvie names,
And do our pure profeſſion ſcandalize
With Libels, Pamphlets, and moſt true exclaimes:
So that we gape like pining *Tantalus*,
For all we have done is worth ſcant a Lowſe.

But why do I thus tell our griefes in Meetre, Proſe is meeter for our capacities by halfe, hang Poets and Poetry, wee could never endure them, no verſe is more ſweet than a mans neck-verſe (if it be ſaid in ſeaſon) and as for Rhime, it is as much diſtaſtefull to us as Reaſon. Yet I would needs know by what Reaſon wee have the name of *Round-heads* put upon us; me thinks our heads are no rounder than our fore-fathers: Some ſay they call us ſo, becauſe our tongues do trowle more roundly than our Anceſtours did, and that they did uſe honeſt *Square dealing*, and we only profeſſe and practiſe Round Talking or ſpeaking. Others ſay, that we are ſo termed, becauſe wee doe cut our haire ſhorter than our eares; and the reaſon is, becauſe long haire hinders the ſound of the Word from entring into the heart: and (truly) it is no ſhame for a man to weare his owne eares. Yet in the 19 Chapter of *Leviticus*, and the 27 verſe, wee are forbid to *cut round the corners of our heads, or to mar the tufts of our beards*; but thoſe words were ſpoken to the Iewes by *Moſes*, and all the world knowes that we are Gentiles, we have nothing to doe with Iewes or ceremonies, I can eat Pork and Pig (which was forbidden to the Iewes) and I love a good Sow or a Bore next my wife and my ſelfe.

Others there be that ſay we are called *Round-heads*, in regard that by our heads wee are more like Globes than thoſe

that weare their haire long, and man being a little world, is by the roundneſſe of the head a figure or embleme of the greater.

Morgan Llewellin (that grave Greek Author) ſaith in the ninth Chapter of his *Litigious Aphoriſmes*, That *Bias* the Philoſopher was borne in an Haven Towne of *Ionia*, called *Priene:* This *Bias* had a Round Running head, and hee deviſed (from the mold of his head) the firſt Round Bowles, in memorie whereof they are called *Bias* Bowles to this day; but the world is too full of rubs now, and moſt heads run like Bowles, contrary to the *Bias*, that an honeſt man can hardly win a good game all his life time.

There are ſome that report, that wee are called *Roundheads*, and *Ovall-heads*, by reaſon of the ſimilitude of an egg, I muſed why that compariſon was, but at laſt I perceived, that the alluſion was not to the Ovall forme of the Egg, but to the addleneſſe of the braines in the head, which I hold to be very ſignificant.

There was a fellow lately did ſet forth a Pamphlet, entituled *A Tale in a Tub*, or *A Tub Lecture*; The ſpeaker of it hee ſaith was one *My heele mend ſole*, an inſpired Browniſt, and a moſt upright Tranſlator: The houſe (where it is ſaid to be ſpoken) was neere *Bedlam*; the time when, the 21 of December laſt, and the writers name of it, is only under the two thred-bare letters of *I. T.*

I could almoſt perſwade my ſelfe, that thoſe letters of I. T. ſhould ſtand for *Iohn Taylor* the Aquaticall Poet, and yet mee thinks he ſhould have preferred a Boate before a tub to make a pulpit of, for a Boate is more primitive to preach out of, then a Tub or a Kinderkin. A fiſhers boate once ſerved the beſt Preacher that ever was, for a Canonicall Pulpit; but let that buſineſſe alone, and returne to the Tub. It is not impoſſible, but a Cobler may draw or vent a Firkin of ſmal wit out of a Hogs-head, and (verily) me thinks it was a rare buſineſſe, that the Hogs-head did not leake when the man ran over amaine; But it is the property and policy of a Lèarned man to barrell up more then he can broach. There was ſuch Vertue once in a Tub, that a grave and wiſe Philoſopher made choiſe

choiſe of one for his ſtudy, which Tub hee valued ſo highly, that he would not change it for the Palace of *Alexander* the Great, (or *Alexander* of St. *Magnus*) and that may bee the reaſon that our brother (the Cobler) made choyſe of a Tub, (he that is offended at it, I wiſh him in *Cornelius* his Tub, and that is a pocky Tub, as a French Gentleman told me the other day) but to returne to our purpoſe, I have read of a people inhabiting ſomewhere beyond the unknowne Southerne World (or *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*) theſe people do once a year offer their old ſhooes and boots to their Heathen Gods, O what a mighty trade might a preaching Cobler drive there being able alone of himſelfe, to prepare and offer the Sacrifice, and ſo preach the oblation Sermon too, I know a worthy member fit to be an Asſiſtant to him, one that is originally a Heele-maker, but now he is an inſpired expounder, there are ſo many of us now a dayes in *England*, that ſome may bee well ſpared into other Countryes.

In the hiſtory of *Spayne* in the City of *Salamanca*, there dwelt a moſt Heroicall and Magnificent Cobler named *Signior Lazarillo Bobadilla de Tormes*, this brave Sparke (at his death) and on his deathbed called his eldeſt ſonne to him, and after he had given his laſt bleſſing, he gave him this counſell. My ſon (quoth he) I muſt leave thee, thou knoweſt that my father (and thy Grandfather) was a famous Cordwainer in Civill, thy mother a Millers daughter of Tolledo, they and I here live in fame and reputation, and I dye a man renowned for my Art. And therefore I charge thee (on my bleſſing) that thou do thy beſt endeavour to retaine the dignity of the Majeſty of ſo great a family. Truly, a man of ſuch mighty ſpirit was too good to be a Spanyard, a Papiſt or a Cobler, had he been inſpired as ſome of our Brethren are, he would have proved that *Simon* called *Simon Magus* was at Rome once, (welfare all good tokens he brake his neck there) but as concerning *Simon Peter*, many wiſe men will never beleeve that he was there, though the Papiſts ſay to the contrary and with Tooth and Nayle defend their furious aſſeverations. Alſo he would have proved Pope *Ione* to have been both literally and myſtically the Arrant whore of Babylon.

It is devoutly acknowledged that we have had many worthy and zealous Brethren that have ſtifly ſtood for the cauſe, (as the Sifters can teſtifie if they pleaſe) as namely the reverend Mr. *How* the Cobler, The moſt induſtrious Mr. *Walker* the Ironmonger, the zealous Mr. *Greene* the Felt-maker, the painefull Mr. *Spencer* the Stablegroome, the pavior of *Monmouth*, the Sowgelder of *Wallingford*, the Barber and Baker of Abingdon, and many hundreds more of true religious Millers, Weavers, I had almoſt forgot Taylors, but that one Mr. *Squire*, a Gentleman of that function at Roderhith being a double yarded man, becauſe he hath two, but neither of them London meaſure, he is a mighty paines taker for us all in the true way of rayling downe Learning, wit, order and decency, what though he faile now and then in ſtretching ſilver lace on a petticoate, that he can frugally ſave out of 4. yards compaſſe one yard; I ſay a Taylor may ſtretch lace and conſcience, and his bill too, but all is one for that, he is a true zelot & ſo forth, but though theſe have the honour to be named in our catalogue of remembrance, yet one of our chiefe props and pillers, is ingratefully forgotten, he being a man of ſuch a vaſt merit, that it is a ſhame hee ſhould be buried alive (in his fame I meane) the firſt letter of his name is a Brewers Clarke, he is a man that hath more in him then all the world is worthy to ſee or know, he hath ſome pith or weight in him & had he but couragiouſly attempted the downfall of the Babell Croſſe in Cheapeſide, if he had been but valiantly ſeconded hee would have laid it levell with the pavement, for he feares not the Hangman, and is able to keepe a *Quarter* as big as halfe a yeare with any *man*.

But I am afraid that our cake is but dough bak'd, (though our zeale was warme enough to heate the Oven as hot as a furnace) for we are croſt, and the Croſſe ſtands to baffle and brave us, and further an unhappy pated fellow did lately write theſe following Verſes, in the behalfe of the Croſſe, & diſgrace of us.

Verſes

Verſes upon the defacing of Cheapeſide Croſſe, with the Pictures of Chriſt and Saint *Peter*.

HOw? ſteale the leade from Cheapeſide-croſſe (O baſe)
I'le take my oath on't 'tis a heavy caſe:
Some ſay the Devill did it, and I graunt
The Devill is a mighty Puritant.
He never could endure the Croſſe, becauſe,
Man (on the Croſſe) was ranſomd from his claws;
But whoſoe're 'twas, Browniſt, Punk or Pimp:
If not the Devill, 'twas the Devils Impe,
What e're he may pretend, he is a Groſſe
Dam'd Iew, that tortures Chriſt upon the Croſſe.
I wonder why the watchmen did not ſcare Vm,
Sure 'twas ſome ſleeping watch that lackt a larum
And ſo St. *Peter* (whom our Saviour choſe)
One of his twelve Apoſtles, had his Noſe,
And both his Armes knockt of, where was the (Cock
That did not wake S. *Peter* at that knock?
Chriſt made him an Apoſtle, now who can
Without his Arms make him a Gentleman?
Some Crop-eare did it in revenge I feare,
Becauſe St. *Peter* cut off *Malchus* eare.
What did the babe, what did our Lady do?
Poore Innocents alas, they ſuffered too.
This ſhews the Devils brood, like th'Iriſh wild,
Will ſpare no man or woman, maid or child:
Now my opinion of the croſſe is this,
It is amiſſe to ſuch as make't amiſſe.
To ſuch as reverence it, or adore it,
Or ſay their prayers to it, or before it.
Such do pervert it from its proper uſe,
And turn an Ornament to an abuſe.
Turks, Infidels, Moores, Pagans, Heathen, Iewes,
They know not Chriſt, therefore no Croſſes uſe.

And

And no true Chriſtian juſtly can repine,
To let a Croſſe ſtand as a Chriſtian ſigne.
Knaves may deface it, fooles may worſhip it,
All which may be for want of grace or wit,
To thoſe that wrongd the Croſſe this is my curſe,
They never may have croſſes in their purſe.

And thus Brethren you may perceive and ſee, how theſe Iigmaking jeering Poets, doe with their peſtiferous Rimes (or Verſes) ſupport and prop up that Golden-Leaden neſt of Idols and Images, but for a concluſion, if I cannot have it overthrowne, demoliſhed, caſt downe, raced, confounded, overturned, defaced, delapidated, diſtroyed, laid waſte, ruinated, ſubverted, or call it what you will, (ſo it bee taken away) and the lead melted into bullets to kill Iriſh Rebels; I ſay if I cannot have it ſo, I will wiſh it ſo, and there is an end before Finis.

FINIS.

1642.

A Plea for Prerogative.

[HAZLITT, No. 72.]

A Plea for

PREROGATIVE:

OR,

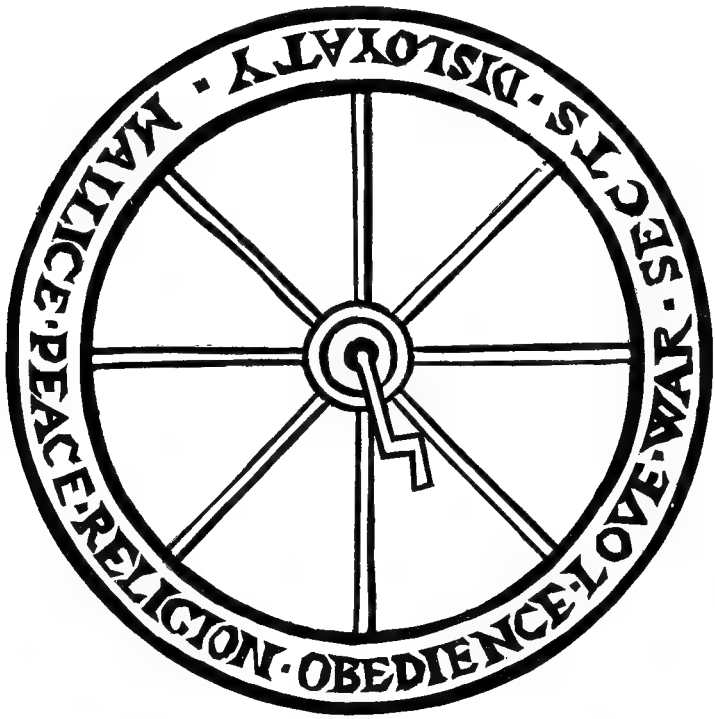
Give *Cæſar* his due.

Being the Wheele of Fortune turn'd round : *Or*,
The World turned topſie-turvie.

Wherein is deſcribed the true Subjects loyalty to maintain his Majeſties Prerogative and priviledges of Parliament.

By *Thorny Aylo :* alias, *John Tayler.*

Malice, Diſloyalty, War and Sects aſpire,
Religion, Peace, Obedience are ith mire.



Religion, Peace, Obedience, Love, no doubt,
Though they be loe, the Wheele will turne about.

London, printed for T. Bankes. 1642.

A Plea for PREROGATIVE:

OR,

Give *Cæſar* his due.

THE *Divel*'s horne-mad, Religion here ſhould floriſh,
Or *England* conſtantly the Truth ſhould nouriſh:
And He (contriving with the *Romiſh* Sect)
They ſoon a helliſh ſtratagem project,
That with a ſtrange blaſt of a *Powder-blow*,
Into the Ayre the *Parliament* to throw,
And with a whirle-winde terrour to appall
Gods Word profeſt, the Court, the State and all
Records, Lawes, Statutes, Grants, Decrees and Charters,
Men, women, children (piece-meale torne in quarters;)
Magnifique Buildings, pompous Monuments;
Illuſtrious guildings, ſumptuous ornaments;
King, Prince, Peeres, Commons, with one puffe ſhould caper,
And (in a moment) turn'd to ayre and vapour.
The Divell and *Rome* are all ſtarke mad at this,
That they, their great deſired aime ſhould miſſe,
Devis'd more miſchiefes from th'infernall pit,
To make us this deliverance to forget,
And be ingratefull to that power above,
Who this great danger from us did remove;
For *Sathan* knowes, that baſe ingratitude
Doth all, and every damned vice include;
And therefore 'tis the totall of tranſgreſſions
To be unthankfull for *Gods* gracious bleſſings:

There's nothing elſe drawes down th'Almighties hate,
It hath diſmembred wretched *Englands* ſtate;
Pride, avarice, luſt, hath broke our happy peace,
And daily do our ſins, and ſhames increaſe.
He's a wiſe man (that without danger) can
Serve *God* his *King*, and be an honeſt man;
For (in theſe dayes) to ſpeak truth and do right,
Is paid with ſcandall, danger and deſpight.
Thus vice is entred, vertue is thruſt out,
And *Fortunes* Wheele is madly turn'd about;
Peace, *Love*, *Religion* and *Obedience*
Are *vertues* of exceeding excellence;
Yet as the *Picture* in the *Wheele* doth ſhow,
They are turn'd downwards in the ſpokes below,
Whilſt *Malice*, *War*, *Sects* and *Diſloyalty*
Are in the upper *ſpokes*, exalted high,
And true *Obedience* neuer did refuſe,
To give to *God* and *Cæſar* both their dues;
Though ſhe be humble, free from arrogance,
Yet her humility doth her advance:
And though ſhe be trod downe, I make no doubt
But *Fortunes* Wheel will ſhortly turn about:
Diſloyalty doth proudly over-top her,
And makes a gliſtring guilded ſhew of copper,
Full of corruption, baſeneſſe and deceit,
Deluding and moſt feigned counterfeit.
Some do complain of *Fortune* and blinde chance,
And do their hands and eyes t'wards heaven advance;
And cry, O *God* (which madſt the glorious *Sun*,)
What hath poore *England* 'gainſt Religion done,
That all her goodneſſe topſie turvie lyes
Derided, jeer'd at, wrong'd by contraries?

Religion

Religion was the ſacred bond and tye,
The rule and ſquare how men ſhould live and dye;
The ground and ſole foundation of the Law;
The good mans ſword and ſhield, the bad mans awe;
Twas one entire in Majeſty high ſtated,
Now broken, fractur'd, rent and diſlocated;
Divided into Sects, in pieces ſhatter'd;
And (like a Beggers cloake) all patch'd and totterd.
And what hath *England* done to worke all this?
Nothing at all, but doing all amiſſe;
Eſteeming earths corrupted fading droſſe,
And ſlighting heaven, and true Religions loſſe.
Theſe are the cauſes, theſe for vengeance cals;
This makes high climers to have loeſt fals,
When men ſeeke Honour with ambicious guile,
My little wit doth at their follies ſmile;
That though they ſeeme moſt glorious, great and ſtout,
Yet *Fortunes Wheele will quickly turne about.*
The potent Pope and Conclave of that Sect,
Did (and do) daily ſtratagems project.
The *mungrill* Papiſt, the *Arminian*,
The conſubſtanciall miſled *Lutheran*;
The *Anabaptiſts*, *Browniſts*, *Arians*,
Sciſmaticall Diſciplinarians.
Theſe, and more Sects of Seperatiſts beſide,
Do from Religion to opinion ſlide;
And as they from each other diſagree,
In various faſhions God is ſerv'd we ſee.
Th'eternall Word's high Majeſty is ſuch
(That man can never honour it too much,)
Is turnd unto the loweſt ſpoke o'th Wheele,
And too too few the overthrow doth feele.

The King, who is the Lords anointed knowne,
Whoſe Crownes and Kingdomes (under God's) his owne;
I will not ſay't t'oppreſſe, but true and juſt
To guide all under his great charge and truſt;
Though he (next *Chriſt*) imediate power hath;
And his reſiſters merit heav'ns hot wrath:
Yet this is not remembred, very few
Will render *Cæſar* what is *Cæſars* due;
Which is obedience, loyalty and love
(Becauſe his power is from the power above;)
But Church and State, are by the rabble rout
Abus'd; thus *Fortunes* wheele is turn'd about.
Religion (*true*) that ought to be the tye
From God to man, that man ſhould rule thereby,
Is made a *ſtable*, a very ſtaulking-horſe,
Wherein each beaſt doth run a beaſtly courſe.
Religion now each ignoramus whirles
Into the fancies of fooles, boyes and girles,
Who dare talke of Miſterious *Canticicles*
(Better then *Biſhops* can) in their *Conventickles.*
They can finde out *Daniels* prophetique meaning,
And from the Bible they have ſo much gleaning,
That they dare venture with their quirks and quips
To expound Saint *John* and his *Apocalips.*
Thus they thinke we, and we thinke they are out,
But Fortunes wheele I hope will turne about.
Sects up are mounted, and their impudence
And ignorance hath drove Religion hence;
As once the Papiſts, in Queene *Maries* raigne,
The Proteſtant profeſſion did diſdaine;
When ſwords and halters, and tormenting flames,
Exiles, impriſonments, and all th'extreames

That

That *hell* or *Roman* miſchiefe could deviſe,
The Goſpell to ſuppreſſe by tyrannize;
And now the Almighty hath this Kingdome grac'd,
That Popiſh ſuperſtition is defac'd:
A crew of new Sects are ſprung up of late,
As bad as Papiſts were to Church and State;
Whoſe barren knowledge ſeemes all things to know,
Who would all rule, and learning overthrow;
Whoſe wiſdomes ſtill are in the wane, moſt dull;
Whoſe ignorance is alwayes at the full;
Whoſe good workes are inviſible, ſo good
Not to be ſeene, felt, heard, or underſtood:
Of theſe mad Sects, ther's too too many a wigeon,
That doth deſpiſe the Proteſtant Religion;
And worſe then Papiſts they deride and flout,
But *Fortunes wheele*, I gueſſe, will turne about.
Peace (the ſame day that Chriſt roſe from the grave)
Was the firſt gift He his Diſciples gave;
And that his *Peace* ſhould ſtill with them remain } *Ioh.* 20. 19
He (eight dayes after, gave them *Peace* again; } 26.
That *Peace which paſſeth underſtanding all*, *Phil.* 4. 7.
Is racketed and bandied like a ball:
Warre, ſtrife, contention, miſchiefe and *debate*
Oppoſeth *Peace*, and ſeekes to ruinate
Faire *England*, by the meanes of men accurſt,
Who wrong her moſt whom ſhe hath bred and nurſt.
And now againſt her Peace th'have madly fought,
But Fortunes wheele I know will turn about.
Love is the Livery, cognizance, and Creſt
Chriſt gives his ſervants, who are ever bleſt; *Joh.* 13. 35
Th'immortall God, left glorious heaven above,
And was made mortall (O tranſcendent *Love!*)

Nay

Nay more, *he* for *his* enemies did dye,
And riſe, that they might live eternally.
He cald them brethren (ſo their *loves* to win) *Heb.* 2. 12.
And made himſelfe like them, in all but ſin.
He cals each true beleeving ſoule his brother;
And lov'd us ſo, cauſe we ſhould *love* each other:
But all this love which he beſtow'd ſo free,
Is back repaid with *Malice*, as we ſee:
The Wheele doth ſhew us how the caſe doth ſtand,
Malice and hatred hath the upper hand;
Our words and works do ſhew we *love* him not;
Our *love* to one another is forgot;
We ſay and do the moſt part to this end
(He that ſo lov'd us) how we may offend;
And ſtead of loving one another, as
Our bleſſed Saviours laſt Commandment was,
With *malice* we would cut each others throats;
Which ſhewes we do not wear Chriſts livery coats:
And as Himſelfe hath long agoe foretold,
Th' increaſe of ſin makes many mens love *cold.*
Thus man his *malice* againſt man doth ſpout,
God grant the *Wheele* may quickly turne about.
Nor ſhall my *Muſe* in this taske further run;
I wiſh the *King* and *Parliament* had done;
That as his Majeſty is knowne to be
Gods chiefe vicegerent in his ſoveraignty;
So He with them may All as one combine
To ſettle things, both Humaine and Divine;
That we may be held free from all offence,
And gaine him hither, and not drive him hence
With Libels, tumults, and a wretched rout,
For which I'le hope the Wheele will turn about.

F ſ N ſ S.

1642.

Life of Henry Walker.

[HAZLITT, No. 75.]

THE

VVhole Life and Progreſſe of

Henry Walker the Ironmonger.

Firſt, *The manner of his Converſation.*

Secondly, *The ſeverall offences, and ſcandalous Pamphelets the ſaid* Walker *hath writ, and for which he is now a Priſoner in New-Gate.*

Thirdly, *The forme of the Inditement which is laid againſt him, by the Kings Sergeants at Law, and his learned Counſell.*

Fourthly, *His Conviction by the Iury.*

Fiftly, *His Recantation, and ſorrow for the publicke wrong he hath done his Majeſty and the whole Kingdome.*

Here are alſo many remarkable paſſages concerning the offence, and apprehending the ſaid *Henry Walker*, with a true Relation of his ſeverall eſcapes and reſcues from the hands of Juſtice; &c.

Collected and Written by Iohn Taylor.

Printed at *London* 1642.

Walkers Recantation, together with his Life and Converſation.

IT is too much apparant to this whole Land or Kingdome (which our Gracious Soveraigne is the Lords, Annoynted over) what, and how many, and numberleſſe Pamphlets, ſeditious and ſcandalous Libells, impudent over-bold, impertinent and ſawcy Petitions, to the great diſcontent of his Majesty, the abuſe of the High Court of Parliament, and diſorder or cauſe of the (too much confuſion throughout all his Majeſties Dominions have bin diſperſt.

The chiefe or maine ſtickler in this cauſe hath bin this *Henry Walker*, of whom I entend to treate in theſe enſuing lines; and firſt to begin with his beginning (as far as I know) The truth is, he was an Apprentice to one Mr. *Holland*, an Ironmonger in Newgate Market; his time being expired (I know not how or when) he did ſet up that Trade in divers places of this City of London; but his Trade and hee fell at odds one with the other, ſo that there was a breach betwixt them, & being there was no reconciliation they parted, & never mean to come together againe: Then he having left ſelling Grydirons and Gads, with a gadding braine walk'd and found out a ſofter occupation, and ſetting up a Booke-ſellers Shop, fell to Booke-ſelling; Hee not having any word of God in his ſaid Shop above the bulke or ſize of a Horne-booke. In theſe troubleſome times Mr. *Walker* ſet his wits a worke to compoſe ſuch things as he ſuppoſed would vent or be ſaleable, amongſt ſuch people as underſtood them not, loved contention, or were willing to beleeve any thing that tended to rend or ſhake the piece of either Church or State, and ſuch (and no other but ſuch) were all the Pamphlets, which he (the ſaid *Walker* compoſed, cauſed to be printed and ſold, of which kinds of ſtuffe it is ſuppoſed that he hath written neere 300. ſeverall ones, of which number many of them have bin printed 1500. or a 200. at an Impreſſion. and 100. (at the leaſt) of any one of them, beſides ſome of them have bin printed twice or thrice over, ſo that there hath not bin fewer then between 4. or 500000. of ſuch Pamphlets of his diſperſed, by which

which means or doings, ſome hundred of thred-bare ſcriblers fell to Trade of ſcandalous Writing, and Newes making, and would bee called Poets, ſome halfe a yeare (or there abouts) Mr. *Walker* did ſet his name to his worthleſſe workes, till at laſt his name grew odious and contemptible, ſo that his phlimflams would not ſell, if people did perceive that they were of his doing. Then hee ſet out his Rarities, nameleſſe and ſhameleſſe, in greater numbers than formerly he had done, ſo that all this Kingdome or iſland of Great *Brittaine*, with the Principallity of *Wales* and Realme of *Ireland*, were embrodered over with Lyes, Libells and Lice; nay theſe ſcandalous fooleries (or knaveries) were of ſuch Attractive force and power, that they drew at leaſt 500. Vagrants and Vagabonds from all the Shires round about *London*, and they were all ſuddainely Metamorphiſ'd and Tranſform'd into wandring Booke ſellers; every one of them (like apt Schollers) had quickly learn'd the Art to Cry, *Will you buy a new Booke, new lye come forth.* This hath paſt without controlement to the abuſe of Church and State, the ſcandall of the whole Kingdome, the injury to this Honourable City; the rayſing of ſtrifes, diviſions, and bad opinions in many people of weake capacities and judgements; and to the mighty impeachment and detriment of the Worſhipfull Brother-hood of the Stationers, who are at great charges in paying all duties and Taxes, and that now (almoſt two yeares) the Bread hath bin eaten out of their mouthes by thoſe Vagrants, commonly called Mercuries and Hawkers.

Walker continuing ſtill in this courſe, curſed courſe, his ragged Regiment of Tatterdemallions daily vending and diſperſing his peſtilferous Pamphlets, at laſt, one night late he was by a Watch in *London* taken for a *Rat* and carried to the Counter; the next day he was brought before the Right Honourable Sir *Edmond Wright*, (then Lord Major) where (upon ſome occaſions) was one *Nathaniel Brown* a Stationer, whom *Walker* deſired to ſpeake a good word for him to the L. Major, to whom *Browne* anſwered that he would ſpeake.

And ſpeake he did to the purpoſe, for when my L. came to examine *Walker* what he was, and how he lived, he being not able to give a good account for himſelfe, then *Browne* began to certifie my Lord of *Walkers* good behaviour in manner and forme following.

My Lord (quoth he) I doe know this Walker *to be an arrant Raſcall, an Ironmonger by his Trade, which though it be a Worſhipfull Company, yet it cannot containe him, nor he it; but he is a baſe intruder, and a ſhifting ſhufler into the Trade of the Stationers or Booke-ſellers, wherein*

he unlawfully doth invent, write, print, and ſcatter all the abuſive lyes and bables (or the moſt part of them) that doe beſtrow the City and country, and I doe humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to take ſome courſe with him, in reſtraining him from doing any more. Upon theſe words the Lord Major would have bound Walker *to anſwer at the Seſſions, but he promiſing to deſiſt and returne to his old Trade againe, was diſmiſt, and ſo for that time got off. Yet for all the promiſes Mr.* Walker *walked on in his callumnious Art and mystery of Libelling, untill at laſt his old Maſter owing him a ſhame, paid him in his owne Coyne thus:*

He having gotten ſome notice from ſome of his Slavonian Hungarian *ſcowtes, that his Majeſty intended to come to* London, *to the Guild-Hall the next day, which his Majeſty did, and dined at Sir* George Garrets *Knight, and one of the Sheriffes and Alderman of the City, (near* Aldermary *Church)* Walkers *invention being mounted upon the Altitude of miſchiefe, he plotted and contrived with a Printer, the ſaid night before to write and print a perrillous Petition to his Majeſty, and borrowed the Printers wives Bible, out of which he tooke his Theame out of the firſt of* Kings, Chap. 12. ver. 16 *part of the verſe*; To your Tents O Iſrael. *There was writing and printing all night, and all the next day thoſe Libels were ſcattered, and when his* Majeſty *had dined, and had taken Coach to returne to* White-Hall, Walker *ſtood watching the Kings comming by amongſt the Drapers in* Pauls *Church-yard, and having one of his Pamphlets in his hand meaning to have delivered it to his Majeſty, but could not come at him by reaſon of the preſſe of People, inſomuch as* Walker (*moſt impudently ſawcy*) *threw it over the folkes heads into his Majeſties Coach. The Earle of* Effex *being alſo in the Coach tooke it up, and kept it till his Majeſty came to his Pallace, where hee cauſed it to be read, and finding it a moſt ſeditious thing, the next morning after cauſed the L. Chiefe Iuſtice of the Kings Bench to be ſent for, who obediently came to his Majeſty, to whom the ſaid Pamphlet was delivered, with charge with all diligent ſpeed to ſend forth Warrants, for the taking of* Walker *and the Printer, in which buſineſſe there was uſed ſuch vigilant care, that they were both taken that very day and brought before the ſaid L. Chiefe Iuſtice, and being examined apart,* Walker *ſaid he wrote it not, but that he bought it of a young Schollar all in blacke in Weſtminſter Hall, and that it coſt him two ſhillings ſixe pence, this was* Walkers *Confeſſion, which he ſubſcribed unto.*

But afterwards the Printer was examined, and he affirmed that Walker *writ it all with his owne hand, and for the doing of it made uſe of his Wives Bible, in his houſe, to which confeſſion the Printer hath alſo ſet his hand.*

My

My Lord Chiefe Iuſtice cauſed both their Mittimuſſes to be made, whereby they were ſent to the Kings Bench in South-warke by two Officers of good place and truſt; in which Priſon they remained a weeke or neere, untill it was thought meet to remove them from the Kings Bench to Newgate, whereby they might be tryed at the next approaching Seſſions, for which purpoſe they were removed as aforeſaid two daies before the Seſſions; but they taking Boat on the Bankſide were landed at the black Friers, whereby a Rout or rabble of (little better then) Rebells, they were violently taken from their Keepers, reſcued, and ſo got away that there was no finding of them in many weekes ſearch and enquiry.

But all theſe faire warnings could not make M. *Walker* give over writing, lying and Libelling, (ſelling ſcurvy baſe words for good mony) lodging in by places, holes and Cellars, till one time he was ſeene to goe into the houſe of another uſurping pamphleteere, one *Fiſher* a Barber an Aſſociate of his, but as ſome would have apprehended him, he made uſe of his heeles, for at that time there was no Officer to be found to take him.

From this ſecond eſcape he fled into St. *Martins*, whither he was purſued, and where he had a Printers Preſſe at worke, but being not able to recover that houſe, he got into an Ale-houſe called the ſigne of the Caſtle, the owner of it (as I have bin certified) is one *Iohn White*, but from thence he was ſet free by the diſorderly ſtir and force of ſome unruly Iournimen Shoomakers (who ſurely knew not what they did) and this was his third eſcape.

The newes of this cauſed more and more Warrants to be iſſued out for his apprehenſion; and there was ſuch narrow ſearch made for him that he was deprived of all his ſtarting holes, and could ſculke no where ſecure, ſo that he was faine to veile himſelfe in the diſguiſe of a Miniſter in a black Cloak pendant to his Ankclees, a ſpirituall Caſſock, girt to him with a ſilke girdle and a Canonicall knot.

With this Artificiall borrowed habit (and ſome naturall impudence of his owne) he preſumed to mount into the Pulpit, at Saint *Mary Magdalens*, at *Bermondſey* in Southwark, where hee ſo handled a Text, and made ſuch a preachment, that what with liking and diſliking the people were ready to gòe together by the eares; at which time an Aldermans man (being curious to heare what ſtuffe *Walker* would vent) was abuſed much, and beaten a little.

All this while his Majeſty is juſtly and highly offended, that no order

der is taken for the ſuppreſſing of ſeditious and ſcandalous Pamphlets, and in two Meſſages at ſeverall times from his Majeſty to both the Houſes of Parliament, he nominates *Walkers* Pamphlet of *To your Tents O Iſrael*: and indeed whoſoever ſhall read that Text and conſider the miſchiefe it did in the daies of *Rehoboam*, the Son of *Salomon*, in making 10. of the 12. Tribes to fall from the King to *Ieroboam* the Son of *Nebat*, (they being both wicked Kings) may thinke it a ſtrange piece of Scripture to be ſpoken, written, or printed in thoſe times under ſo mild and gracious a King, to Allienate or eſtrange the hearts of wavering Subjects from their allegiance.

Well, great enquiry is made night and day, and *Walker* having a houſe about Moore-fields, he forſakes it, and eſcapes when it was beſet for him, from thence he got into the Tower liberty into an Upholſters ſhop in the Bulwarke; and being heard of, new Warrants being out for him, he was eſpyed in the ſaid ſhop by one that knew him, and that he knew came to take him, wherefore by the helpe of two women there, he violently burſt away, running towards the Tower Stayers, crying an Arreſt, an Arreſt, and ſo got into a Boate, offering any gold or ſilver to be carried away.

Thus ſtood he in the Boate almoſt a quarter of an houre, hundreds or multitudes of people ſtanding on the ſhore on the Tower-wharfe the Officers not daring to fetch him of the water leaſt they ſhould entrench upon the liberty of the water Bayliffe, ſo that ſome would reſcue him (amongſt whom two ſeemed to be Lightermen) and doe deſerve to have a reward over the ſhoulders; others would have him come on Land and yeeld himſelfe: at laſt the Officers that were appointed to take him went to Sir *Iohn Conniers* Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower, to crave his Command for taking him. Maſter Lieutenant preſently ſent his Clarke to the water ſide, upon whoſe comming the Boate began to Rowe away with *Walker*; then ſtraite foure paire of Oares made after them, who beleagured him on both ſides, and with much adoe brought him to Land, and into the Tower, where he now remaines, expecting his time of Tryall, and let him eſcape how he can or may, it is moſt certaine that hee hath done more miſchiefe by his Pamphlettizing ſeditions, ſcandalous ridiculous Lyes, and rayling Libells, then one thouſand of his heads are worth.

But now to come a little nearer, *Henry Walker*, who is now to be removed by a Warrant directed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, which

which was on Tueſday laſt being the fifth of this moneth of Iuly, to have the body of this aforeſaid *Walker* to be removed to Newgate, and there at the Seſſions houſe in the Old-Baily to have an Inditement framed and drawne up againſt the ſaid *Henry Walker*, for the ſeverall acts which he hath committed in and about London: the true Inditement being made by the advice of the Kings Serjeants and Counſell at Law, was preferred againſt the ſaid *Walker* on Thurſday after being the eighth of the aforeſaid moneth, which being read openly in the Court, and *Walker* there preſent at the Bar; pleaded to the ſaid Inditement not guilty; and being asked how he would bee tryed, anſwered, by God and his Country, and withall further deſired of the honourable Bench; that he might firſt have a Coppy of his Inditement. Secondly, that the Iudges who were then preſent with the reſt of the honourable Bench, that they would be pleaſed to grant him the liberty, in regard he knew not the Law, that he might have ſome Counſellor of the Law to plead his Cauſe for him; both which requeſts were granted to him which was a great favour. Then the Bench asked *Walker* what time he would require to make his Anſwer; then *Walker* deſired but till the next day in the morning to make his defence, which was Friday; Friday being come about ten of the clock the Queenes Atturney and two Serjeants at Law, cauſed the Inditement to be read; which being done, they began to ſhew and did make it plain how odious the matter was, and how it was a fact of a high nature; firſt againſt his Majeſty, to make him as it were odious to his people: *To your Tents O Iſrael*; as if the King were a Tyrant, bidding as it were every man to take his Sword and Armor; and oppoſe all Authority whatſoever, obeying no Law but that of their owne humour and will; what can there be more ſaid, but that it was very plaine, but that this *Walker* did by thoſe words labour to inſtigate and ſtir up the Kings Subjects to a mutiny, and to cauſe tumults to ariſe in this Kingdome, nay in the heart of this Kingdome, in the City of London too; not onely to teach theſe words, but to cauſe them at his owne charge to be printed, and to divulge the ſame through his Majeſties Kingdomes: Nor did this *Walker* reſt himſelfe therewith ſatisfied, but in an audacious way, and in a bold manner, as the Kings Majeſty paſſed through the City of London riding in his Coach, threw one of them into the very Coach it ſelfe, and in the very face of the King; what an affront was this? can any age paralell it, or any Chronicle make mention of the like, and in a Civill Common-wealth; and in a well governed City; I thinke not: nor is this all, for this *Walker* hath invented and writ divers Pamphlets, and other

ſcandalous Bookes, to the great diſturbance of his Majeſty, and of his Liege people, a meere ſower of diviſion, an upholder of a new Government; an inventer of a new Doctrine, nay, he is become a Preacher and a deliverer of this his humour even in the Church, and openly in the Pulpit too, and on the Sunday: drawing after him, and ſeducing poore ignorant people to the very ruine of their ſoules, if it were poſſible. This act of his, it was done with much venome, malice, bitternes, and rankor; conſidering the time becauſe the King and his Parliament were then at ſome difference, who did as much as in him lay to ſet his Majeſty and his Subjects together at diſcord; it was drawne with cunning, and at ſuch a time publiſhed, that if envy itſelf had plotted it, it could not have come forth in a more dangerous ſeaſon. He confeſſed it was his owne worke, & done by night; and the next day by him expoſed to ſale: it was a foule miſdemeanour, and it was publiſhed with an ill intent. Nay what is this *Walker* not, what wrong hee hath done let his owne conſcience, his ſeverall Bookes and Pamphlets, which hee hath both written, made, and printed them himſelfe witneſſe. Well, the Jury heares the information, the ſeverall pleadings, the ſeverall Witneſſes that this *Walker* was the onely framer, inventer, publiſher, and diſperſer of that Booke *To your Tents O Iſrael*; upon which ſeverall Evidences the Jury withdrawes themſelves, (being 12. honeſt men and of a good rank and quality) to conſider of the matter; w^ch^ being truely weighed, and a long time debated and ſcanned, agreed all in one mind, calleth for *Henry Walker* to the Bar; who being come to deliver their Verdict, they all declared him by the voyce of their Fore-man to be guilty both of the Treſpaſſe and of the miſdemenour. He was convicted, 1. For writing of it. 2. For the compoſing of it. 3. For the publiſhing of it himſelfe at the Printers houſe, and receiving money for them. Which done he had nothing to ſay for himſelfe, nor his Counſell neither, but onely he did it not with an ill intent to doe any harme. And now he is heartily ſorrowfull for it, and begs the Kings mercy, and the charitable cenſure of all men for his raſhneſſe & over-hot zeale; eſpecially of his ſacred Majeſty, whom he hath moſt offended; and for his Majeſties clemency to him, he will ever be bound to pray for him; becauſe his Majeſty did give Command that his Inditement ſhould not be put againſt him for Treaſon, but onely for a miſdemenor; w^ch^ if it had bin preferred for Treaſon, it might have bin as well found and have coſt him his life, as for this fact of miſdemenour; and ſo I *H. Walker* am heartily ſorry, and deſire God, his Majeſty, and all his Majeſties Subjects to forgive me, and by my example to forſake theſe private and ſecret meetings, or rather conventicles; and ſo with teares I ſubmit my ſelfe to the Law; and the puniſhments whenſoever it ſhall bee denounced and inflicted upon me. *Dated the* 12. *of July*, 1642.

FINIS.

1642.

Mad Faſhions.

[HAZLITT, No. 86.]

MAD FASHIONS,
OD FASHIONS,
All out of Faſhions,
OR,
The Emblems of theſe Diſtracted times.

By *Iohn Taylor.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.

Mad faſhions, od faſhions, all out of faſhions,
O R,
The Emblems of theſe diſtracted times.

THe Picture that is Printed in the front
Is like this Kingdome, if you look upon 't:
For if you well doe note it as it is,
It is a Transform'd Metamorphaſis.
This Monſtrous Picture plainely doth declare
This land (quite out of order) out of ſquare.
His Breeches on his ſhoulders doe appeare,
His doublet on his lower parts doth weare;
His Boots and Spurs upon his Armes and Hands,
His Gloves upon his feet (whereon he ſtands)
The Church or'eturnd (a lamentable ſhow)
The Candleſtick above, the light below,
The Cony hunts the Dogge, the Rat the Cat,
The Horſe doth whip the Cart (I pray marke that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh Baſe)
And Eeles and Gudgeons flie a mighty pace.
And ſure this is a Monſter of ſtrange faſhion,
That doth ſurpaſſe all *Ovids* Transformation.
And this is Englands caſe this very day,
All things are turn'd the Cleane contrary way;
For Now, when as a Royall Parliament,
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole conſent)
Have almoſt ſate two yeeres, with paines and Cares,
And Charge, to free us from our Griefes and feares,
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Eſquire (for King and Countreys Right)
Have ſpent ſo much time with Great Toyle, and Heede,
All Englands Vicious garden how to weed,

So like a Wilderneſſe 'twas overrun,
That though much hath been done; All is not done.
The Devill doth perſwade, entice and lurke,
And force bad men to ſet good men aworke.
That whilſt the *Worthies* ſtrive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs;
Whil'ſt they take paines to ſettle all things heere,
An *Iriſh Devill*, doth madly domineere.
From Hells black Pit, begirt with Romiſh Armes,
Thouſands of *Locuſts* are in Troopes and Swarmes,
More Barbarous then the Heathen, worſe then Iewes,
No Turkes or Tartars would ſuch Tortures uſe.
Sure that Religion can no wayes be good,
That ſo inhumanly delights in Blood:
Nor doth that doctrine from the Scriptures ſpring,
That Subiects ſhould Rebell againſt their King.
Nay (further) murder, raviſh, ſpoile, deflowre,
Burne and lay waſte, depopulate, devoure,
Not ſparing Infants at the Breaſt or wombe,
(To die where firſt they liu'd, their Birth, their Tombe)
'Tis ſaid no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toade,
Can live in *Ireland*, or hath there aboade:
'Tis ſtrange that ſhee thoſe Vipers doth not Kill,
That Gnawes her Bowells, and her blood doth ſpill,
Can Iriſh Earth Kill all things vennemous,
And can ſhee nurſe ſuch Vermin Miſchievous:
Her owne ſonnes Native, worſe then Strangers Borne,
They have their Mothers Entrailes rent and torne,
Yet ſtill her Indulgencie, harbours thoſe,
And feeeds thoſe Rebells that doe breed her woes:
God (in thy Mercy) give her ſtrength and Ayde,
And courage, make her foes and ours diſmay'd,
Thou Lord of Hoſts, thine owne cauſe take in hand,
Thy foes (Thine Antichriſtian foes) withſtand;

De-

Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide,
Our enemies to ſcatter and devide.
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers)
To *Brittaine* back againe my Muſe repaires:
Where I perceive a Metamorphoſis,
Is moſt prepoſterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turn'd upſide downe, from bad to worſe,
Quite out of frame, *The cart before the Horſe.*
The Felt-maker, and ſawcie ſtable Groome
Will dare to Pearch into the Preachers Roome,
Each Ignorant, doe of the Spirit Boaſt,
And prating fooles brag of the *holy-Ghoſt*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher Teach,
And Sow-gelders, and Coblers dare to preach,
This ſhewes, mens witts are monſtrouſly diſguiſ'd,
Or that our Countrey is Antipodis'd.
When holy Common Prayer, is by the Rable
Accounted Porridge, and unfruitfull Babble,
When our Beliefe is not ſo much as ſed,
When as the Ten Commandments are not read,
When as the Lords Prayer is almoſt neglected,
When as all decencie is quite reiected,
When to avoid a *Romiſh Papiſts* name,
A man muſt be unmannerly, paſt ſhame,
When he that doth ſhew Reverence, doth offend,
And he ſeems beſt that will not bow or bend,
When he that into Gods Houſe doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tipling Roome,
Is counted for a Popiſh favorite,
And branded ſo, deſpis'd, and ſcorn'd with ſpite.
When He that (of his wayes) doth conſcience make,
And in his heart doth world, fleſh, feind forſake,
Loves God with all his ſoule; adores no pelfe,
And loves his Neighbour, as hee loves himſelfe,

This man is Rare to finde, yet this Rare man
Shall have the Hatefull name of Puritan;
When execrations pierce the firmament,
And oathes doe batter 'gainſt Heavens Battlement:
When Imprecations, and damb'd Blaſphemies,
In ſundry curſed volleys ſcale the Skies,
When men more Bruitiſh then the Horſe or Mule,
Who know not to obey, preſume to Rule,
Thus Church and Common-wealth, and men, all are
(Much like the Picture) out of frame or ſquare.
And if'twere poſſible our fathers old
Should live againe, and tread upon this mould,
And ſee all things confuſed, overthrowne,
They would not know this Countrey for their owne.
For *England* hath no likelyhood, or ſhow
Of what it was but ſeventy yeeres agoe;
Religion, manners, life and ſhapes of men,
Are much unlike the people that were then,
Nay Englands face and language is eſtrang'd,
That all is Metamorphis'd, chop'd and chang'd,
For like as on the Poles, the VVorld is whorl'd
So is this Land the *Bedlam* of the VVorld;
That I amazed, and amated am,
To ſee *Great Brittaine* turn'd to *Amſterdam*,
Mens braines and witts (two ſimples beat together)
From thence (mix'd and compounded) are ſent hither.
For *Amſterſtam* is landed (as I heare)
At *Rye*, or *Haſtings*, or at *Dover* Peere,
At *Harwich*, *Ipſwich*, *Sandwich*, or at *Weymouth*,
At *Portſmouth*, *Dartmouth*, *Exmouth*, *Plimouth*, *Farmouth*,
At *Yarmouth*, and at all the Ports to *Tinmouth*,
And weſtward unto *Briſtow* and to *Monmouth*;
From all theſe *Mouthes* and more, mad ſects are ſent,
VVho have Religion all in pieces Rent,

One

One would have this, Another would have that,
And moſt of them would have they know not what.
God give us peace, and eaſe us of our paine,
And ſend thoſe ſects, from whence they came againe,
The Papiſt, and the Schiſmatique; both grieves
The *Church*, for ſhee's like *Chriſt* (Between two Thieves.)
I took the Proteſtation twice of Late,
VVhere I proteſted not to Innovate.
'Tavoide all Popiſh Rites, and to expreſſe
Obedience to what *Englands* Church profeſſe,
My Loyalty unto my King is bent
VVith duty to the Peers and Parliament.
VVith Prayers, and my beſt ſervice for them all,
That on them may Heavens chiefeſt bleſſings fall,
That with one heart, as one man, with one minde,
(For Gods great glory) they may be combinde,
And never vary, but goe boldly on,
To end the good worke, which they have begun.
This is the Sum (which ne'er ſhall be forſooke)
Of what I in the Proteſtation tooke.
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In Gods Houſe, and be free from Papiſtrie;
I hope I may put off my hat, and be
Allow'd to Kneel, and Pray, and Bow my Knee,
VVhen as divine Command bids, onely then
I'le Bow to God, and not to Saints, or Men.
And from thoſe dueties I will never vary
Till death, or Order doe command contrary.
Th'Almighties Name be ever prays'd and bleſt,
That Romiſh ſuperſtition is ſuppreſt,
VVee have no Abbyes, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stewes allow'd for Punks,
VVee have no Maſſes, or no Maſſ-Prieſts heere,
But ſome are hang'd, and ſome are fled for feare.

All

All thoſe that are ſo bold to ſtay behind,
I wiſh they may like entertainment finde;
Beades, Bables, Relliques, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
Wee have no ſuperſtitious Romiſh Rites,
Wee ſeek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope,
And not by works, or favour from the Pope;
To Saints we make no prayer, or Interceſſion,
And unto God alone wee make Confeſſion;
Wee hold no Reall Preſence in the Bread,
And wee doe know King *Charles* our ſupreame head
(Beneath God, who hath plac'd him in his Throne)
For other Supreame, wee acknowledge none.
No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone,
No Stock, or carved Block, wee truſt upon,
Nor is our Church diſcretion heere ſo little,
*A*s to Baptize with Cream, with ſalt and Spittle.
VVee have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordain'd; which are but two, and Rome hath ſeven.
VVee doe not Chriſten Bells, and give them Names
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, Iohn and Iames;
VVee uſe no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknowne tongue our Prayers ſcatter;
*A*ll theſe, and many more, in Rome are us'd
VVhich are by us reiected and refuſ'd.
*A*nd yet too many faults, alas remaines,
VVhich are the Churches, and the Kingdomes ſtaines,
The Church Triumphant is not cleere from ſpots,
The Poore Church Millitant hath ſtill ſome blots,
Heer's all unperfect, ſomthing's ſtill amiſſe,
*A*nd nothing's bleſt, but in Eternall Bliſſe.
Meane time, till wee amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the Times.

FINIS.

[1642.]

An Apology for Private Preaching.

[HAZLITT, No. 81.]

AN

APOLOGY

FOR PRIVATE PREACHING.

IN WHICH THOSE FORMES are warranted, or rather juſtified, which the malignant Sect contemne, and daily by prophane Pamphlets make ridiculous.

(Viz.)
- *Preaching in a Tub.*
- *Teaching againſt the backe of a Chaire.*
- *Inſtructing at a Tables end.*
- *Revealing in a Basket.*
- *Exhorting over a Buttery Hatch.*
- *Reforming on a Bed ſide.*

OR

(Indeed) any place, according to Inſpiration (ſince it is knowne) the Spirit moves in ſundry places.)

WHEREUNTO IS ANNEXED, OR RATHER Conjoyned, or furthermore united, or moreover knit, the Spirituall poſtures, alluding to that of Musket and Pike.

By T. J.

Jun. 28. Printed for *R. Wood*, *T. Wilſon*, and *E. Chriſtopher*.

TO you the Sanctified, Elected, Purified, Mundified, Juſtified, and Separated Brethren, I make this worthy and acceptable (although not Learned) Apology. It is not unkown to you how often we have beene vilified by the name of *Puritans*, *Browniſts*, *Separatiſts*, *Familiſts*, and (at laſt) cenſur'd with the deteſtable name of *Roundheads* and *Prickeares*; that wee are ſo 'tis confeſt, but why ſhould we be tearmed ſo in the way of diſgrace, or villification, the manner of ſpeaking makes the difference, I have knowne one man call another *Sir* in anger, likewiſe a woman beat her Maid by the name of *Gentlewoman*, termes in themſelves gracious and acceptable, but according to ſiniſter conſtruction, the parties ſo termed appeare ſcandalized and rediculous: next they abuſe our Doctrine of Inſpiration, and tell us it proceeds from the ſpirit of contradiction, but little do they imagine our contradiction is begot by inſpiration: for unleſſe our bodies be haunted with ſanctified ſpirits, how is it poſſible we ſhould reveale the word, ſince moſt of us ſcarce know a word of the Booke, and that is the reaſon that we can preach as well without a Booke as with it, but if we can continue and confide as wee have begun (which I ſhrewdly doubt) it ſhall bee

full for every Elder and every Select Brother to uſe a *Horn-booke* (provided he be married) for I have heard a little reading will do a man no hurt, let him be learned paſt the Graces and the Sacraments, and (for ought I know) hee may bee as fit to teach as the beſt on's, and go roundly on with his buſineſſe, according to his own head , and in concluſion gain the prick and praiſe, agreeing with his Auditors Eares, which are long enough to make Aſſes of thoſe that write our Names backwards, and fix them before libellous Sermons, ſaying they do *NOT RVB*, when they do Rub, and rub the skin of to, wofull experience has made it manifeſt, but thogh we deſire to have our heads rounded, we not care to have them rounded ſo cloſe; there ought to be a mean in all things, but now Ile proceed to my Apologie which muſt prove how neceſſary it is for a Tradeſman of any degree, to preach in a Tub, teach againſt the back of a Chaire, inſtruct at a Tables end , exhorting over a Buttery hatch, Revealing in a Basket, Reforming on a Bedſide:

I ſhall begin with the firſt, and produce you the ſacred Antiquity of Tubs, in the Days of *Dido* and *Richard* the third, There lived an honeſt, Religious, and fair ſpoken man called *Diogenes*, a *Round-dealing* Man, and was ſo inſpired with the ſpirit of opoſition, that he boldly durſt affront the King , and bid him ſtand from betwixt him and the Sun; and beleeve it there was ſome miſtery in thoſe words: This man (to make ſhort of my Tale) lived in a Tub, and he being a devout man, we muſt of neceſſity have this Argument allowed, that if he lived in a Tub, he preached alſo

alſo in a Tub, ſo that at laſt hee Reformed the King, who would daily leave his Palace to hear his worthy and Religious Tub Lectures, I wiſh our Times would not be more proud then the former, hee was a man of good life and converſation, and the Squares went *Round* with him, and when hee was ſmitten in Age, the King gave him the Title of Elder every day with which he continued till the houre of his Death, and ſo much for this piece of Antiquity.

In the dayes of King *Arthur* of *Bradley*, and his four hundred forty ſixe Elders of the *Round* Table, the firſt men that ever wore *Round-Robins*, there lived a Paſtor whoſe Fame (you all have had a ſpice of) called *Cornelius*, a fickly man, and did all in a Tub with very good Ordure, and one that was inſpired with the ſpirit of *Repentance*, and a man whoſe Zeal to the Siſter-hood hath cauſed him in one Lecture to ſweat ſix hours by the clock, where it was his Fate by the heat of overmuch *Devotion*, to conclude his dayes, and preach his own Funerall Sermon.

And ſo much Teſtification I think may ſtand to juſtifie the lawfulneſſe of the aforeſaid Tub, whoſe ſpirituall *Hoopes* I hope vvill never fayle.

The Back of a *Chaire* is ſo far from having priority of the T V B , that it is much inferiour to it, and is never provided , but vvhen the good Wife hath employed the T V B about ſome other buſineſſe , the body muſt as vvell be eaſed as the mind, but moſt commonly it is a vvicker Chair , vvhich though it bee not altogether *Round* , is halfe *round*

round, and doth almoſt agree as well with the ſpirituall groane as the Tub, and in caſe of neceſſity may ſerve as well (take top and bottome) as the Tubbe; but we doe not boldly (as that Arch Square-head of prophaneneſſe the Pope doth) tearme our Chaire St. *Peters* Chaire, though wee have much more reaſon, and ſo it being needleſſe to juſtifie with ſtronger Arguments the benefit of the Chaire, it being toward noon, I will draw neere the Tables end, where I doubt not but I ſhall picke out many wholeſome Arguments, and enough to ſatisfie any reaſonable man without that prophane porridge the *Service-Book*, and in this piece of Doctrine (by your favour) will be my owne Carver: this Table being finiſhed with ſubſtance to worke upon will allow a ſweete favour, and not ſtrengthen but advance the ſpirit, and maintaine it when it is up, then if this place be not fit that alloweth both forme and matter, Ile ſtand to the cenſure of the verieſt Epicure, who I beleeve would ſooner ſwallow this Doctrine than a great many that ſeeme to make a more religious profeſſion: And now I have ſatisfied at the Tables end, I will make no more Apologie for it, ſince apparant truths are rather hindered then helped with tedious Arguments.

I will now ſet forward to my Revelation in a Basket, which hath beene held ſacred becauſe it was given at the coſt and charges of our inſpired *Basket maker*, a man inſpired with much Charity, and got all his reliefe by the Basket, it was by himſelfe dedicated to the Sheriffes, and by them well furniſhed for the full edification of the poore, needy, and impriſoned brethren, who have ſuffered for the conforming and

and tearing off of Surplices; and why may not a man piouſly and zealouſly confirm the aged, and enſtruct the youth in a Basket, as well as in a pulpit: the Tables end Lecture being ended for the Rich, the Basket Lecture for the poor and needy, let us proceed to the Buttery Hatch, which is the fitteſt place in my opinion to adminiſter the liquor of Life and ſpiritual drops of comfort, where ſome zealous men of our Brother-hood have ſo overtyred themſelves with earneſtneſſe in this Doctrine, that they have growne uncenſible, not able to ſtand on their legs, or give a ready word, that even with *Maudlin ſorrow* perceiving their weakneſſe to proceed no further, they have wept with very griefe, being ſupported home with expectation of next mornings Remedy.

But he whoſe ſtrength of brain and power of Spirit will preſerve to hold out this Buttery Hatch Lecture, may with much eaſe adminiſter *Reformation* on a Bed-ſide, where inſpired with the Spirit of Vnity, we conſtantly conclude, and joyn in a copulative love without the unneceſſary aſſiſtance of any light, but the flame of our own Zeal, with which I doubt not, but that we are equally furniſhed, proceeding from the pretious Coals of Devotion; and inflamed by the provoking Adminiſtry of the laſt Doctrine. I hope theſe Arguments will ſuffice ſufficiently to enform you of the neceſſary and profitable cauſes we have to vindicate and appologize for the Dignity of private preaching in ſo many Forms and according to this Method. I ſhal now march on to the ſpiritual Poſtures, which have alluſion to thoſe for Pike and Musket, in which I will not prove tedious.

It

It is not unknown to you my beloved *Round-heads* that there may be a ſpirituall warfare, in which you are not particularly exerciſed in the poſtures of your Doctrine you will goe neere to ſuffer, and all the ſelect of us; the firſt I will inſtruct you in ſhall be that alluding to Pike.

Round heads ſtand to your Armes.

When Authority is abſent,-----*Diſorder your Doctrine.*
When preſent,——————*Order your Doctrine.*
If abſent againe,——————*As you were.*
If you conceive you ſhall have the better on't,
Shoulder your Doctrine and march.
If Authority bee too ſtrong, then
(Round-heads) as you were.
If Authourity appeare weake,
Advance yonr Doctrine.
If ſtrong,-----*As yon were.*
If you get ſtronger in Faction,---*Charge to the Front.*
But if Authority come in full power,----*Faces about.*

Prick-eares, ſtand to your Armes.

Now Authority is gone,-----*Make ready your zeale.*
If Authority appeare not yet,--*Charge your zeale.*
If you expect the Victory---*Ioyn your zeale and reſt together.*
Blow your zeale.
Prime your zeale.
Blow off yonr looſe zeale.
If Authority come not yet, for our Siſters ſake
Cock your zeale,
Guard your zeale.
Blow the coale of your zeale
Now if you thinke to overcome Authoritie,
Preſent your zeale to the Left, and give fire to the Right.
But if you be vanquiſhd betwixt this and Paddington,
Faces about.

FINIS.

1642.

A Cluſter of Coxcombes.

[In Lowndes, but not in Hazlitt.]

A Cluſter of

COXCOMBES,

OR,

A Cinquepace of five ſorts of Knaves and Fooles: Namely, The *Donatiſts*, *Publicans*, *Diſciplinarians*, *Anabaptiſts*, and *Browniſts*; Their Originals, Opinions, Confutations, and (in a word) their Heads Roundly jolted together.

Alſo ſhewing how in the Raignes of ſundry Kings, and in the late Q. *Elizabeths* Raign the Anabaptiſts have bin burnt as Hereticks, and otherwayes puniſhed.

And that the Sect of the Browniſts is ſo new, that many are alive who knew the beginning of it.

With other Sects diſplayed. *By* John Taylor.



Iuly 13. *Printed for Richard Webb*, 1642.

Donatiſts.

THe Author of this Hereſie was one *Donatus* born in *Numidia* a Province of *Affrica*, their opinion was that they and none but they were the only pure Chriſtian *Congregation*, and that they (eſpecially) were the true Church, ſuch as embraced their Diſcipline and come to them, they baptized again of what age or ſect ſoever, they affirmed that the Church conſiſted all of good people, and that no bad Chriſtian was a member of it, this Hereſie was in *An.* 353. *look Biſhop Coopers Dictionarie.*

Publican.

In the 9. year of the Reign of K. *H.* 2. *Anno* 1163, there came into this Kingdom one *Gerrard*, a *German*, with 30 more with him, and they called themſelvs *Publicans*, they denyed *Matrimony* and both the *Sacraments*, *Gerrard* himſelf had ſome Learning, the reſt were ignorant perſons whom he miſled; they were examined and found guilty, and obſtinate Heretiques, for which they wete marked in the fore-heads with a hot *Iron*, their leader was marked in the chin and fore-head; after that they were allſharply whip'd, which puniſhments they ſeemed to receive joyfully. Laſtly, by command of the *K*ing and State, they were turned out of priſon, and all people were forbidden either to harbour or relieve them, ſo that with the extremity of the cold winter, and want of food and harbour they all dyed, miſerably ſtarved with cold, and famiſhed with hunger, *Stow page* 151.

Diſciplinarians.

There came 100 and 20 perſons from *Holland*, *Zealand*, and thoſe parts, through *Flanders* to *London*, where it was their daily exerciſe to pray and whip themſelves twice a day in *Pauls*, and in the ſtreets, their body being naked from the waſte upwards, the whip being 3 whipcords with knots, ſo that the blood ran down their ſhoulders, arms and ſides, and as they marched in this bloody proceſſiou, every one of them had a red croſſe in his hat, and 4 of their companions went ſinging before them, this ſect was in the Reign of King *E.* 3. *Anno* 1349. *Stow Chronicle.*

Anabaptiſts of theſe latter times.

On the 29. of *April*, in the 32. yeare of the Raigne of *Henry* the 8. *Anno* 1541. one *Mandevill* and one *Collins* (both Anabaptiſts) were examined at Saint *Margarets* Church at the Hill in *Southwarke*, and there they were condemned and judged to be burned as *H*ereticks, which was executed on them accordingly, in the High way betwixt *Southwarke* and *Newington*.

In the 17. yeare of Queene *Elizabeths* raigne, *Anno* 1574. there was one man and 10. women judged to be burned for being Anabaptiſts, but after much ſuit made, one woman recanted and all the reſt were baniſhed. And in the ſame yeare, the 12. of *Iune* 5. Engliſhmen of the ſweet Sect called, *The Family of Love*, did pennance at *Pauls-Croſſe*, and there confeſſed and deteſted their wicked and damnable Hereſies. And on the 22. of *Iuly* followingtwo, Dutchmen Anabaptiſts were burnt in *Smithfield*. Alſo the ſame yeare (in *May* 15.) 27. Anabaptiſts were taken and impriſoned, and 4. of them bare faggots for penance at *Pauls-Croſſe*, and recanted. *Stow, pag.* 679, 680.

And in theſe our dayes the ſaid Anabaptiſticall Sect is exceeding rife, for they doe ſwarme here and there without feare of either God or man, Law or Order.

In the 33. yeare of Queen *Elizabeths* taigne, *Anno* 1591, one *Edmund Copinger* Gent. and *Henry Arthington* Gent. theſe two on the 16. of *Iuly* in the morning in the yeare aforeſaid went to one *Iohn Walkers* houſe at *Broken-wharfe, London*, where they found a Yeoman of *Northamptonſhire* in the pariſh of *Oundle*, named *William Hacket*, to whom the ſaid *Copinger* and *Arthington* ſaid, that they were come to anoint him King, but *Hacket* replyed againe, that they needed not ſo to doe, for he was already anointed in Heaven by the Holy Ghoſt; the ſaid H*acket* cauſed *Copinger* and *Arthington* to beleeve that he was *Ieſus Chriſt*, and to proclaime him ſo in *London*, and at laſt for theſe horrible blaſphemies and ſome wicked Treaſons againſt the Queene, H*acket* was hangd and quartered in Cheap-ſide, 1595. his two prophets, one of them ſtarvd himſelf to death wilfully, iu Bridewell, the other lay a long time languiſhing and repenting in the Counter in *Woodſtreet*: he that liſt to reade more of this

this at large, ſhall find it truly related in Mr. *Stowes* Chronicle, *page* 761, 762.

Alſo one *Francis Ket* was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 31. yeare of Queene *Elizabeth*, 1589. he was a Maſter of Art, and juſtly dyed for holding moſt wicked opinions of our Saviour *Ieſus Chriſt*.

In the 16. yeare of the rsigne of King *Iames*, *Anno* 1618. one *Iohn Traske* denyed and deſpiſed our Church Government, refuſed our Chriſtian Sabbath, and affirmed that Brawne, Porke, Bacon, Pigge, and all ſwines fleſh was abhominable, for which Errours the ſaid *Traske* was on the 19. of June in the yeare aforeſaid, mounted to the pillory at *Weſtminſter*, and from thence whipt to the *Fleet*, where (repenting and recanting) hee was beneficed, and became an honeſt, diligent, and painefull Preacher, *Stow* 1029. *pag*.

Browniſts.

This Sect ſprung from one named *Brown*, who is of that Antiquity, that many (yet alive) did know him when hee was a Schoole-maſter to the Free Schoole in Saint *Olaves* in *Southwarke*: This man (*Browne*) in his browne ſtudy, did plod to preach, and did practiſe and exerciſe in Woods, thickets, fields and under hedges, to a great many of poore people, whom hee ſeduced to be as wiſe as himſelfe: hee ſaid that the Church of *England* was not a Church (perhaps his meaning was it was not a true Church) but when he was preferred to the Benefice of a parſonage in *Northamptonſhire*, the pariſh being called *A Church*, then the Church of *England* was a Church with him, and his pariſh Church of *A Church*, was a conformable and a true Canonicall Church, and he lived till within theſe 7. yeares there, and dyed a conformable church-man, but he hath left a moſt pernitious and ſeditious traine of his ſect behind him, of all trades, ages, ſexes, and conditions, and when all trades faile they can make a ſhift to be all preachers.

Amongſt all theſe hereticks and hereſies, ſects and ſectaries, and ſchiſmatickes, I have not medled or mentioned the Puritan. the reaſon is, that I doe not know any that either deſerves or dares to take the name or title of Puritan upon them.

It is an Epithite of reproach, which raſh or malitious men do caſt upon many perſons who do ſtrive to live in Gods fear, & deſire to dye in his favour, and it is likewiſe a name which covers a great deal of craft and villany, under the veil and vizard of Hypocriticall ſincerity, and my opniion is, that if there be any that are to be ſo called, they muſt be ſuch *Romane Catholicks* that doe preſume to be ſaved by their own good works, which pure, moſt impure, Doctrine is one of the grounds and Tenent of the popiſh Religion, and of no Church elſe in the world, ſo that my concluſion is that none deſerves the name of a Puritan, but ſuch as dare preſume by their purity to ſave themſelves and others: Thus have I briefly ſhewed that the Church of Chriſt hath in all ages been oppoſed and oppreſſed by Heretiques and Schiſmaticks, I could name many more opinions of men, who were all great and glorious lights in the Church, and moſt illuſtrious inſtruments for the advancement of Chriſtian Religion; and yet they have in ſome points differed one from the other, as *Wickliffe, Luther, Beza, Calvin, Bucer, Melanction, Oeclampadius*; yet for all other great diverſities, they have alwayes agreed in the main Fundamentall points of *Chriſtian Doctrine*, ſo that the outſides of Ceremonies of Religion did not ſhake the peace of the Church.

But in theſe times the Church and Church-Government is not only ſhaken, but ſhattered in pieces, almoſt for nothing elſe but outward indifferent Ceremonies, ſuch as in themſelves ſeemed offenceleſſe Hand-maids for their order and decency, to wait and attend the Church as Ornaments, and not for ſuperſtitious Adoration Theſe ſhaddows have not only bin with violence pul'd down, but the ſubſtance which is Gods Ordinance hath bin ſacrilegiouſly intruded and uſurped upon by an imdudent rabble of ignorant *Mechanicks*, who have dared to preſume to preach, not being cal'd or ſent, nor knowing how, or when, eyther to ſpeak or hold their peace.

I have read that the *Grand Senior*, or great *Turk* at *Conſtantinople*, did demand due of an *Engliſh Ambaſſadour*, this queſtion, Quoth he, if I would be a Chriſtian, there are ſo many ſorts and ſects of them, which Chriſtian ſhould I be, to whom the Ambaſſadour replyed, that it was the only ſafe way to be a *Proteſtant*; but a French Nobleman ſtanding by, being a *Roman Catholicke*, and

and he demanded of the Engliſhman that if he would be a Proteſtant, that hee would tell him which Proteſtant he ſhould be, by this may be perceived, that the Turke takes notice of the diviſions of Chriſtian Religion, and the *P*apiſts do take advantages at our diſunion and contentions; yet the Proteſtant Religion in it ſelfe is in a moſt ſweet harmonious Uniformity, but the crew of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, have done, daily do, and will do, their uttermoſt malice and miſchiefe to rend all in pieces, whilſt he is accounted the beſt member in a Common-wealth, that can either Libell moſt ſcandalouſly, revile moſt deſpightfully, or teare and ſpoile moſt couragiouſly, and villanouſly.

And it is to be wondered at the many unlicenced licentious *P*amphlets that have been ſcattered about the Kingdome within theſe 23. months, wherein neither Religion, Church, King, Peeres, Prieſt, or people have eſcaped Railing, Libelling, and tranſcendent traducing, ſo that it may be ſuppoſed, that the paper that hath beene waſted by thoſe peſtiferous pamphleteeres, would goe neere (if it were laid ſheet by ſheet) to cover the whole Kingdome; and this is certaine, that they have drawne many thouſands of poore idle people from all parts of *England* to *London*, where without ſerving any Apprentiſhip, they take a freedom to ſell Bookes, ſo that the Book-ſellers are encreaſed ten fold in number within theſe two yeares: And what ſtuffe doe they ſell (forſooth) things New Lye come forth and things either of no worth, or elſe Speeches fathered upon men that never knew of them, or Newes out of *Scotland* or *Ireland*, made over night in au Ale-houſe, and printed in the morning *Cum privilegio*, 1642. then are the ſtreetes embroidered with lyes, lice, and Beggers, to the great abuſe of true Writers, the ſcandall of this Honourable Citie of *London*, and the univerſall injury to the whole Kingdome, for that ſuch numberleſſe numbers of lyes and Fables are ſcattered and diſperſt (not ouely here in our owu Couutrey, but in all parts elſe they are tranſported over the Chriſtian World.

To conclude this Booke of Errours and Hereſies, ſeeing there have beene, are, and will be ſuch to the end of the world, and that amongſt all theſe wayes there is but one Right way. It is a griefe to any Chriſtian heart to conſider how many thouſands is

are out of the way, that doe dare to preſume to call themſelves Chriſtians; ſome are ſo farre blinded, that they hold all manners, Decencie, Order, comely Geſture, or Ceremony, as ſtanding at the *Beliefe*, kneeling at the *Lords Prayer*, or at the receiving of the Sacrament, Bowing at the Name of *Ieſus*, or Reverence in being uncovered at the entring into the houſe of *God*, all theſe are accounted Superſtition, Idolatry, and Popery; but to come to the Church boldly or rudely as into a Taverne, an Ale-houſe or ſtable; I am ſure there is no Popery in that, and for Chriſtianity a man may finde as much amongſt the barbarous Canniballs.

So that ſome men are jeered out of true and ſincere Religion, for feare of being called *Puritans*, and too many have laid by all Order, Manners, and Decencie in the Church, becauſe they will not be accounted *Papiſts*.

Beſides all theſe wayes of Hereſie (which are all out of Gods way) let us conſider the infinite numbers of Atheiſts, *H*eathens, Pagans, Jewes, Turkes, Infidels, and divelliſh *I*dolators, that are upon the Face of the Earth; If theſe things be but ponders in a mans heart that feares God, it will ſtrike terrour and amazement into him, to conſider how little ſervice the Almighty hath from Ingratefull mankinde, for that he by his power, Providence and Mercie, made all, conſerves all, and Redeemed all true Beleevers, yet for all theſe Alls, that good God hath not the tithe of halfe, either in meere thankfulneſſe or acknowledgement.

FINIS.

[1644.]

Aqua-Muſæ.

[HAZLITT, No. 87.]

AQUA-MUSÆ:

OR,

Cacafogo, Cacadæmon,

CAPTAIN GEORGE WITHER

Wrung in the Withers.

Being a ſhort laſhing Satyre, wherein the Juggling Rebell is Compendiouſly finely Firked and Jerked, for his late railing Pamphlet againſt the King and State, called

CAMPO-MUSÆ.

Deus dabit his quoque Funem.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

Printed in the fourth Yeare of the Grand Rebellion.

To the Diſhonourable, Diſworſhipfull, Diſloyall, and deteſtable the Rebells, of what Nation, Sex, Sect, Degree, Quality, Ranke, Age, Function, or Condition whatſoever.

Brave, Bold, Adventerors, and unmatchable Patrons, It was my chance (long ſince) to read a witty Pamphlet, Intituled, Peirce Penniles his Supplication, *It was Dedicated to the Devill, there were in it many Satyricall true* Jerks, Jybes, Ieſts, and Ieeres, *which reflected and trencht much upon the Graund Signior* Sultan Sathans *Reputation, which were much diſtaſtfull to his Infernall Hell-hood, with all the reſt of his Members of that Lower Houſe. In Imitation of that Supplication, dedicated to the Devill, I am bold to Dedicate this my Satyricall Poem to you his deare Adopted Sons (the Rebells) not doubting, but you will Patronize it, and Reward the Writer, as your Father would have done* Tom Naſh, *for his Penniles Volumne; I know that you have more Power then your Syre, and for State Policy, you have ſo farre gone beyond him, that he bluſhes for ſhame, to heare how the World laughes him to ſcorne, for being out ſtrip'd and overreach'd in his owne Art, by his owne Sons, Schollers, and Servants. He did once (ſawcily and fooliſhly) offer to give all the Kingdomes of the World, but you are better Husbands then to*

give Kingdomes, for you have done your beſt and worſt to take Kingdomes and Principalities, you have ſold Ireland, *and the Lives and Eſtates of* 100000 *People there, and with the Moneys which you received from your Mungrell Merchant Adventurers for* Iriſh *Land, you have bought, or hired,* Scottiſh *Rebells on purpoſe to make an* Engliſh *Invaſion. To effect which moſt unparalell'd deſignes, your Pulpits, and Pamphlets have been moſt diligent and uſefull Aggravators and Propagators, amongſt whom, and of which unnumber'd Numberleſſe, damnable Number, Captaine* George Wyther, *is not to be accounted a ſmall Foole; His* Campo-Muſæ, *doth declare the Gentlemans Loyalty with his Book, called,* Brittaines Remembrancer, *(in the* 8th *and* 9th Cantoes) *doe ſhew his Art in Adulation, and whoſoever either hath read, or will or can read, underſtand and conſider thoſe his two Books, may palpably perceive the conſtancy of this Capricious Carpet Captaine, and alſo diſcerne what Spirit of Contradiction inſpir'd his Muſe. I have briefly Writ this my Satyre as a gentle Reproofe of his Perfidious unmannerly Mutability, wherein you may deſcry not onely his Rebellious* Legerdemaine, *but all his Maintainers, Patrons, Adorers, Admirers, and Rewarders, may ſee and be ſorry for their Errors; He was a man that I have theſe* 35 *yeares loved and reſpected, becauſe I thought him ſimply honeſt; But now his conceal'd Hypocriſie is by himſelfe diſcovered, I am bold to take leave of him in theſe following lines.*

Aqua

A Q U A-M V S Æ.

An Anſwer to WITHER his CAMPO-MUSÆ.

HA, let me ſee, is that that Traiterous *Thing*,
Whoſe *Campo-Muſæ* hath Revil'd the King:
Sure 'tis not he; yet like him much he looks
That late compos'd ſuch ſinne Confounding Books,
In ſharp *Ramnuſiaes* Piſſe, his Pen he dip'd
And *Brittaines* Great *Abuſes Whipt and Strip'd*,
And in his *Motto* did with Braggs declare
That in himſelfe all Vertues perfect were.
Art thou that wonder of the Vniverſe
Whoſe lines Heav'n, Hell, and Through the World did Pierce,
In Sixteen hundred twenty ſix, that yeare
Thou Wrot'ſt a Book *(Brittains Remembrancer)*
And in that Book with Boaſting Boldneſſe, then
Thou Vaunt'ſt thy ſelfe a Miracle of Men,
For never Hippocrite did ſhew more skill
And Pend ſo Well, and yet intend ſo ill.
In thy third Page, thou in that Preface ſay'ſt,
That *thou his Majeſties High favour Weighſt*
And that *thou holdſt His Grace more deere to thee*
And Precious, then thy very ſoule could be.
Thy fourth Page Saies, thy Muſe Spewes not Baſe Rimes
'Gainſt Publique Perſons *(but to Laſh the Times)*
Thou applie'ſt King *Davids Nine and Thirtieth Pſalme*
His Stormes of Griefes, his hidden fire, his Calme,
All which Blaſphemouſly thy ſelfe Applieſt
Vnto thy ſelfe; And in Applying Lyeſt.
Thy ninth Page ſaies, *bad Tongues will ſet their ſtings*
Unjuſtly, on the Sacred names of Kings.

Thy tenth Page truely doth the Truth Repeat,
That the King ſits in God Almighties Seat.
And thus (with Phariſaicall Oſtentation)
Thou ſaiſt *Commiſſion,* (*Calling, Revelation,*)
Were given thee from above, Reader, pray Note,
How this Impoſture late hath turn'd his Coate;
View but his *Campo Muſæ,* and Confer
The words and Senſe, with his *Remembrancer,*
And wavering Lies and Lines (*Black upon White*)
Shewes rayling Hypocrite, *Hermophrodite,*
Nor Male or Female, neither both or neither
Much more Incongruent then flint and feather.
Is this the Vulgar Vaſſalls, Valiant *George*
Whoſe Whileom Muſe did oracles diſgorge,
Who was admir'd of every Man and Woeman
Of all ſorts, from the Tinker to the Broomeman,
Sure this cannot be he, And yet 'tis he,
Then how (the Devill) can he thus changed be,
Can he, that ſo much honeſty profeſt
(As if all honeſty had been in's Breſt)
Can he be Metamorphos'd to a Knave,
And write and fight, his Soveraigne to out-brave,
Can his Lines Lye (that ſweet Peace did deſire)
Yet ſtirs up Warres, to ſet the Realme on fire,
All this is poſſible, all this is done,
This is *George Wyther,* his owne Mothers Son.
Now he's great *George* a Horſe-back, (mounted high)
Dares to affront, and Raile 'gainſt Majeſty,
This is the *George* thus alterd, thus all-turd
Whoſe Satyres Gooſe-quill is transform'd t' a ſword,
For whoſe ſake, I proteſt it with my Pen,
I never will truſt Wall-eyd Jade agen.
Brave *George,* no *George* of *Cappodocia,*
But famous *George* of *Braggodocia,*
Ride on fierce *George,* untill thy high deſert
By Tranſmutation, make thy Horſe a Cart.
What contraries doth thy mad Braines poſſeſſe
That with a Traiterous Warre doth Peace profeſſe,

That

That playes at faſt, and looſe, with handy dandy
Mak'ſt Subjects 'gainſt their Soveraigne Bullets bandy,
Much miſchiefe in that double mind did lurke,
And Hell it ſelfe, ſet that dam'd *Muſe* a worke.
Was ever ſuch vile fragment Riming Raggs
Patch'd up together with abuſive Braggs;
That who ſo doth his *Campo-Muſæ* Read,
Will judge the Devill did his Invention Lead;
Like to a Ieſuited ſubtill Fox,
His Honeſt Writings but a Paradox:
His Verities are falſe, his Errors true,
Such Riffe Raffe hotch Potch, his ſweet *Muſe doth Brew.*
How villany doth cunningly deceive,
And good and bad together interweave;
He Praies, Inveighs, Commends, Contemns, Extols,
Approves, Reproves, Loves, Scornes, Obeys, Controls,
Admits, Commits, Omits, Permits, ſubmits,
Remits, and Limmits, as his humor fits,
Toſſing his Soveraignes Honour to and fro,
Even as his ſawcy Idle Braines do Crow,
And with his Rimes doth Knaves and Fooles inſpire
To blow the Bellowes of Rebellious fire.
Hell never Spewd worſe villaines then are thoſe
That weekly (weakly) Raile in Rime and Proſe,
'Mongſt which accurſed Crew, a part thou Bearſt,
And in the Divells great name Rebellion Rearſt.
For had not that black Breed of *Cerberus*,
Scout, *Dove*, *Diurnall*, and *Britannicus*,
Wiſe *Wither*, *Booker*, and the damned ſwarmes
Of Rake-hells, Animated *Englands* harmes,
All our Contentions had been reconcil'd
Long ſince, and bleſſed *Peace* had gently ſmil'd.
Wer't not for theirs and thine ill working Braine,
The King had Iuſtly had His own againe:
Th' affrighting front of bloody Warre had not
Diſturb'd no honeſt *Engliſh* man or *Scot.*
Thouſands of Soules are from their Bodies parted,
(By Lyes and Curſed Libellers perverted)

Which

Which may be fear'd did to perdition fall
Before their Bodies could have Buriall.
You Mungrell Whelps of Hells Infernall Litter,
What is the cauſe that makes your hate ſo bitter,
Is it becauſe you thinke your ſelves more Righteous,
Or (in the Devills name) wherefore thus deſpight ye us?
Is it becauſe the King's a Proteſtant,
That 'gainſt him you are joyn'd in Covenant?
Is it becauſe he meanes to be ſo ſtill
And never meanes to change, you wiſh him ill?
Is it becauſe hee's Mercifull and Iuſt
You thoſe Indignities upon him thruſt,
Is it becauſe he ne're intended wrong
That you doe hold his Life and Raigne too long?
Are theſe the Cauſes wherefore you diſlike him
Are theſe th' occaſions why your Malice ſtrike him?
Goe hang your ſelves baſe Villaines, he ſhall Live
And flouriſh, and his God will Guerdon give
To you with *Judas*, and *Achitophell*
Where unrepenting Curſed Rebells dwell.
What Armes into the Field can Traitors bring
But Arm'd Impiety againſt the King;
Is not the Perſon of the King ſo high
As God Almighties ſacred Deputie?
Then what are thoſe blaſphemous *Rabſhakaes*
Anathema's, and *Maranathema'es?*

Pſal. 14. v. 4, 5, 6, 7.

God lookes and ſees how they doe plot and plod
They underſtand not, nor ſeeke after God,
Abhominable out of'h way they'r gone
Ther's none doth good amongst them, no not one,
Their Throats are open Sepulchers, their Tongues
Have ly'de deceitfully with ſlandring Wrongs,
And underneath their Lips Aſpes *poyſon is,*
Their Mouthes are full of Curſing bitternes,
Their Feet are very *ſwift mens blood to ſhed*
Haples deſtruction in the wayes they tread,
The way of Peace they have not knowne, and there
Before their eyes of God there is no feare.

Thus

Thus is the foureteenth *Pſalme* in *Davids* ſtile
Apply'd to ſuch as dare the King Revile.
And what art thou then, but a falſe pretender
That ſeekes to Ruinate the Faiths Defender:
To blow Warres Trumpet, without warrant for it,
Is foule Rebellion, all good men abhorre it..
And what hath Roguiſh Riming, Tricks and Ieeres
But ſet us all together by the Eares,
To Murder, Pilfer, Plunder, and oppreſſe,
To make Wives Widdowes, Children fatherleſſe,
The Father 'gainſt the Son, Son 'gainſt the Father,
And Brother againſt Brother force together,
Whil'ſt *Chriſtian Faith*, you Hipocrites or'ewhelme,
And *Publique Faith* hath Cheated all the Realme.
This (Maſter *George*) is your great *Trades* * *Encreaſe*
To Write, Raile, and diſturbe your Countryes Peace,
In Rime to render our *Dread Soveraigne* odious,
For your great profit hath been much commodious,
Had'ſt thou not Writ, and Raild as thou haſt done
Th'adſt been no *Captaine*, Th'adſt bin hangd as ſoone;
The onely way to flouriſh, and goe brave,
Is to turne *Rebell*, *Hipocrite and Knave*,
If I my ſelfe, would but a Villaine be
I ſhould be Mounted and prefer'd like thee.
Yet 'tis not feare of Heavens Eternall wrath
Or Hells dam'd Tortures, me reſtrained hath,
But filiall feare of God, in me beares ſway,
That I in love his Ordinance obay,
And thoſe that doe not (I doe feare) their fate
Will be the portion of the Reprobate.
But whither *Wither*, doth my fancy flee?
I ought not write in ſerious phraſe to thee,
Thou precious moſt pernicious *Prelate* hater
To *Durhams* Reverend *Biſhop* thou waſt *Cater*,
Or Steward, where to make thy 'Compts ſeem cleare,
Thou made'ſt two Monthes of *July* in one yeare,
And in the totall Reck'ning it was found
Thou Cheat'ſt the *Biſhop* of five hundred pound.

* A great ſhip that uſed to go to the Eaſt Indies, called the *Trade's Encreaſe*.

Dr *Howſen*.

But thou didſt hold it for no ſinne at all,
To Rob the Perſon that's *Epiſcopall.*
This is no Crime in thee or thy Compeeres,
Tub-Preaching Tinkers, Pedlars, Pulpitteeres,
Whoſe beſt Religion, is moſt irreligious,
Who think Church Spoylers are not ſacrilegious,
Who hold the Clergy as ſuperfluous People,
And make the *Chancell* baſer then the Steeple.
Theſe are as arrant Rogues as ever twangd
And I doe wiſh them in the Bell-ropes hangd.
But leaving unto God, the wronged Clergie
Now, with a freſh Charge, *Wither* I muſt charge ye,
And in a true way, I will make Relation,
That thy beſt Writings are Equivocation.
And that thy mind and *Muſe*, were never friends
In any goodneſſe, but for private ends.
But leaving that a while, I will diſcourſe
And once i'le put *the Cart before the Horſe*;

His Picture graven before ſome of his Books, the Commendatory Verſes to the Picture, were written by himſelfe.

Thy Picture to thy Bookes was Printed, put
With curious Workmanſhip engrav'd and cut:
And Verſes under it, were wiſely pend
Which fooles ſuppos'd were written by ſome friend,
Which God knowes, thou, I, and a Thouſand know,
Thoſe lines (thy ſelfe praiſe) from thy ſelfe did flow,
Thou dotedſt ſo upon thine owne Effigies,
It look'd ſo ſmugge, Religious, Irreligious,
So Amiable Lovely, Sweet and Fine,
A Phiſnomie Poetique and Divine:
'Till (like *Narciſſus*) gazing in that Brook,
Pride drown'd thee, in thy ſelfe admiring Book.
Yet for your Valour, you deſerv'd much fame
You Conquer'd *Farnham* Caſtle, and did tame
And vanquiſht all the Cavaliers ſo Bravely,
(Look in a Glaſſe, and you ſhall ſee the Knave Lye)
A Dogge, two Cats, and an old Woeman were
Your oppoſites, when as you entred there,
For which great ſervice, had your Maſters might,
And power withall; you had bin dubd a Knight.

But

But 'tis no matter, they might doe as well,
They may Create you halfe a Colonell.
In *Farnham Caſtle*, thou waſt great Commander,
And Thoughtſt thy ſelfe more great then *Alexander*,
Yet in thy Carriage, Valour, Faſhion, Forme,
Thou waſt a Strong, Infirme, Stout, Feeble Worme.
For when thy Maſter Rebels call'd thee out,
With all thy fellowes of that damned Rout,
Thy Cowardiſe, thou finely did'ſt diſguiſe,
Thy ſight was dim, the blame was in thine Eyes.
For want of ſight, thou durſt not ſee to Fight,
But like a Rebell Divell couldſt ſee to Write.
'Tis well thou waſt not Valiant, as thy Pen
Emblazons thee, th' hadſt then bin Man of Men,
Great *Agamemnon* to thee were a Toy,
And Brave *Achilles* but a prating Boy,
Ulyſſes a poor Silly Stoick Aſſe,
And *Hector* for a Foole in Armes ſhould paſſe.
Oh had'ſt thou had the profit of thine Eyne,
Th' adſt beaten purblind all the Worthies 9.
Thus blind with Ignorance, and Impudence,
And Wall-ey'de in thy ſeared Conſcience,
Thy Gooſe-quill, hath Revil'd the King and Law,
When as thy Sword thou never dar'ſt to draw,
For which from both ſides thou deſerv'ſt a Fee,
A Triple Twiſt at the Triangle Tree.

And now I'le leave to fiſh in troubled Waters,
Let's talke a little of ſome other Matters ;
'Tis knowne that once within theſe thirty yeares,
Thou waſt in Jayle for ſcandalling ſome Peeres,
And 'tis not lawfull for a Satyres Pen,
To wrong the Honours of particular Men,
Which you did, not for any hate you bore
To Vice or Villany, but that therefore
You would be famous, and to Prizen Committed,
Whereby you ſeem'd moſt wonderfully Witted.
There, in the Marſhalſeas, whole flights of *Gulls*,
Of *Schiſmatiques*, of *Cuckolds*, *Knaves* and *Trulls*,

In Droves and Heardes, in Pilgrimage they came
(As Er'ſt Fooles did t' our Lady of *Walſingham*)
You were their *Idoll Saint*, and at your *Shrine*
They offred *Hecatombes* of Coyne and Wine,
Sweet meates and Iunkets, (more then you could dreame)
Came flowing to you dayly like a ſtreame.
Thus to your *Mill* came tagge, ragge, great and ſmall,
You Ground, and (with the *Cogges*) took toll of all.
At laſt to give ſome Eaſe unto your *Mill*
You were Releaſt from Priz'n againſt your will.
Then was your Pockets Treaſure full to'th top,
Which (by degrees) might t' a Conſumption drop,
Then after that (by chance) met you and I
Where we us'de Complementall courteſy,
And talkd of Poetry, and then I ſayd
You (by the Muſes favour) was well payd,
Whilſt I (for my part) whatſoe're I writ
Though men approved and applauded it,
Yet fortune *unto me, was ſtill unkind*
Bounty was faſt aſleep, or hard to find,
Verboſitie and Vapour was my Gaines
And Poverty the Portion of my Paines,
Though you found many an Ignorant Mecenas,
Which made you fat, ſtill remain'd a Leane Aſſe,
Words like to thoſe, or much to this effect
I ſpake, and you this Anſwer did direct.
John, *you muſt boldly doe, as I have don*
Againſt great Perſons let your Verſes run,
Snarle at the State, and let your Satyre's pen
Write againſt Government, and Noblemen.
You muſt run wilfully into offence,
What though they call it ſawcy Impudence,
And ſo Commit you for't, as they did me
Then ſhall you Thrive, and be as you would be;
Your Books would ſell your ſelfe get Coyn and Fame,
And then (like mine) Renown'd ſhall be your Name.
I doe not ſay our talke was punctuall ſuch,
But what we ſpake imported full as much.

By

By which may be perceiv'd thou Wrot'ſt ſo odly
Not out of Hatred unto Acts ungodly,
By inſinuation to intrude
Into th' affections of the Multitude.
Thus from poor witleſſe Lumps of Ignorance
Thou gatt'ſt Applauſe, Coyne, Cloaths, and Countenance.
As to their Coſt, the moſt of them can prove
Thou Cheat'ſt 'em of their Money and their love,
And now your *Campo-Muſæ* hath found Grace
To grace you in a graceleſſe Captains Place.
Now dreadfull Warres, and Politique deſignes
Are the Effects of thy Prophetique Lines:
Armes, mighty Armes, and ſtrange Redoubted deeds
Are th' Iſſues now that ſtom thy Muſe proceeds,
Th' aſt turnd thy *Anagrams* to *Ambuſcadoes*
Thy *Diagrams* to terrible *Bravadoes*,
Thy *Chronograms* to horrible *Stockadoes*,
Thy *Epigrams* to deſp'rate *Imbrocadoes*,
Thy *Diſticks* to *Redoubts* and *Barricadoes*,
Thy *Dactills* and thy *Spondees* to Scalladoes,
Thy meaſur'd verſe to Marches and Soldadoes,
Thy *Cantoes*, and *Acroſticks* to *Granadoes*,
Thy *Canzoes* to *Brigades*, and *Canvaſadoes*,
Thy *Dialogues* to Bruiſing *Baſtinadoes*,
Thy *Prologues* to moſt Barbarous *Stab-adoes*,
Thy *Catalogues* to Vagrant *Renegadoes*,
Thy *Epilogues* to Warlike *Pallizadoes*,
And *Warwick* playes th' uſurping *Adelantado*,
For *Englands* ruine rules the Kings *Armado*,
But 'tis my hope your ends will prove *Mockado*,
Not worth a ragge of rotten welch *Freezado*,
And thou eſteemed leſſe then a *Lantzprezado*.
For if thou durſt lay by thy curſed Spleen,
And ſpeak but Loyally of King and Queen,
Ceaſe to bely the Lords, and but deny
Thou never ſlandred'ſt them with Papiſtry;
Ceaſe to Abuſe the Biſhops, and the Tribe
Of ſacred *Levi*, ceaſe thou curſed *Scribe*,

T' applaud foule Treaſon, and approve all thoſe,
That to Gods Church the King, and Peace are foes:
Seek but thy Countreys Peace in word and deed,
Thy Maiſters then will hang thee for thy Meede,
Be but an Honest man two daies together,
No more a Captain then, but Poor *George Wither.*
Should I but anſwer every Lye and Line,
In that Baſe Balderdaſh poor *Thing* of thine,
I might b'accounted ſo, ſo, Thus and Thus,
An Aſſe impertinent, *Voluminus,*
A Murderer of Paper, a time Waſter,
A Folio Foole, a *Zany Poetaſter,*
Thy Apiſh Coxcombe (in thy imitation,
Like thee) the Squirt-Rime of our Troubled Nation,
One of the Sages of Old *Gothams* Clarkes
That makes reply to every dog that Barkes.
E're I'le ſo be thy means for Maintenance,
Let thy Applauders dye in Ignorance,
For 'tis moſt probable thy jeeres and Lying,
Thou wrot'ſt in hope of Gaine by my Replying.
And if men truly would thy Book examine,
There may they find both Senſe and Reaſons famine,
All broken Numbers, fractions, faction, fictions,
Meer Mutabilities, ſelfe Contradictions,
In Dock, out Nettle, here, there, every where,
And in concluſion, no where, here nor there,
The Phraſe wherewith thy Verſe are Beawtifide,
Is onely where the King is Vileifide,
And that for which thou moſt art Gratifide,
Hath made a Thouſand fooles miſ-edifide;
With impudence thou art ſo fortifide,
And with Hipocriſie ſo Quallifide,
And (to the World) thy ſelfe haſt juſtifide,
That from the World thou art cleane Mortifide,
All which thy Boaſting Rimes have certifide,
For under thine own hand 'tis Teſtifide,
And by a crew of Rebels Notifide,
(Such as with Ignorance are Stupifide)

That

That thoſe bad times ſo fowle and Putrifide,
By thy rare Writings are much purifide:
And as we finde by warre ſo mundifide,
Vnparallel'd and unexemplifide,
(Or at the leaſt ſo neatly rectifide)
That thou deſerveſt to be ſtellifide,
Or Idoliz'd and almoſt Deifide,
In the mean time thy fame is Magnifide,
Thy perſon wondred at, and dignifide,
And (if they could) thou ſhould'ſt be ſatisfide,
(Although themſelves were double Damnifide)
Thy Female faire, adorn'd and turpifide,
Should, for thy ſervices be Ladifide:
All this by Fooles and Rebels Ratifide,
Is by all wiſe men ſcorn'd and Nullifide.
Our Miſeries thou haſt not mollifide,
Thou our calamities haſt amplifide,
And this my Satyr's Laſh hath verifide.
This thou maiſt ſee, and this thou muſt allow,
I can Rand words, and Rime as well as thou:
Speak and write Nonſence, even by thy example,
(Though not like thine Admir'd abroad ſo ample)
Like to the inundation of a flame,
Or like a Mad Lord, never out of frame,
Or like the Entrailes of a purple Snaile,
Or like the wagging of the Dog-ſtarres Taile,
Or like the Froſt and Snow that falls in *June*,
Or like ſweet Muſique, that was ne're in Tune:
Or like a Ship that wants ſides, Stem and Keele,
Or like the Marrow-bones of Fortunes Wheele,
Even ſuch is *Wither*, like all theſe or nothing,
Yet like himſelfe, in every good mans Loathing.
And is not this rare Nonſence, prethee tell,
Much like thy writing, if men marke it well:
For Nonſence is Rebellion, and thy writing,
Is nothing but Rebellious Warres inciting.
Baſe Scandall, Lyes, and Diſobedience,
Is moſt Ridiculous, and poor Nonſence,

There's

Ther's nothing is true ſenſe, but what is true,
And Hanging is good ſenſe for ſuch as you.
Apollo made not thee his onely Heire
In Poetry, I gat ſome part for my ſhare,
And though with Art thou partly art endo'wd,
Yet God and Nature, me ſome Guifts allow'd:
Which I (as my poor Tallent will extend)
To Vindicate my wronged King I'le ſpend.
Nor am I bound (whate're thou may'ſt ſuggeſt)
To think 'mongſt *Englands* Poets thou art beſt,
Thy Verſes many wayes applauded are
Yet many that Boaſt leſſe may reach as farre.
Doth all invention in thy Braine Conſiſt,
Art thou the Bounds, the Limits and the Liſt,
The *Longitude* of Wit and Honeſty,
The *Latitude* of true Integrity;
Art thou th' *Hyperbole* wonder, whoſe Rare Partes
Is *Non Plus Ultra*, of all Armes and Artes,
Art thou all this, the Devill thou art. Bragge on,
My ſelfe once gat a Sippe of *Hellicon*,
Which with Enthuſiaſmes did infuſe
Into my Braines ſome Rap'ts of every Muſe,
And therefore, I am ſure, thou haſt not all,
I have my Portion too (although but ſmall.)
Which i'ſt t'were leſſe by halfe, I dare aſſay,
To Cope with thee, in any Loyall way.
But to write Verſe, that may Rebellion breed
Therein thou art too hard for me indeed.
In the meane ſpace, thou Pigmey Impe of Warr,
Rodomontado, Champion for the *Par-* *
Lament, we grieve for grieved *Englands* woe,
Whilſt every true Man's driven from his *Po-* *
Seſſions may try thoſe Knaves that look ſo big;
And then 'tis ten to one, but Honeſt *Grig-* *
Or I, in Lofty Verſe thy praiſe ſhall Sing,
And Thou high Mounted to thy Merits, Swing.

* Theſe words are purpoſely cloven or ſplit, for the underſtanding of the Learned, Illiterate, Grave, Ridiculous Reader.

FINIS.

[1646.]

The Complaint of Chriſtmas.

[HAZLITT, NO. 99.]

THE COMPLAINT OF CHRISTMAS, WRITTEN after Twelfetide, and Printed before Candlemas.

By *Iohn Taylor.*



AN any Chriſtian or *Colecheſter* man tell poore old Chriſtmas day where he is? Is this *England* or *Turkey* that I am in? or is this *London* or *Conſtantinople* that gives me no better Entertainment? I was on the 15 day of *December* in *France*, *Spaine*, *Italy*, *Germany*, and in moſt of the Kingdomes of the Chriſtian World, and in all places I was joyfully received with mirth and merry cheere; The Rich did feaſt me; The Poore rejoiced, and all ſorts of people in every houſe made me heartily welcome, and my company made them as heartily merry; and all their mirth and jocundity was in Venerable Thankfull Remembrance kept and ſolemnized amongſt all Chriſtians theſe 1645 yeares paſt, in a Pious gratitude of our Bleſſed Saviour, and Redeemer's Nativity. But in all this tract of Time and yeares, there was never any Kingdome or People did afford me better welcome then *England*, where I landed (as I was accuſtomed every yeare) on the 25 of *December*, expecting the like entertainment that I was wont to have. But (alas) the caſe was alter'd, and the whole frame of the Kingdome turn'd quite Topſy Turvy, upſide downe, or (as I may ſay) with the Bottome upwards. I wiſh this were a Lye. I gazed about me, and with aſtoniſhment I ſaw Churches, and Steeples, and Houſes, and Chimneys, But I could heare no ſound of any Bell, or ſo much

Chriſtmas day ſpeakes by word of mouth in his owne perſon.

ſmoake as might put me in Comfort that there was any fire in the Kingdome; Theſe unexpected ſymptomes put me into a *Browne* ſtudy, which made me wiſh my ſelfe a favourite to *The Governour of Abington.* Thus I being old, cold, weather-beaten, froſt-bitten, and hungry, began to view certaine Townes and Cities, ſuch as *London, Glouceſter, Yarmouth, Newbury*, with all the reſt of Schiſmaticall, and Rebellious Receptacles, where aſſoone as I was entred, I was more and more amazed, for I could perceive no ſigne or token of any Holy day; The Shops were open, The Markets were full, The Watermen rowing, The Carmen were a loading and unloading, The Porters were bearing, and all Trades were forbearing to keepe any reſpective memory of me, or of Chriſt, in whoſe memory I was firſt inſtituted by the Church ſo many ages and yeares foregone. After I had walk'd through every Streete, Lane, and Alley (with other by places) the weather being cold, and my entertainment colder, I went to a Coblers ſtall, and demanded of him what harme old *Chriſtmas* had done them, and wherefore he was baniſhed ſo ſuddainly? the Cobler replied, that it was pitty that ever Chriſtmas was borne, and that I was a Papiſt, and an Idolatrous Brat of the Beaſt; an old Reveller ſent from *Rome* into *England*, and that the latter end (or laſt ſyllable of my name) was Popiſh, as other ſuperſtitious daies were, ſuch as are *Chriſtmas, Candlemas, Lammas, Michaelmas, Hallowmas, Martinmas, &c.* But that now, he praiſed the Lord, and the godly Parliament, that their eyes were opened to perceive and ſee their Antichriſtian errours, and that now the cleare ſunſhine of the Word hath (by the operation of the Spirit) illuminated their underſtandings, and enlightened them out of *Ægyptian* darkeneſſe.

Thus ſtood I quaking with cold, whil'ſt the Cobler was pipeing hot with zeale; So that if I had not tooke him off with a ſhort Anſwer, I might have beene ſterv'd with a foure or five houres Lecture; I asked him if he knew what the word *Maſſe* meant? he ſaid the very word *Maſſe* was abhominable, deteſtable, Babylonian, Idolatrous, Romiſh, Superſtitious, Blaſpheamous, Anti-chriſtian, &c. with other impertinent

tinent words and Epithites. I told him againe that the word *Maſſe* was no other but a diſmiſſion, or a giving the People to underſtand, that ſuch and ſuch ſervice of prayers and thankſgivings were ended as were appointed by the Church for that day; And that the Congregation might all depart and be gone about their other lawfull Affaires; And that the Prayers and Service ordained on *Chriſtmas* day by the Primitive Church, were to give thankes to God the Father, our Creatour, for ſending his Sonne our Redeemer, who ſent us the Holy Ghoſt to ſanctify us, and that upon all other dayes (wherein the memory of Saints were celebrated) there was never uſed any prayers or Invocation to any Saint or Angel whatſoever, but laud and praiſe was given onely to God, for that he had beene pleaſed to make ſuch godly men and women Inſtruments for his Glory, and our Imitation; That we by following their examples, might (through faith) finde favour of God (by and through the merits of our Redeemer) to have part with them of perpetuall happineſſe. And this is the whole effect wherefore *Chriſtmas* day, and all other dayes of the names of Saints, were ordained and ſet apart from other dayes; But for all that I could ſay, the Cobler was immoveable Round, and Roundly he bade me leave prating, for I hindred him from mending Alderman *Pennington's* ſhooes, (who had gone much aſide) and that his eſpeciall care and charge was, to ſet him upright if it were poſſible.

Thus was poore old *Chriſtmas* entertain'd at *London, Weſtminſter*, and all other places within their Heathen Line of Communication, and Covenanted Bounds or Commands of their execrable Aſſociation, whoſe beleife was onely in the Publique faith of the new Religious *Directory* (or *Alcaron*) which made me to examine my ſelfe and all the twelve dayes (my followers) what injury any of us had done them, or wherein we had deſerved to be thus unexpectedly and Unchriſtianly excluded and contemn'd. At laſt I perceived that all thoſe places were inhabited by none but *Gadarens*, who eſteemed their Swine more then their Saviour, *and deſired him to depart out of their coaſts.*

So theſe Hogrubbers baniſh'd me, becauſe that (once a

yeare) I came to put them in minde that God Almighties Son *Chriſt*, and our *Jeſus*, was borne, and that I (being the day of his Birth) was to be obſerved with joy and thankſgiving. The old uſe was, that the Rich releived the Poore, the Poore had cauſe to pray for the proſperity of the Rich, one Neighbour Feaſted another, every one in his degree made good cheere, for Chriſtmas came but once a yeare.

And indeed I bethought my ſelfe that I (*Chriſtmas* day) was inſtituted by the Primitive Chriſtian Church; by the Fathers; by Generall Councells; by Parliaments, *Abraham* did ſee that day and rejoiced; Saint *Paul* calls it the day of Salvation; The Angels and Heavenly quires did ſing at it; and old *Simeon* was Rapp'd with joy at the graſping of his Saviour; The Gentiles were enlightened, and none but Infidels and Iewes are blinde, and will not ſee and rejoice in it.

As I was thus pondering and wondring, I met with an old acquaintance of mine, one that had worthily held a good Parſonage in the Country, a frequent Preacher, a good Hoſpitable Houſe-keeper, a charitable Almeſ-giver, and every way comformable to the eſtabliſhed Government of the Church of *England*; The Poore man and I were glad to ſee each other. But yet I was amazed to ſee him ſo meanely clad, and ſo leane and lanke more like a *Skelliton* (or *Anatomy*) then the man that I knew him to have beene formerly, I demanded the cauſe of this his ſtrange Alteration, to which (with ſighes and teares) he made this Reply.

Ah (Maſter *Chriſtmas*) I could wiſh that I were the one, and onely diſtreſſed wretched man in this miſerable Kingdome, and that all the Afflictions that do oppreſſe the Church, the King and his Loyall Subjects might end with the preſent ſacrifice of my Life. But ſo it is, that too many mad ſeduced people, have madly riſen againſt God and the King. They have defaced, deſtroyed, and prophan'd Churches and Temples, they have hewen downe the carved workes with Axes and Hammers of thoſe Houſes which were conſecrated for Gods ſervice. They have caſt Gods commandements out of the Church, the have ſuppreſt the beleife, and they have forbid the ſaying of the Lords prayer; They have plunder'd, ſtarv'd, famiſhed, impriſoned,

impriſoned, murdered, baniſhed, ſequeſtred, beggered, and ruin'd all the Orthodox Clergy from the greateſt to the leaſt that would not worſhip the Beaſt of the Browniſts, Anabaptiſts, Familiſts, Presbyterians, Independents, with a ſhamefull and damnable crew of other Sects; They have kept me foure yeares in priſon, for no other cauſe but that I would not be perjur'd and damn'd with taking their acurſed Covenants, and ſweare to live and dye a Rebell. They have not onely caſt out, or omitted the Lords prayer. But they have alſo pull'd and throwne downe all manner of monuments of the memory of Chriſt, as Croſſes and ſigning with Croſſes; And (in breife Maſter *Chriſtmas*) your day with the dayes of all the bleſſed Saints and Martyrs, are all put downe by the uſurped power of a thing called a Parliament, on purpoſe (as it is feared) to make the people forget that ever they had a Saviour or Redeemer borne.

Concerning of the Croſſe my faith is this
It is amiſſe, to ſuch as mak't amiſſe.
To ſuch as reverence it or doe adore it,
Or ſay their prayers to it or before it.
Such do pervert it from its proper uſe,
And turne an ornament, to an abuſe.
We uſe no croſſe in Baptiſme, with intent
To adde ſome vertue to the Sacrament:
Nor is it uſ'd at all, by any one
Untill the Child be baptiſ'd, and alls done.
Turkes, Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Jewes,
They know not Chriſt, therefore no Croſſe they uſe,
But no true Chriſtian, juſtly can repine
To let a Croſſe ſtand, as a Chriſtian ſigne.
Knaves may deface it, Fooles may worſhip it,
And both are done for want of Grace, or Wit,
Flagges, Enſignes, Armes for Sea, or Court, or Campe
And all our monies beare the Croſſes ſtampe.
And thoſe that wrong'd the Croſſes here's my curſe,
May they want Croſſes allwayes in their purſe.

But my cuſe in the laſt line doth more frequently fall upon the Poet, who is terribly croſt for want of Croſſes; And thus

(Maſter *Chriſtmas*) I have made bold to give you a few verſes inſtead of a Caroll; But Sir I remember that it is written that *Pharaoh* King of *Ægypt*, kept his birth-day with mirth and feaſting, *Gen:* 40. ſo did *Herod Mat.* 14. *Mark.* 7. theſe were wicked Kings, the later of which was ſo prodigall to give the head of a glorious Saint, to pleaſe the humour of a vaineglorious Strumpet. We have a yearely day of Joy and thankſgiving (on the 5 of *November*) for our great deliverance from the Gun-powder Treaſon, for the which we can never ſufficiently magnifie Gods mercies in preventing our miſeries; Beſides many other dayes have beene ſet a part for faſtings, or feaſtings, (as time and occaſion required) But you (Maſter *Chriſtmas*) and all memory of you, are baniſhed for your Maſters ſake, and your Maſter is like to be baniſhed for his Fathers ſake, and his Father is like to be abuſed for his mercy and goodneſſe ſake; whilſt the King is tranſcendently injured for his juſtice and clemencies ſake, and all his loyall Subjects and ſervants, are wronged for their Loyalties ſake, whilſt our Enemies doe take great paines for the Devils ſake, to purchaſe damnation for their Workes ſake.

Thus the old parſon made a pittifull complaint to me, and would have proceeded further, but that ſuddainely a tumultuous multitude of ſundry ſorts of People came crowding upon me, with more clamours for redreſſe of reall greivances then 15 pretended Parliaments can rectifie. The *Grocers*, they ſaid that every yeare (againſt my comming) they were wont to take more then 100000l for fruite and ſpice to make Plumb-pottage, Mince pies, and other Cookery kickſhawes; The Mercers, Drapers, Silkemen, Taylors, Shoemakers, Cookes, (and allmoſt all Trades) cryed out they were undone, becauſe of my abſence; The Apprentices of many occupations, with the Kitchin maides, Butlers, and porters of great mens gates, Brewers Draymen, Bakers with numbers (paſt numbering) came to me, ſome curſing, ſome crying, ſome ſtamping, and ſtareing, all complaining and exclaiming that their Chriſtmas Boxes were baniſhed with me; Aud that whereas by the benefits of them they had good meanes, (for my ſake) now they were paſt hope of any helpe, except I were reſtored to my ancient

cient right and dignity. The Renowned and famous inſtruments for Warre, Triumph, or Pleaſure, Drums, Trumpets, Phifes, who were ſupported where I came, with guifts, offerings, and other worthy gratuities and encouragements, are all caſt off. Theſe with thouſands more of memorable, and commendable of your goodneſſe (Maſter *Chriſtmas)* are defunct and vaniſhed, and all the liberty, and harmeleſſe ſports, with the merry Gambolls, dances and friſcolls, which the toyling Plowſwaine, and Labourer, once a yeare were wont to be recreated, and their ſpirits and hopes reviv'd for a whole twelve month, are now extinct and put out of uſe, in ſuch a faſhion as if they never had bin. Thus are the merry Lords of miſrule, ſuppreſt by the mad Lords of bad rule at Weſtminſter. Nay more, their madneſſe hath extended it ſelfe, to the very vegetables, the ſenceleſſe Trees, Hearbes, and Weedes are in a prophane eſtimation amongſt them, *Holly, Ivy, Miſletoe, Roſemary, Bayes,* are accounted ungodly Branches of Superſtition for your entertainement. And to roaſt a Surloyne of Beefe, to touch a Collar of Brawne, to bake a Pye, to put a plumb in the pottadge pot, to burne a great Candle, or to lay one blocke the more in the fire for your ſake (Maſter *Chriſtmas)* is enough to make a man to be ſuſpected and taken for a Chriſtian, for which he ſhall be apprehended for commiting high Parliament-Treaſon, and mighty malignancy, againſt the generall Councell of the *Directorian,* private *Preſbyterian* Conventicle. And for a concluſion it is ſayed that either Maſter *Booker,* or Maſter *Lye Lye* (or both of them) have framed a new Almanack, their account of yeares begins from the fall of *Lucifer* 5639 where inſtead of Chriſtmas day, and all other Saints dayes, they have put in other Saints as followeth; firſt Maſter *Chriſtmas* your day hath 3 round Ciphers 000, with the word Faſt, after that, is Saint *Cain,* Saint *Chorah,* Saint *Dathan,* Saint *Abiram,* Saint *Achitophel,* Saint *Sheba* the ſonne of *Bichrie,* Saint *Shimei,* Saint *Rabſhekah,* Saint *Iſcariot,* Saint *Simon Magus,* Saint *Elimas* the ſorcerer, Saint *Alexander* the *Copper ſmith,* Saint *Nero,* Saint *Caligula,* Saint *Domitian,* Saint *Heliogabalus,* Saint *Julian* the Apoſtate, Saint *Hildebrand,* Saint *Machiavel,* Saint *Richard* the third, Saint *Baltazer Gerrard,* Saint *Ravilliac,*

Maſter *Lilly* (or *Lye Lye*) did lye in his lying Calculation, for he in (his laſt *Anglicus*) writ the Eclips of the Moone this yeare, to be the 18 of this January which fell out to be the 21.

ar, Saint *Faux*, Saint *Garnet*, Saint *Brookes*, Saint *Hampden*, Saint *Iechoniah Abercromey*, Saint *Pym*, Saint *Burton*, Saint *Pryn*, Saint *Baſtwick*, Saint *Kimbolton*, with the Renowned memory of the thirty Tyrants of *Athens*, with Saint *Rebell*, Saint *Mercurius Britannicus*, Saint *Waller*, with his Sainteſſe, Saint *Wither* (I had almoſt forgotten Saint *Say* the Confeſſor,) with them a great number more of old Saintes and new Saints, Martyrs, and Confeſſors, the Predeceſſors and Coadjutors in and of this famous Rebellion, this Almanack and Prognoſtication is calculated for the Meridian of *London*, and *Weſtminſter*, with all other places of this Parliamentall *Hemiſpheare*, theſe unwelcomed exclamations and alterations put me into ſuch a perplexity, that poore old *Chriſtmas* made all the haſt out of *England* that he could before *Candlemaſſe*, not deſpairing but that he may come againe the next yeare and finde better entertainement.

FINIS.

Printed at the charges of the Author, who is of that humble condition that he will refuſe no gratuities of words or deeds from any body.

1647.

The Kings Wellcome to Hampton Court.

[HAZLITT, No. 101.]

THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIES

VVellcome to his owne Houſe,
Truly called the Honour of *Hampton*

COVRT,

VVho came thither on the 24. of *Auguſt*, and ſo conſequently hoped and humbly deſired to *White-Hall.*

Written by his Majeſties moſt humble ſervant
John Tailor, one of the Yeoman of
His MAIESTIES Guard.

Alius Poeta Aquatticus.

From my Houſe at the Crowne in *Globe* Lane (Alias *Phœnix* Ally, nere the Globe Taverne in Long Aker.

Printed in the Yeare. 1647.

THE KINGS
Moſt Excellent MAIESTIES,
VVellcome to his owne
Houſe, Truly called the Ho-
nour of *Hampton*-Court.

MOſt Gracious (ſuffring) Soveraigne Lord & King
Had I a quill pluckd from the *Phœnix* wing,
Or *Homers* Muſe, or *Virgills* towring ſtile,
(Thy ten times long wiſh'd wellcom to compile)
Had I all theſe great aides, all were to few,
Thy Subjects long expected joyes to ſhew
Thy preſence hath inſpir'd this Muſe of mine,
More then *Apollo* and his triple Trine,
Hee's dull braind, and a Poet cannot bee,
That wants a Muſe (great King,) and writes of thee.
A juſter Maſter ſervants never had
And ſervants falſe to man, to to bad
But as the Eagle never caſt his eyes,
On abject, objects, vermin, gnatts or flies,

So thou not minding injuries, haſt ſtill,
VVith thine owne goodnes overcome their ill.
Ingratefull men tooke cloathing, wages, food,
From thee, and have repaid thee ill for good :
Which thy Heroicke mind ſtill ſlighted hath,
As moſt unworthy of thy Royall wrath.
Ther's not a grace, a vertue or an Art,
But are inthroned in thy Princely Heart :
Faith and *Fame* unſhaken with the wrongs,
Of perjur'd writers and perfidious tongues,
Thy certaine *Hope* in thy Majeſtique Breaſt
That fix'd beliefe, ſhall be made manifeſt
By *Charitie*, which thou haſt ſhew'd to thoſe
Who are thy curſed cauſeles mortall foes.
VVhereby thy virtues patient conſtancy,
Hath won thee a more glorious victory,
Then if (by conqueſt) thy ſharpe ſword ſhould peirce
Through all the Kingdomes of the Univerſe.
Thy *Mercy* and thy *Iuſtice* are the Jems,
And richeſt Jewells in thy Diadems.
To ſumme up all ; 'tis truly underſtood
Ther's nothing may be named *juſt* or *good*
But is in thee ingraff'd, and nothing ill
Thou ſayſt or do'ſt, but 'tis againſt thy will.
Thy Maſter *Chriſt* (the *light* made thee diſcerne,
And this bleſt Leſſon thou from him didſt learne.
That he that Loveth, Father, Mother, VVife,
Children, earths goods or glory, or his life
More then his Saviour (ſuch a ſordid Spirit)
Is moſt unworthy of his Maſters Merrit :
This precept thou haſt practis'd this thy troath
Kept in thy Chriſtian Coronation Oath,

wife

Wife, Children, Crowne, and Kingdomes, friends, Life, all
Thou hazzard'ſt either to riſe, ſtand or fall,
Thy Love (Great King) to thy great King of Kings,
By thee hath been prefer'd above all things,
For which he'le crowne his Gifts in thee, and hee
Will crowne thee glorious with Eternitie:
Thy Conſtancie hath trip'd up *Fortunes* heele,
Thy mind ne're minded her Inconſtant Wheele:
What good, or bad Occurrances effected;
Thy Spirits were ne're errected or dejected;
Not with a ſtuped Humor ſtoicall,
But with a Chriſtian Mind Majeſticall:
And with Impregnable ſtrong confidence,
Still truſting in the Almighties Providence.
Now may wee ſee that Patience, Clemencie,
Religion, and true Magnanimitie,
Are Talents lent, whoſe value doth excell:
And all the Proffits their's that uſe them well.
And (Royall Sir) Thou haſt done well (no doubt)
Thou haſt not wrap'd thy Talent in a Clowte,
But ſo improv'd thy truſt, in thy Truſtee,
That tenfold ten times more thy truſt ſhall bee.
And now poore *England*, hath ſo many years
Bin Plagu'd with cauſles *Jelloſies* and *Feares*,
Which (like Blacke clouds) diſperſt with wavering wind:
Made *Wit* ſquint-ey'd, and *Vnderſtanding* blind,
Whearby each howre was frighted hence ſweet *Peace*
And every moment miſeries encreaſe:
But as bright *Phebus* (interpoſ'd by Clowds,
Which with a mourning face the earth e'n ſhrowds)
At laſt diſpells them with his Radient Ray,
And makes the dolſome darke, a gladſome day.

So

So wee (miſtaken Subjects) hood-winck over
With Ignorance, our ſights againe recover,
King *Charles* ſhines cleare, as *Sols* Coruſcant Beames
Hath prov'd our *Jeallous Feares* wer leſſe then dreames,
Milde *Dove-like* King brings Peace with th' *Ollive* Braunch,
Whoſe Love (like *Balſome*, Bleeding wounds will ſtaunch
Our chearefull faces, ſhewes our minds (like Mirrors)
Free from ſuſpitious thoughts, or needleſſe Terrors :
Hearts over flow'd with Joyes, Thankes up erected
To God, who for us hath this good effected :
Our joyfull eyes ſhewes *Aprill* drops of pleaſure,
And ſhowrs of Joy fill th' *Horizons* meaſure,
Th' Almightie hath thy troubles ſeene and heard,
And hath thy upright heart in ſuch regard
That (mauger miſchiefe) His outſtretched Arme
Hath, doth, and will defend thee ſtill from Harme,
Baſe *Shiemei* Railes not as he erſt hath done,
Nor rake-hell *Sheba* (*Bieri's* curſed ſonne)
Doth rore and raile with lowd Infernall yell,
Or cry out, *to your Tents o Iſraell*
That Sectaries no more contention Breed
But humbly learne to know their Chriſtian Creed,
That *Iudaſses* no more *Hayle Maſter* ſay
When as they meane their Maſter to betray.
That Reverend *Levites* of a new hatcht Brood,
Make *England* drunk no more with Engliſh Blood.
That we may have our Qveene and Prince once more,
And uſe them Kinder then we did of yore.
Triumphing trumpetts ſownd ſhall mount toth' ſtarres
Hnd not the dreadfull charge of civill warres,
Sweet Peace (we hope ſhall ſtill the Churliſh Drumb,
And Murd'ring, Thundring, Guns. Commanded Dumb,
Juſtice

Iuſtice and *Mercy* both Kiſſe (when they meete)
No heavy ſad complaining in our ſtreete,
No more ſhall *England* bath in her owne Gore,
Or leading to captivity no more.
Sword (drunk with blood) ſhall in their Scabberds reſt,
No plundering or free quartering ſhall moleſt.
The painefull *farmer*, ploughman, or the ſwaine,
And *weapons* ſhall give place to *gownes* againe.
The Church reſume her rights ſhe had before,
The Cleargie to be ſcandaliz'd no more.
Thus each man hopes he ſhall his right enjoy
And all ceaſe one another to deſtroy.
The King ſhall have his owne againe, and ſee,
His enemies aſham'd and odious bee.
Upon thy Head ſtill flouriſh may thy Crowne,
And ten times troubled be thy high Renoune
That thee and thine in glory here may Raigne,
Untill the King of glory come againe :
For ſuch as ſpeake peace, and doe warre intend,
For any Siniſter or private end.
That of tranquillity doe prate and prattle,
But wiſh for war, yet dare not ſee a Battle,
Let all ſuch never claime a Chriſtian Name
Whoſe trade or pleaſure in Blood and Flame,
Of their deere Country ; to Rippe, Rend and teare,
Their Mothers Woombe, which did ſuch Baſtards beare.
Belike ſome feare that Peace would drive 'em hence
To *England* New, or th' Iſle of *Providence :*
Virginia, *Barmoodies*, or St. Kitts.
Barbadoes, *Mevis*, or beſides their witts :
But thoſe that offering to the Altars bring,
To raiſe new warres 'gainſt Kingdome Lawes and King,

Let

Let them goe Weſt-ward to the Triple tree,
And like falſe Traitours, hang both he and ſhee.
Thoſe Sonnes of *Hittits* and of *Amorites*,
God doe to them, as to the *Midianites*,
As Heathen *Siſera*, and as *Fabin* dyd
At *Endors* Field, (where *Kiſhowes* Brooke doth ſlyd)
As they became as dunge, ſo let them be,
That to a bleſſed Peace will not a gree,
The peace of God, grant us thou God of Peace,
Let us ceaſe ſinne, thou wil't our ſorrowes ceaſe.
Let's frame our lives according to thy word
And let no Sword be drawne, but Juſtice Sword,
To which ends, thou good God of Conſolation,
Send happy peace to this afflicted Nation.
So wellcome good King *Charles* to Hampton Court,
And God be ſtill thy ſhield, defence and Fourt.

FINIS.

1648.

An Ironicall Expoſtulation.

[HAZLITT, No. 104*b*.]

ΊΠΠ-ΆΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ:

OR, AN

Ironicall Expoſtulation

WITH

DEATH and FATE,

For the Loſſe of

The late *Lord Mayor* of LONDON;

Who on Friday October 27. 1648. expired together with his Office; and both *He* and his *Bay-Horſe* di'd o'th' *Sullens.*

VVhereunto is annexed an Epitaph both on *Mayor* and *Horſe.*

Alſo a Dialogicall brief Diſcourſe held Octob. 29 between Col. *Rainsborough* and *Charon*, at their Meeting.

Compoſed by *Philanar* and *Miſoſtratus*, two London-Apprentices once in-Counter'd laſt yeer for their *Loyalty.*

Si Cato reddatur, Cæſarianus erit. Martial.

Printed, *Anno exulantis Monarchiæ* 8.

Anno Domini 1648.

ΙΠΠ-ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ:

OR,

An Ironicall Expoſtulation with *Death* and *Fate*, for the loſſe of the late Lord Mayor of London.

FOrtune, thou art a *Whore*; and *Death*, thou art
(*'*Tis ro be fear'd) a Cavaleer in *Heart*:
You, that ſo formall ſtand with *Scythe* and *Glaſſe*,
Think not in private with our *Lord* to paſſe.
Was there but *one* choice peice? *one* dainty bit,
And your *leane* ugly *Jaws* muſt fall on *it*?
Were there not *Dray-men*, *Butchers*, plump and fat,
But you muſt pick a *Weaſle* out, a *Rat*?
Was it you took a liking to the Elfe,
For his Complexion, 'twas ſo like your ſelfe?
Or for your *Eaſe*, left a more weighty pack
Should in the tranſportation break your back?
Was it you found him grating of a ſcull
Which you might call your owne, you did him cull?
Or that his ſoveraign **Drugs* reſtor'd a Brother,
That through an *Hurdle* ſuckt (you'l ſay) his Mother?
Was it you came before his Plots were ripe,
And he refus'd to ask you, *ſmoake a Pipe*?
If none of theſe, why then ſo *haſty*, Death?
What, not afford a Lord *Mayor two daies* breath?
When the *Potato-Pies*, and *Capons* were
Bought, and in readineſſe to *end* the *year*?
If 'twas his lot to die, well; elſe 'twas baſe,
To cull a Magiſtrate for's *Chain*, or *Mace*.
This was plain *Tyranny*, we cannot blame
Him for an *Independent*, when you came.

* *He was a Druggiſt in Bucklers Berry.*

Reſtore him to us; ſure 'twas a miſtake,
King *Noll* and's Kindred elſe will make you quake.
Was it for this he did ſo long oppoſe
Monarchy, and *Princes*, to be led by th' Noſe,
And ſhown in *Pluto's* Court, with O yes! here
Comes my Lord *Mayre and's Horſe*; provide um cheere?
Was it for this he became *Pimp*, to th' State,
And to admit their Army op'd the Gate?
While in Triumphant manner they beſtrid
London, like *George on Horſeback*, as they rid?
Was it for preſervation of the *flock*,
So many o'th' *wicked* he condemn'd to th' Block?
And with his ſword of *Power* cut in two
What neither *Law* nor *Juſtice* e're could do?
O Death! thou art *ungratefull*; he has ſent
More to thee in one yeare then th' *Plague* or *Lent.*
By *Proclamations*, by *Collections* too
'Gainſt th' *Common Enemy* what e're would do.
I ſay again, reſtore, or wee'l appeale
And have you put down *Traytor* under ſeale.
Say Mr. Speaker, is't not *Treaſon* ſcan'd,
For Death t' *arreſt* a Member *under hand*
And without th' *Houſes* leave? ------- I know 'tis ſo,
Youl find it ------- *Caroli Viceſimo.*
Is't not againſt an *Order* lately made,
All *Members* to be *free*, their debts uupaid?
Did they not pitch upon a day, to wit,
Doomsday ith' Afternoon to think on it?
But all this will not do: hee's gon to tell
Hampden and *Brooks*, and *Pym* the Newes in Hell.
How there is *Peace* (God bleſſe us) coming on
(That Antichriſtian brat of Babylon)
When 'tis againſt his *Conſcience* to ſubmit
Or have a *finger* in reſtoring it.
Mr. Warner. Would not the world cry ſhame, ſhould he accord
VVho in his *Name* has *War*, and's *Armes* the ſword?
Hee's gon to tell them of a certain thing
Coming to London, whom men call the *King*:
VVhoſe

Whoſe Scepter will out-ſway, and bring in thrall
Th'eſtabliſh'd Government *Anarchicall.*
And with his Radiant luſtre quite diſpell
What for theſe *ſeven years* has been hatch'd in *Hell.*

Yet let none ſay he's broke or run away,
But (as the wiſer call't) he did *convey*
Himſelfe into a *Church,* in policie,
Where he was ſure none would ſuſpect him lie.
No clamorous *Bell* pronounce his fall, no *Gun,*
He was no *Warriar,* nor no *Whittington.*
(Only the joviall *Butchers* (in the Stocks)
Gave him a diſmall peale with cleaver-knocks.)
Let him ſans *Common-Prayer* in ſilence paſſe,
Be buried with the buriall of an *Aſse.*
So farewell *horſe* and *man,* dead and forgot,
Both infamous let both together *rot.*

Rejoyce *Apprentices,* your day is come
No more to ſtand in fear of *Martyrdome:*
No more ſhall yee to *Bridewell* go, and pay
For your extravagance the *laſt Lords day.*
Now ye may circumambulate, and ſee
Morefields and *Iſlington* without a fee.
No more henceforth ſhall th' *Surry* Cavaliers
Go home and ſhake their *heads* without their *eares.*
All troubled waters now ſhall to their ſprings
Returne, and *one* raigne, not *five hundred* Kings.

Yet all this while we erre, and accuſe *Fate,*
When *he* his *own* end did accelerate;
For having drunk a *ſcruple* over-night
Of *jealouſies* and *fears,* he took his flight.
Thus *Hanniball,* and thoſe heroick blades,
Minding an eaſie way to get to th' Shades,
Made uſe o'th' *Druggiſts* Art, and to provide
'Gainſt future vengeance, drunk their *doſſe,* and di'd.

An Epitaph on the Mayor, &c.

VNder this Tomb-ſtone lies a thing,
Enemy both to *Church* and *King*.
No *Proteſtant*, and yet no *Papiſt*,
A *Puritan*, and yet an *Atheiſt*.
For *Magiſtracy* a grand ſtickler,
Yet a moſt zealous *Conventickler*:
One that for *Chriſt* would live and die,
(Yet kept no *Chriſt-tide* verily.)
One that the *Prophets* ſlew, and took
Th'*Apoſtles badge* from out the Booke.
One that the *Rubrick* took away,
And gave th' Apprentices Tueſday.
One that did *every thing amiſse*,
Then riddle me, riddle me, who was this?

An Epitaph on my Lord Mayors Horſe.

HEre in this *Oyle-Tub* (Reader ſtand aloofe)
Lies Great *Bucephalus*, beware his hoofe;
Who out of a *good nature* needs would die,
Meerly to keep his Maſter company.
Bay was his name, ſome call'd him, *Roſemary*,
For his victorious feats, and Chivalry:
But if he had no name, the Bulks and Shambles
Would ſpeak him famous for his *Chriſtmaſse* Gambolls:
When from an *Amble* to a *Trot* anon
Bravely he *trod* down Superſtition.
For which rare ſervice 'tis decreed he lie
Pickled and *Powder'd* for Poſterity.
And live by this Inſcription (ſomewhat courſe)
Down went the *Popiſh Rites, Grammercy Horſe.*

A

A Dialogicall brief Diſcourſe between *Rainsborough* and *Charon*, at their meeting, *Octob.* 29. 1648.

Charon. WElcome to th' ſhades; hail Brother *Rainſborough*: I am a *Boat-man*, ſo were you. (*rough*:
Moſt opportunely! See th' triumphant *Mayor*,
(No leſſe a man) is our firſt fare.
Had you not come, his Honour had (by *Styx*)
Fairl' in a *Sculler* gone t' Old *Nick*'s.
Rainſb. Now he may ride in *Oares*----forbeare; alas,
He that you ſpeak of may not paſſe.
What will Iudge *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* ſay,
If we th' * arreſted Corps convey?
I that on Earth was *above* Law, yet know
How to conforme my ſelf *below*.
Charon. Hum! I have loſt my *Naula*; let it go;
Now to your buſineſſe *Rainſborough*.
Rainſb. Know then, that I from th' Engliſh Coaſt am ſent
By th' *States*, to know your Government.
And e're the *Vote* paſſe, hence muſt have command,
That the new *Anarchy* may ſtand:
Speak *Charon*, ſpeak; if *Pluto* think it good,
I have already ſeal'd it with my blood.

* *Arreſted by a Knight whoſe ſonne was ſlain in the late bickering in London.*

Charon. Dull *Man*, or *Ghoſt*; or whatſoe're thou art,
Thou think'ſt to *alienate* my heart:
Know'ſt not we have a Prince; and though the *Devill*,
One that abjures all you that *Levell*?
You that incroach, my Office to enjoy;
Were you not once a *Skippers Boy*?
By all th' infernall gods, lay by thy *Spade*,
Or be ſuſpected guilty *Hell* t' invade.

Rainſb. No more; I yeeld: the Government ſtand,
I was but ſent here under-hand)
Yet

Yet if our *Agents* with you here might try,
They would put hard for *Anarchy*.
Charon. Anarchy? Hell and Furies! ſuch a word
Once more, and thou go'ſt *over-board*.
Belzebub, if he knew thee at this height,
Would have thee *carbonado'd* ſtreight.
Leave us----and yet I'le write thy *Epitaph*,
Meerly to make the Devill laugh.
For, by the *Rabbies* leave, without controule,
'Twas not a * Fire removed his pure Soule.

* *So* Walker *upon* Tho. Rainsborough, *he that from an* Ironmonger *became a* Newesmonger, *& now makes* Hebrew Pot-hooks *and* Andirons *cum privilegio.*

Epitaph.

WEltring in blood ſee here an *Horſe-leech* ſprawll,
Glutted and overcharg'd, yet loath to *fall*;
Bred up 'ith *Ocean*; lately crept to th' *ſhore*,
(Though he had *all*, yet covetous of *more*.)
Which when the wife Phiſitian ſaw, his thirſt
That 'twas unſatiable, let him burſt:
So having *empti'd* and *diſgorg'd* his Maw,
Hence through the *Rubick* ſea he ſwam away.
Feare not *Colcheſtrian Dames*, leſt *Lucas* 'riſe;
Veng'ance is fully paid; *Here Rainsb'rongh lies.*

FINIS.

1649.

Wanderings to ſee the Wonders of the Weſt.

[HAZLITT, No. 106.]

JOHN TAYLORS

VVandering, to ſee the VVonders of the VVEST.

How he travelled neere 600. Miles, from London to the Mount in Cornwall, and beyond the Mount, to the Lands end, and home againe.

Dedicated to all his loving Friends, and free minded Benefactors.

In theſe dangerous dayes for Rich men, and miſerable times for the Poore Servants of the late King, (whereof I was one, 45. yeers to his Royall Father and Himſelf) I thought it needful to take ſome courſe to make uſe of ſome friends, and deviſe a painfull way for my ſubſiſtence; which was the Journey I have paſt, and this Booke heere preſent; for which purpoſe I gave out many of theſe following Bills, to which neere 3000. Gentlemen and others, have kindly ſubſcribed, to give me a reaſonable reward.



Printed in the Yeere 1649.

The Bil of John Taylor, *or a Taylors Bill, without either* Imprimis, *or Items.*

OLd, lame and poor, by mad contentions beggerd,
And round about vvith miſeries beleaguerd:
Too many Maſters made me Maſterleſſe,
Too many vvrongs have made me monyleſſe,
Helples, and hopeles, and remedileſſe,
And every vvay encompaſt vvith diſtreſſe.
To eaſe my griefes I have one trick of vvit,
(If you that read vvill ſet your hands to it:)
VVhich is, vvhen I do give you good account
From London unto Cornevvals Michaels Mount,
Of all my iourney, and vvhat Nevvs I found
In ayre, or ſea, above, or under ground;
VVhen I do give you truths of this in Print,
Hovv I did travell, gravell, duſt, durt, flint,
My entertainment, vvhere tvvas good, vvhere ill,
Then (in good mony) give me vvhat you vvill,
Your, nams & dvvellings, vvrite that I may find you,
And I shal (vvith my book) ſeek, find, and minde you,
vvith humble thankes.

SEven times at Sea I ſervd Eliza Queen,
Since vvhen, I thrice in Germany have been,
Once in Bohemia tvvixt Earth, Sea, and Sky,
And once to Scotland, and the Mountains high:
Then unto Quinbrough, in a Paper Boat,
Then next (from London) I to Yorke did float
VVith a ſmall paire of Oares (or little VVherry)
And in like ſort from London to Salsberry.
Next that my man and I did ride our Steedes
To Leiceſter, Lin, Hull, Halliſax and Leedes,
Ore lofty mountains, vvher the vvinds blevv bleak,
To Cheſter, Darby, and Devils arſe a peak.
Then vvith a Scullers boat to Ciceſter,
From thence (up Seaverns flood) to Gloceſter,
To VVorſter, and the Tovvn of Shrevvsbery,
From thence to Briſtoll, and to Bath I fly;
Theſe are no fictions, or falſe Idle Tales,
I paſſe from Bathe to the River VVye in VVales?
Then Hereford did me vvell entertain,
From vvhence I home came in my Boat again.
Laſt (to the King) at the Iſle of VVight I vvent,
Since vvhen my beſt content, is diſcontent:
Thus having traveld North, and South, and Eaſt,
I meane to end my travels vvith the VVeſt.

TAYLORS Weſterne Voyage to the Mount.

THis a mad world (my maſters) and in ſadnes
I travail'd madly in theſe dayes of madnes:
Eight yeares a frenzy *did this Land moleſt,*
The ninth year ſeem'd to be much like the reſt,
My ſelfe (with age, griefe, wrongs, and wants oppreſt,
With troubles more then patience could diſgeſt)
Amongſt thoſe Iſles, I choſe the leaſt and beſt,
Which was to take this journey to the Weſt:
And ſure it is an Argument moſt fit,
That he who hath a portion of ſmall wit
As I have, and good ſtore of friends, 'twere ſloth
And foolery, not to make uſe of both.
My wit was worne thread bare, halfe naked, poore,
And I, with it, went wool-gath'ring for more.
This long walke (firſt and laſt) I undertooke
On purpoſe to get money by my Booke:
My friends (I know) will pay me for my paine,
And I will never trouble them againe.
Six hundred miles, I (very neere) have footed,
And all that time was neither ſho'd or booted;

But in light buskins I perform'd this travell
O're hill and dale, through duſt, dirt, flint, and gravell.
And now no more words I in vaine will ſcatter,
But come unto the marrow of the matter.
My Reader muſt not her ſuppoſe that I
Will write a treatiſe of Geography:
Or that I meane to make exact Relations
Of Cities, Townes, or Countries ſcituations;
Such men as thoſe, I turne them o're to reade
The learned Cambden, *or the painefull* Speed.
And now (good Reader) I my muſe do tune,
I London *left, the twenty one of* June:
To Brainford, Colebrooke, Maidenhead and Henly,
I paſt (the weather faire, the high wayes cleanely)
To Abington, *where foure dayes I remain'd,*
By friends and kinsfolkes kindely entertain'd:
Thankes to my Nephew John, *with all the reſt,*
To whom that time I was a coſtly Gueſt.

AND now me thinkes a little Proſe may be reliſhed amongſt friends; I left *Abington* on Wedneſday the 27. of June, and (for the eaſe of my purſe) I gave 2s. 6d. for the hire of the Skelliton or Anatomy of a Beaſt to carry me ten miles to *Faringtón*; the thing I was mounted on was neither Horſe, Mare, or Gelding, it was all ſpirit, with very little (or no fleſh.) It was none of your purſy foggy Jades, and amongſt Horſemen it might have paſt for a Light Horſe, too much worke, and too little meate, made him as gaunt as a Greyhound: Thus (mounted like *Don Quixot*) I entred *Farington*, but worſe Gueſts then I had been there

there ſince theſe troubles; for the Kings Party burnt one part of the Towne, and the Parliaments fired the reſt, ſo that between them there was a good hanſome Market Towne turned into Aſhes and Rubbidge: It begins to bud and ſpring out againe, for heere and there a pritty houſe peepes up: ſo that it will in ſhort time be rebuilt, and Phænix like (out of it's owne cinders) be revived and reneued to a more pleaſing and beautifull proſpect.

From *Farington* I footed it foure miles to *Hiworth*, (a Market Towne) and from thence to *Purton* ſeaven miles more, where I lodged, there was nothing remarkable in all that dayes travels; but that in the morning a Church at a Village called *Kingſton*, (five miles from *Abington*) having no ſteeple; but the Church at *Purton* (where I lay all night) had two ſteeples; but I was certified that the Miniſter that had two ſteeples, had but one Benefice, and he that had none, had two, by which meanes the reckoning was even betwixt them, for what the one had, the other had not.

The 28. of *Iune*, I betook me to my feete an houre and halfe before the Sunne could ſhew his face in Somerſetſhire, and for one ſhilling I hired an old drunkard to guide me eight long miles to the Towne of *Malmsbury*, where all worthy remembrance was, that I found an Ancient Towne, an old Caſtle, and new Ale; from thence I hired a Horſe for 2s. ſeaven miles, and footed it ſeaven miles more that day to the famous, renowned, ancient, little pritty City of *Bathe*; I lodged in the Mayors houſe: But his Worſhip was as ignorant as my ſelfe, for he being a Baker, had let

halfe his houſe to a Victualler ; ſo he ſold bread without, and I bought drinke within : The next day I had notice where I was , wherefore I went to his ſtall or ſhop window , and told him what I was, and that I was he who came nine yeares agoe from *London*, to that City with a ſmall Scullers Boate ; Mr. Mayor was pleaſed to entertaine me moſt kindely (with both his hands in his pocket) and like a man of few words, forbore to ſay wellcome to Towne; ſo wee parting dryly I left him in his ſhop , Lord Baron of the Browne Loaves , and Maſter of the Rolls (in that place:) but there is no doubt but the man may live a faire age, and dye in his bed , if he eſcape the unfortunate deſtiny of *Pharoahs* Baker.

Friday 29. of *Iune* , I had the luck twice to have not one dry thread about me, (being wet to the very skin) and yet my cloathes were as dry as a bone : the reaſon is, that I was in the Bathe, and my cloathes out.

Iune 30. I travelled fifteene miles to the Towne of *Wells*, where I ſtayd but little, and found as little matter of obſervation, but that theſe holy, prophane days, and bleſſed execrable Times of troubleſome tranquility, have ſpoyled and defaced one of the goodlieſt and magnificent Cathedrall Churches in the Chriſtian world : But ſuch pious workes as polution and abuſing of Churches , wee neede not goe amongſt Turkes for proofes ; for though *Peters* at *Weſtminſter* hath ſcaped reaſonable cleanely, yet *Pauls* in *London* hath layen out of order, in ordure a battenning.

The ſame day I went foure miles further to the ancient Towne of *Glaſtonbury*, there I ſaw the Ruines of an Abby , which was one of the ſtatelyeſt and moſt

moſt ſumptuous ſtructures in *England* or *Europe:* there remaines yet the ruined walls of a Chappell built in memory of Joſeph of *Arimathea* (who as it is recorded by Authentique Hiſtorians) did firſt convert this Land from Paganiſme to Chriſtianity : *And wee have great neede of another good Ioſeph to come amongſt us, to doe as much for us now.* But there is no memoriall of any place where that good old man was buried: the Abby was walled more then a mile about, with a wall of free-ſtone, as faire as *London* wall ; it is very probable that King *Arthur* (our Engliſh Worthy) was there ſepulchred ; for there I ſaw ſome ſtones of Marble, of which I placed the broken pieces together ; I read theſe words in Latin,

Hic jacet Guineverus Regina, Vxores, &c.

Queene *Guinever* was Wife to the great *Arthur*, and ſhe being buried there, it is to be conjectured that his bones were not layd far from her.

Mr. *Camden* , doth quote the Ancient Hiſtorian, *William of Malmsbury*, to write theſe words following concerning *Glaſtenbury.*

That it was the firſt Land of God in England, *the firſt Land of Saints in* England, *the beginning and fountaine of all Religion in England*, *the Tombe of Saints, the Mother of Saints*, *the Church founded and built by the Lords Diſciples.*

I ſaw a branch or ſlip of the Hawthorne Tree that did beare Bloſſomes every yeare (when all other Trees were froſt-bitten, and ſeemed dead:) this Tree onely, on Chriſtmas day, the day of our bleſſed Saviours Birth; this Tree did (in its kinde) ſhew its joy in comemoration of the Nativity of the Redeemer

of unkinde mankinde : There are all the Inhabitants in the Towne will verifie it, and thouſands in *England* and other Countries will affirme that it is no Fable : The Souldiers being over zealous did cut it downe in pure devotion ; but a Vintner dwelling in the Towne did ſave a great ſlip or branch of it , and placed or ſet it in his Garden , and he with others did tell me that the ſame doth likewiſe Bloome on the 25. day of *December*, yearely ; I ſaw the ſayd branch , and it was ten foote high, greene, and flouriſhing; I did take a dead Sprigge from it , wherewith I made two or three Tobacco ſtoppers, which I brought to *London* ; my humble thankes to Mr. *Brooke* , with (his good Siſter) for they entertained me freely ; ſo that the Towne of *Glaſtonbury* was not one penny the richer for any expences of mine.

Monday the ſecond of *Iuly*, I went to *Bridgewater* ten miles , where all that was worthy of note was, that neare the Towne, at a ſtile I had a great diſaſter ; for a ſhagge or ſplinter of the ſtile tooke hold of my one and onely breeches, and tore them in that extreme unmercifull, unmannerly manner, that for ſhame and modeſties ſake I was faine to put them off , and goe breechleſſe into the Towne , where I found a botching threepenny Taylor , who did patch me up with ſuch reparations as made me not aſhamed to put my breeches on againe , and trot five miles further to a ragged Market Towne called *Neather-Stoy*, where extreame weary, I tooke up my lodging, at a ſigne and no ſigne, which formerly was the Roſe and Crowne ; but Roſes are withered , and Crownes are obſcured, as the ſigne was.

Surely

Surely that day was a mad, ſad, glad, auſpicious, unlucky day to me, worſe then an Ominous, Childermas, or a dogged byting dog-day; for the Hoſteſſe was out of Towne, mine Hoſt was very ſufficiently drunke, the houſe moſt delicately deckt with exquiſite artificiall, and naturall fluttery, the roome beſprinckled and ſtrewed with the excrements of Pigs and Children; the wall and ſielings were adorned and hanged with rare Spiders Tapiſtry, or cobweb Lawne; the ſmoake was ſo palpable and perſpicuous, that I could ſcarce ſee any thing elſe, and yet I could ſcarce ſee that, it ſo blinded me with Rheum a ſigne of weeping; beſides all this, the odorifferous and contagious perfume of that houſe was able to outvie all the Millainers in Chriſtendome or Somerſetſhire.

I being thus embelliſhed, or encompaſſed with theſe moſt unmatchable varieties; but to comfort me compleatly, mine Hoſt ſwing'd off halfe a pot to me, bad me be merry, and asked me if I would have any powdred Beefe and Carrets to ſupper; I told him yes, with all my heart; but I being weary of the houſe, I went and ſate three houres in the ſtreet, where mine Hoſt often did viſit me with moſt delightfull and hydropicall non-ſenſe; at laſt, 7 of the clock was ſtruck, and I went into the houſe to ſee if ſupper were ready; but I found ſmall comfort there, for the fire was out, no Beefe to be boyled, mine Hoſt faſt aſleep, the Maid attending the hogs, and my hungry ſelfe halfe ſtarv'd with expectation; I awaked mine Hoſt, and asked him where the Beefe was, he told me that he had none, and deſired me to be contented with egges fryed

fryed with parſly; I prayed him to ſhew me my chamber, which he did; the chamber was ſutable to the reſt of the houſe; there I ſtayd till neere 9 a clock, expecting fry'd egges, when mine Hoſt came to me with an empty anſwer, there were no egges to be had, ſo at the laſt I purchaſed a piece of bread and butter, and to bed, and then began my further torments; for thinking to take a little reſt, I was furiouſly aſſualted by an Ethiopian Army of Fleas, and do verily believe that I layd ſo manfully about me that I made more then 500 *mortuus eſt:* they were ſo wel grown that as I took 'em I gave 'em no quarter, but rub'd 'em between my finger and my thumbe, and they were ſo plumpe & mellow, that they would ſquaſh to pieces like yong boyled peaſe: But all theſe troubles I patiently paſt by, making no more account of them, then of ſo many Flea-bytings. For my further delight, my chamber-pot ſeemed to be lined within with crimſon pluſh, or ſhag'd ſcarlet bayes, it had ſcaped a ſcowring time out of minde, it was fur'd with antiquity, and withall it had a monumentall ſavour; and this piſſe-pot was another of my beſt contentments.

At laſt, wearineſſe and watching, began to inforce ſleep upon me, ſo that (in ſpight of the fleas teeth) I began to winke, when ſuddenly, three children began to cry, and for an hours ſpace I was kept waking, which made mee fall to the ſlaughter againe. The children being huſh'd aſleep, the game began afreſh amongſt the dogs; for the cry was up, and the bawling Currs took the word one from the other, all the Towne over; and the dogs had no ſooner done, but the day break appeared, and the hogs began to cry out

cut for their breakfaſt : ſo I aroſe, and travelled (almoſt ſleeping) 10. miles that day ; which was to a Towne called *Dunſtar*, where upon a lofty hill ſtands a ſtrong Caſtle , it had then a Garriſon in it ; I muſt confeſſe I was free there,

From naſty Roomes, that never felt broomes,
From excrements, and all bad ſents,
From childrens bawling, and caterwawling,
From grunting of hogs, and barking of dogs,
And from byting of Fleas, there I found eaſe.

The fourth of *Iuly* , I travelled to Exfourd (ſo named) becauſe it ſtands near the head, or ſpring of the River *Ex*, which runs downe from North to South neere 40 miles to the City of *Exeter*, and to *Exmouth*, where it delivers it ſelfe into the Ocean, and from thence to *Brayfourd*, (another Fourd which runs into the River of *Ex*, as the people told me ; but I finde it not ſo in the Map,) that dayes journey was ſixteene miles, a teadious weary way for a crazy, old, lame, bad, foundered footman, I am ſure I found it ſo ; for when I came to my lodging I had more minde to eate then to fight , and a better ſtomack to a bed then a ſupper.

The fifth of *Iuly*, I walked but ſeven miles to *Barnſtable*, a very fine ſweete Towne, ſo cleane and neate, that in the worſe of weather, a man may walke the ſtreets, and never foule ſhooe or boote ; there I ſtayd till the next day noone, being well and well-comely entertained by one Mr. *Iohn Downes* , who gave me Fidlers fare, meate, drinke and money, for

which I heartily thanked him: From thence I paſt by water five miles to *Aplear*.

Iuly the ſixt (being Friday) I paced it ten miles to a place named *Ferry Croſſe*, in the Pariſh of *Allington*, and the ſeven day I turned my back upon *Devonſhire*, having gone that day fifteene miles to the firſt Market Towne in *Cornewall* (on the North-ſide of the County) named *Stratten*.

Cornewall is the *Cornucopia*, the compleate and repleate Horne of Abundance for high churliſh Hills, and affable courteous people; they are loving to requite a kindeneſſe, placable to remit a wrong, and hardy to retort injuries; the Countrey hath its ſhare of huge ſtones, mighty Rocks, noble, free, Gentlemen, bountifull houſekeepers, ſtrong, and ſtout men, handſome, beautifull women, and (for any that I know) there is not one *Corniſh* Cuckold to be found in the whole County: In briefe they are in moſt plentifull manner happy in the abundance of right and left hand bleſſings.

It is a wonder that ſuch rugged Mountains do produce ſuch fertility of Corn, and Cattle; for if the happy dayes and times of peace were once ſettled, *Cornewall* might compare with any County in *England*, for quantity of all neceſſaries needfull, and quallity of perſons.

The ninth of *Iuly* I left *Stratten*, and ambled twenty miles to the Towne of *Camelfourd*, and to a Village called *Bliſtland*, and there I was taken for the man I was not; for they ſuſpected me to be a bringer of Writs and Proceſſe to ſerve upon ſome Gentlemen, and to bring men into trouble: But with much adoe

I ſcaped a beating, by beating into their beliefes that I was was no ſuch creature.

Iuly the tenth, I came to *Bodman*, (a Market Town) and from thence the ſame day to a Village called St. *Enedor*, a part of which Pariſh is called *Penhall*, there at a Smiths houſe was good lodging, better cheare, and beſt drinke; the Smith was lame, his Wife was faire and handſome, where if I could haue acted the part of *Mars*, there might have been played the Comedy of *Vulcan* and *Venus*: that dayes travell was eighteen miles.

Iuly eleaventh, I progreſſed to *Truro*, another Market Towne, which is the Lord *Roberts* his Land; there I bought a fiſh called a *Breame* for three pence, it would have ſerved foure men; after dinner I went eight miles further to a Towne called *Redruith*, in all that dayes travells eighteen miles, I ſaw nothing ſtrange to me but a few *Corniſh* Dawes (or Choughs) with red bills, and legs: They ſaluted me upon the wing, juſt in the language of our Jack Dawes about *London*, *Ka*, *Ka*.

The twelfth of *Iuly*, I came within two miles of Saint *Michaels Mount*, to an ancient houſe called by the name of *Trimineague:* it hath been, and is the birth place of Worthy Families, of the Noble name of the *Godolphins*: The right owner and poſſeſſour of it now is *Francis Godolphin*, Eſquire, a Gentleman endowed with Piety, Humanity, Affability and Ability; he hath a heart charitable, a minde bountifull, and a hand liberall; he hath (deſervedly) the cordiall love of all the County, and would have the enjoyments of earthly contentments, if once theſe diſcon-

tented times were quieted : Seaven dayes I ſtayed with him , in which time he was pleaſed to ſend a Kinſman of his (Mr. A*nthony Godolphin*) with me to ſee the Mount , which I thus deſcribe. It is about a mile in compaſſe at the foote , and it riſes 700 paces very ſteepe to the top , it is in forme like a great hay-cock or Reeke , or much like a Mounteere ; on the top or Piramis of it, is a fine Church called Saint *Michaels* , the ſayd Church is now for no other uſe but a well ſtored Magazine with Ammunition . from whence (for a relique of remembrance) I brought halfe a yard of Saint *Michaels Mounts* Monumentall Match : I went to the top of the Church Tower ſeventy ſteps higher , and in my comming downe I viewed the Bells (which were five in number) being faire and handſome, they cannot be rung, becauſe the crack rope Souldiers have broke all the Bell-ropes, inſomuch as for any more ringing there, the Bells being ropeleſſe, the people are hopeleſſe.

To ſpeake the truth of this ſo much talked of Famous Mount ; it is lofty, rocky, innacceſſible, impregnable not to be taken, or kept, nor worth the taking or keeping : It is a barren ſtony little wen or wart, that with men, Amunition, and Victualls is able to defend it ſelfe ; but if it hath not the Sea and Land to friend, there is an Enemy called hunger (or famine) that will conquer Mounts and Mountaines : It can do no ſervice to the ſeaward, for the water is ſo ſhallow, that no ſhip can faile within ſhot of it , and for Land ſervice the Towne of *Market Iew* , ſtands better for defence : The Mount is an Iſland , and no Iſland, twice in every 24 houres : for when the Sea is up,

Boates

Boates muſt be uſed to go to it, but upon the ebbe, Troopers may ride to it forty in Ranck: *Market Iew* is about two flight ſhoote of it, the Mayor whereof (one *Mr. William Mabb*) cauſed me to dine with him, for which I returne him a few printed thanks.

In the Mount I ſaw a craggy rugged ſeat, of Rocky Upholſtery, which the old fabulous rumour calls St. *Michaels Chayre:* and a Well I ſaw there, which twice in 24. howres is freſh water, and ſalt water: This Mount had a Garriſon within it, which made the Country people to grumble without it; yet the ſoldiers are pretty civill: and one Captaine *Geary* did courteouſly regard and drink with me at the Maiors houſe at *Market Iew.* From thence I returned to Mr. *Godolphins*, and he did perſwade mee to ſee the Lands end, fourteen miles further; for which journey on the 16. day of July, he did lend me 2. horſes, with his kinſman to ride with me, where (for his ſake) I was welcome by the way, with a good dinner, at one Mr. *Levales* houſe, from whence I rode, and went as far as I could ride, goe, or creepe, for rockes and ſea: and there I ſaw the Iſland of *Silly*, with other ſmaller Iſlands, which are ſayd to be 16. or 17. in number. The mayne Iſland is held for the Prince, by one Captaine (or as ſome ſay, a Knight) called Sir *Iohn Greenvill*; it is very ſtrong, with a good ſafe harbour, and as it is reported there, hath a good fleet of ſhips in it: ſome doe call it a ſecond *Argiere*, for there cannot a ſhip or veſſell paſſe by it, but they doe make out upon them, whereby they have great riches, with all neceſſaries: it was 8. leagues at leaſt from me, inſomuch that I could but onely ſee it dimly, and 2. ſhips I perceyved

that lay at road (perdue) to give notice (as I conjectured) of the appearance of any ſhipping that ſayled within their ken : I did cut my name 4. inches deep in a ſmall patch of earth amongſt the Rockes, at the Lands end, and I am ſure no man can go thither and ſet his name or foot, halfe a foot before me.

The ſame day I returned to one Mr. I*ones* his houſe a mile thence, in the fartheſt Weſtern Pariſh of the County of *Cornwall*, called *Sevin*; there I had good entertainment all night, by the Gentlemans and his Wives free welcome, which was out of their owne curteous diſpoſition; but chiefly for Mr. *Godolphins* ſake, to whom at *Trimiweagow* I returned, on the 17. of July, where I reſted one day : and on the 18. day I tooke my leave, having received 7. dayes hoſpitality in plenty, with many other curteſies in money and other neceſſaries which I wanted; beſides hee ſent his kinſman with mee to direct mee the way to another *Francis Godolphin* of *Godolphin* houſe. That Gentleman is the chiefe of that noble name; his houſe a ſtately ancient Pallace, and my chear and welcome at dinner, moſt freely bountifull. After dinner hee walked with me, where (in my way) I ſaw his Mines of Tin, and a houſe where his workemen were refining and melting of Tin, which is a rich commodity. So at my taking leave of him, hee put ten ſhillings in my hand, which came to me in an acceptable time.

From thence I jog'd 3. miles further, to a houſe called *Clowance* in the Pariſh of *Crowen*, where dwells one Mr. *Iohn Sentabin*, he is ſonne in Law to the firſt *Godolphin* I came to, whoſe daughter he marryed (a vertuous and beautifull Gentlewoman) where I tooke

a

a welcome, a ſupper and a bed, till the next morning, being *Iuly* 19. he ſent a man with me eight Miles to a ſiſter of his, named Mrs. *Gertrude*, to her I was ſo welcome, that after I thought ſhe had been weary of me, ſhe would faine have had me to ſtay two dayes more, which I (with thankes refuſing) ſhe lent me a Mare (and a man to bring her home againe) which Mare I roade to a Towne called *Penny com quick*, within a mile of *Pendennis* Caſtle, which Caſtle I looked on a far off, but I durſt not attempt to offer to go into it, for feares and jealouſies might have miſtaken me for a ſpy; for at all places of Gariſon, there is very ſtrict examinations of perſons, and at every Townes end, in all the ſea Townes of part of *Cornewall*, *Devonſhire*, *Dorſetſhire*, and every Shire, no traveller could paſſe without catechizing words: *As what is your name, whence came you, where dwell you, whither go you, what is your buſineſſe, and wherefore came you hither?* Now he that cannot anſwer theſe particular demands punctually, is to be had before Governours, Captaines, Commanders, Mayors, or Conſtables, where if a man doe chance to be ſuffered to paſſe freely from them, yet it is a hazard of the loſſe of a Travellers liberty by either their unbeliefe or miſpriſion, and at the beſt it is a hinderance to a mans journey and loſſe of time.

Theſe conſiderations made me doubtfull to preſume to looke into *Pendennis* Caſtle, or any other Garriſon or place of defence: This Caſtle is ſeated very high, and it ſtands very defenſive for the famous Haven of *Faymouth*, (one of the beſt Harbours for ſhipping in the world:) it was built by King *Henry* the eight,

eight, it is impregnable, and as long as it is well manned, amunitioned, and victualled, it is thought to be invincible, and theres an end of that poynt.

That day I paſt a Ferry called King *Harries* Paſſage, (but why it is ſo named few men knowe) there I lodged at the Ferry mans houſe, and the next morning being 21 of *Iuly*, I travelled twelve miles to a fiſher Towne called *Mevageaſie*; that Towne hath in it two Tavernes, and ſix Ale-houſes, to every one of which I went for lodging, and not any one would harbour me, then I ſought for a Conſtable to helpe me, but no Conſtable was to be found; the people all wondring at me, as if I had been ſome ſtrange Beaſt, or Monſter brought out of *Affrica*; at which moſt incivill and barbarous uſeage, I began to be angry, and I perceiving that no body cared for my anger, I diſcreetely went into the houſe where I firſt demanded lodging; where the Hoſtes being very willing to give me the courteous entertainement of *Iack Drum*, commanded me very kindely to get me out of dores, for there was no roome for me to lodge in. I told her that I would honeſtly pay for what I tooke, and that if I could not have a bed, yet I was ſure of a houſe over my head, and that I would not out till the morning: with that a yong ſaucy knave told me that if I would not go out, he would throw me out, at which words my choller grew high, my indignation hot, and my fury fiery, ſo that I aroſe from a bench, went to my youth, and dared to the combate; whereat the Hoſteſſe (with feare and trembling) deſired me to be quiet, and I ſhould have a bed, at which words my wrath was appeaſed, and my ire aſſwaged.

But

But ſtraite wayes another ſtorme ſeemed to appeare; for an ancient Gentleman came ſuddenly out of another Roome (who had heard all the former friendly paſſages,) and hee told mee that I ſhould not lodge there, for though I had ſought and not found a Conſtable, yet I ſhould know that I had found a Juſtice of Peace before I ſought him; and that he would ſee me ſafely lodged: I was ſomewhat amazed at his words, and anſwered him, Let him doe his pleaſure, for I ſubmitted my ſelfe to his diſpoſall.

To which he replyde, That I ſhould go but halfe a mile with him to his houſe, which I did, and there his good Wife and he did entertayne me courteouſly, with ſuch fare and lodging, as might have accommodated any Gentleman of more worth and better quality then one that had been ten times in degree before me: there I ſtayd the Saturday, and all the Sunday, where I found more Proteſtant Religion in 2. dayes, then I had in 5. yeers before. The Gentlemans name is Mr. I*ohn Carew*, a Gentleman of noble and ancient deſcent, and a worthy Iuſtice of the Peace in thoſe parts.

I was certified, that in that little Town of *Mevage-ſey*, there are 44. Fiſher Boats, which doe fiſh for Pilchards, that every Boat hath 6. men, and that every 2. Boats have one net between them: they doe call the 2. Boats a Seine; ſo there are 22. Seines, and 22. Nets: every Corniſh Buſhell is in meaſure 2. Buſhels and a halfe of our meaſure at London: every 2. Boates (or Seine) doe ſpend 250. Buſhels of Salt (Corniſh meaſure) to ſalt Pilchards only; every Seine do uſe 100. Hogſheads to pickle the ſayd Pilchards in yearly. So

D that

that this one little Towne, doth ſpend by Gods bleſſing, and the meanes of thoſe ſmall fiſhes, every year,

Of Salt, 22 times 350 Corniſh Buſhells, which is in the number of our Buſhells, 14000,350.

Of Hogſheads, or Caske, 2200.

Of men for 44 Boats, 6 men for each, 264.

Theſe men with their Families (being many in Number) are all maintained by Pilchard catching; but this is not all, for there are other greater Iownes in that County, which doe every one of them uſe the ſame trade of fiſhing, with more and greater numbers of men, boats, nets, caske, and much more quantity of ſalt; ſome of the other Townes are St. *Keverne*, *Foye*, *Loo*, with others which I cannot recite.

This infinite number of Pilchards, being ſalted and put up in Caske, are bought a maine by the Spaniſh, French, Dutch, Italian, and other Merchants, and by them they are either eaten or ſold, and tranſported to many other people and Nations: And now I hope I have filled my Readers bellies with Pilchards, without cloying or offending their ſtomacks; if any one be queaſie, or doe feele a wambling in the Gizzard; let them call for a cup of Sack, drinke it, and pay for it.

The 23 of *Iuly*, I came to *Foye*, and to *Loo* or *Low*) twenty miles; this Towne of *Loo*, is divided in two parts, or two Townes together, two Mayors, two Churches, two Governours, and more then two Religions; all that I can ſay of either of the *Looes*, is, that there was Souldiers and ſwordmen, ſtrong Beere and dagger Ale, Land fleſh and Sea fiſh in plenty.

On the 24. of *Iuly*, I turned my back upon *Cornewall*, and went from *Loo* to *Plimouth* in *Devonſhire*, twelve

twelve miles : At *Plimouth* I ſtayd not two houres, the Towne was too full of ſuſpitions to hold me : There I ſaw Colonel *William Leg*, a priſoner in the Towerhouſe, or Guild hall, I ſpake to him (being on the one ſide of the way in a window, and he on the other) in a low whiſpering voice that every one might heare what we ſayd ; I wiſhed him health and liberty, and ſo left him in thraldome ; There was two Stationers did make me very welcome for two or three houres; their names were *Thomas Ratcliffe* and *William Weekes*, they gave me ſmoake and drinke in *Plimouth*, for which I requite them in Paper and Inck at *London*.

That afternoone I left *Plimouth*, and went foure miles further, to *Plimpton*, and on the morrow (being Saint *Iames* his day) I hired a horſe forty miles to *Exeter*, where I was two dayes entertained at mine owne coſt, with ſome charges that *Burgomaſters* and Bookeſellers underwent: I can ſay little of *Exeter*, but that it is a faire ſweete City, a goodly Cathedrall Church (not yet quite ſpoyled or ſtabled) and it had large Suburbs, with long ſtreets, and many fine dwellings till this mad fire of contention turned all to ruines, rubbidge, cinders, Aſhes, and fume.

Two houres before *Phabus* appeared in our Hemiſphere, I was on footback from *Exeter* to *Honiton*, the 27. of *Iuly*, there I had a nights lodging, and dyet of ſuch a homely faſhion, as I have no occaſion to boaſt of; there I hired a Horſe (which proved to be a blinde Mare) ſhe had two wens as big as cluſters of Grapes hung over both her eyes, and five or ſix wens on her ſhoulders and flanks, all which beautifull ornaments I

could not perceive or ſee till I had road the beaſt foure mile, (for I was mounted before the breake of day;) but when I ſaw the comelyneſſe of the beaſt, betweene ſhame and anger I was almoſt mad at the Rogue that owned her; and being neere to a Market Towne called *Axmiſter*,, I diſmounted, and footed eight miles to *Broad Winſor* in *Dorſetſhire*, where I was better horſt eight miles further to *Everſhot*, and then I paced on foote eight miles further to the Towne of *Sherbourne*, that dayes travell was 31 mile.

The 31 of *Iuly*, I went from *Sherbourne* to *Shaftſbury*, and ſo to *Wilton*, and *Salisbury*, 31 mile: At *Wilton* I ſaw the Earle of *Pembrokes* Magnificent and Sumptuous Building and repairing of ſuch a ſtately Fabrick, that for ſtrength, beauty, forme, ſtate, glazing, painting, gilding, carving, polliſhing, embelliſhing and adorning: It may be a Pallace for the greateſt King in Chriſtendome: the Springs, and Fiſh-ponds, the Garden, the Walkes, the rare Artificiall Rocks and Fountaines, the Ponds with fiſh on the houſe top, the ſtrange figures and faſhions of the water workes, the numerous, innumerable varieties of fruits and flowers; yea all, and every thing that may make an earthly Paradice, is there to be ſeene, felt, heard, or underſtood, (which becauſe I underſtand not) I ſhut up all with this, there is ineſtimable coſt, exquiſite Art and Artiſts, moſt exceeding good work and workemen, onely one thing (that is quite out of faſhion almoſt every where) is uſed there, which is good and juſt payment.

From *Wilton*, to *Salisbury* two miles, there I ſleeped out the later end of the whole Moneth of *Iuly*.

I

I had a deſire to go into the Church there (one of the faireſt in England) but now the playes be downe, there was no ſights to be ſeen without money, which though I could have payd , yet for two Reaſons I would not ; the one was becauſe I had oftentimes ſeene that Church in former times, when Gods Service was ſayd there , and the ſecond cauſe why I would not be guilty of Simony, and with corrupting Mammon enter or intrude into the Houſe of God.

The firſt of *Auguſt*, I footed to *Andover*, fifteene old miles , and eighteene new ones, (of the Poſts late meaſuring:) The next day to *Morrell Greene*, 24 miles, the third day to *Stanes*, eighteene miles, and the fourth of Auguſt fifteene miles to *London :* My journey being in all 546 miles , which I went and came in ſix Weekes , and lay ſtill and reſted twelve dayes in ſeverall places on Weeke dayes, beſides ſix Sundayes : But all this was nothing to me, being a youth of threeſcore and ten , with a lame leg and a halfe, and there is an end of the ſtory.

Like to the ſtone of Siſiphus, *I roule*
From place to place, through weather faire and foule,
And yet I every day muſt wander ſtill
To vent my Bookes, and gather friends good will;
I muſt confeſſe this worke is frivalowſe,
And he that (for it) daignes to give a lowſe,
Doth give as much for't as 'tis worth, I *know* ;
Yet meerly merily I *this jaunt did goe*
In imitation of a mighty King,
Whoſe warlike acts, good fellowes often ſing,
The King of France and twenty thouſand men,
Went up the Hill, and ſo came downe agen.
So I this travell paſt, with coſt and paine,
And (as I wiſely went) came home againe.

FINIS.

1649.

The Number and Names of the Kings of England and Scotland.

[HAZLITT, No. 107.]

The Number and Names of all the Kings of

ENGLAND
AND
SCOTLAND,

From the beginning of their Governments to this Preſent.

As alſo how long each of them Reigned, how many of them came to untimely Ends, either by Impriſonments, Baniſhments, Famine, Killing of themſelves, Poyſon, Drowning, Beheading, falling from Horſes, Slaine in Battells, Murthered, or otherwiſe.

Written by *John Taylor*, at the Signe of the *Poets Head*, in *Phœnix* Alley, neer the middle of *Long Aker*, or *Covent Garden*.

LONDON, Printed in the Yeare 1649.

NOVERINT VNIVERSI.

BE it known unto all men &c. Hiſtory hath ſuch force and vertue that it wil make a man a Traveller that never went 10. *miles from home; it will deſcribe unto him Cities, Countries, Manners, Lawes, Cuſtomes, Faſhions, Wars and Peace both at Sea and Land, it will give him admittance to ſpeake with his hat on to the greateſt Emperours, Princes, and Potentates, and all ſorts of people and Nations that have inhabited the whole world: all this, true and well written Hiſtories will furniſh a man withall in his owne chamber. And becauſe great bookes are of great prices, and our large Chronicles are of ſuch high rates, that all men cannot reach to, I have at, mine owne coſt, written and cauſed this Briefe to be Printed. Many Writers do make doubts whether this Land had ever any King called* Brute; *but the moſt Authours do affirme, that when* Troy *was ſpoyled by the* Greekes, *that Prince* Æneas *fled into* Italy,

and there he was married to a daughter of Latinus, *King of* Tuſcany, *now the Dukedome of* Florence, *by which Lady he had a ſon named* Aſcanius, *who was the Father of* Silvius Poſthumus, *and that* Silvius *was the Father of* Brute; Brute being but 15 *years old, unfortunately as he in a Forreſt was hunting, ſlew his Father* Silvius *with an arrow as he ſhot into a thicket, thinking he had ſhot at a Deere, for which he was baniſhed from that Countrey, and ſhipping himſelf with a good, or great, number of his followers, he landed here, and was the firſt King of this Land. This is the opinion of many grave Writers, but divers learned men do oppoſe thoſe Authors. For my part, I am ſure that one King or other did reigne here when this Land was firſt a Kingdome, and becauſe it beares the ancient name of* Brittain *or* Brutaine, *I do hold with ſuch Authours, as for Brute do hold with me.*

Anno

Anno Mundi 2858. *Yeares before Chriſt* 1108.

1 BRute raigned 24. yeeres: to his 3. ſonnes *Locrinus*, *Camber*, and *Albanact*, hee gave to the firſt England, to the ſecond Wales, to the third Scotland.

2 *Locrine* raigned 20. yeers; he beat the *Hunns* (or Hungarians) hence, who would have invaded this land, and their King was drowned in Humber.

3 Queene *Guendoline* (wife of *Locrine*) raigned 15 yeers, beloved and honored for her juſt and vertuous government.

4 *Madan* raigned 40. yeeres, was eaten by Wolves, as he was hunting: he was fierce and tyrannous: he built Doncaſter.

5 *Mempricius*, the ſon of *Madan*, raigned 20. yeers, and at laſt (like his father) was devoured by Wolves.

6 *Ebrank*, built Yorke, and reigned 21 yeeres: he had by 21. wives, and other females, 20. ſonnes, and 30. daughters: he lived in the times of K. David and K. Solomon.

7 *Brute* 2. raigned 12. yeers, buried at York.

8 *Leile* raigned 25. yeers, built Carlile , and ſome ſay Cheſter.

9 *Rudhudibras* raigned 29. yeers, built Canterbury, Wincheſter, and Shaftsbury.

10 *Bladud* raigned 20. yeers, built Bathe, brake his neck in practiſing to flie.

11 *Leire* raigned 40. yeers : he built Leiceſter, before Chriſts birth 830 yeers.

12 *Cordelia,* the Daughter of *Leire* , raigned 5. yeers : kild her ſelfe in priſon.

13 *Morgan* and *Cunedague* were brothers , and grandchildren to *Leire* : they ruled together , but *Cunedague* ſlew *Morgan* at Glamorgan in Wales, and raigned 33. yeers.

14 *Rivallo* raigned 46. yeers : it rained bloud 3. dayes in his time : Rome was built out of the putrefaction of the bloud that fell : it bred ſwarms of hornets and horſeflies, that ſtung many folks to death ; inſomuch that with famine, and other calamities, there died ſo many that they which lived were not enough to bury the dead.

15 *Gurguſtus* raigned 38. yeers : a moſt vicious Drunkard, and his Brother,

16 *Sicilius* raigned 49. of both which our Hiſtories make no good mention.

17 *Iago* raigned 25. yeers : a wicked Prince : he died of a ſleepy Lethargy.

18 *Kim-*

18 *Kimmarus* raigned 54. yeers.

19 *Gorbodug* raigned 63. yeers, as ſome write' and ſome write but 42. let the Reader beleeve as he pleaſeth.

20 *Ferex* and *Porex* were brethren: they were the laſt Princes of the Race of *Brute*; *Porex* killed *Ferex*; to revenge which their mother kild *Porex*, by which meanes this Land was without a King, and at diviſion many yeares, and ſhared into 5. petty kingdomes. Some ſay *Ferex* and *Porex* raigned 50. yeers, and others write but 5.

21 *Malmutius Donwallo* raigned 40. yeers: hee was the ſonne of a Corniſh Duke, named *Clotton*: he brought this Land againe into one Monarchy, and was the firſt King that wore a Crowne of Gold.

22 *Belinus* and *Brennus* were brethren, and ſhared this Land betweene them; but (diſagreeing) *Brennus* was forced from hence into *France*, from whence hee went and wan *Italy*, ranſackt *Rome*, and at a ſiege of *Delphos* in *Greece*, he ſlew himſelfe: *Belinus* raigned 26. yeers: he builded the Port called Belingſgate.

23 *Gurguintus* raigned 19. yeeres, hee overcame the *Danes*, hee ſent many ſcattered and diſtreſſed Spaniards to inhabite *Ireland*.

24 *Guinthelinus* raigned 26. yeeres : hee built *Warwicke.*

25 *Cecilius* raigned 7. yeers, and was buried at Caerleon in Wales.

26 *Kimarus* raigned 3. yeers : a wicked King, kild by a wild Beaſt in hunting.

27 *Elanius* raigned 9. yeers : hiſtories make little mention of him.

28 *Morindus* raigned 8. yeers : he fought with a ravenous Sea-monſter, which had devoured many people, who alſo devoured the King, but hee killed the Monſter afterward, for he was found dead with his dagger in his hand, in the belly of his devourer.

29 *Gorbomanus* raigned 11. yeers : a good King, built *Cambridge* and *Grantham.*

30 *Archigalo, Elidurus, Vigenius,* and *Peredurus,*
31 were crowned and depoſed again, and with
32 ſhuffling fortunes theſe 4. Kings raigned 28. yeers.

From the time of Elidurus *to King* Lud, *there reigned in this Land* 33. *Kings, of whom Hiſtorians doe make very various, or little mention, I will therefore but only name them.*

Gorbonian raigned 10. yeers, *Morgan* 14. *Emerianus* 7, depoſed.

Ival 20. *Rimo* 16. *Geruncius* 20. *Catillus* 10. hee cauſed

cauſed all oppreſſors of the poore to be hanged. But ſince that time they have increaſed much.

Coylus raigned 20. yeers, *Ferex* 5. *Chirimus* 1. he kild himſelfe with exceſſive drinking.

Fulgon raigned 2. yeers, *Eldred* 1. *Androgius* 1. *Eliud* 5. *Dodamius* 5. *Gurginius* 3. *Merianus* 2. *Blodunus* 2. *Capenus* 3. *Quinus* 2. *Sillius* 2. *Bledgabredus* 10. *Rodianus* 2. *Archemalus* 2. *Eldalus* 2. *Redargius* 3. *Samullius* 2. *Peniſellus* 3. *Pirhus* 2. *Caporus* 2. *Dinellus* 4. *Helius* (or *Elius*) 1. From this King the Ile of *Ely* had its name.

Of theſe Kings, 24. of them had very ſhort times of either lives or raigns; 4 of them raignd but 4 yeers, (that is to ſay, each of them raignd but one yeere) and in that courſe 11 of them reigned 22 yeares (to years each, as many years as Eares) 4 reigned each three yeares, and one reigned 4 years; 3 had the happy, or unhappineſſe to beare the royall toile, hazard and ſlavery each 4 years. But although Records and Hiſtories are burnt, loſt, and falſified, by the injury of warres, alteration of times, and partiality or flattery of Writers, that there is no mention made by what meanes all theſe Kings did come to their long homes in ſo ſhort a time. It is more then conjecturable, that they died not all in their beds.

64 King *Lud* reigned 11. yeers: he named *Troy-*

novant

novant, (or this City of new *Troy*) *Kair-Lud*, or *Ludſtowne*: hee enlarged the building of *London*, from Ludgate (which he founded for Freemen to lie in bondage) to London ſtone, which ſtone was ſet up in memory of *Lud*, 60. yeeres before the Incarnation of our Saviour.

65 *Caſſibelane* raignd 17. yeers: the 2. ſonnes of *Lud* and *Caſſibelane* fild this Land with blody contention, that whilſt they ſtrived for the maſtry, *Julius Cæſar* came in and maſtred them.

66 *Theomancius* the ſon of *Lud* raigned 23. yeers: all that I can write of him is, that in memory of his Father and himſelfe, his ſtatue is on *Ludgate*.

67 *Cimbelinus* raigned 21. yeers: in his Raigne the Heavens did raine the ſhowres, flouds, innundations of gratious love and favour to moſt miſerable Mankinde; for in this Kings time our bleſt Redeemer *Jeſus Chriſt* was borne.

68 *Guiderius* raigned 21. yeers: in his time our Saviour ſuffered; then *Tiberius Cæſar* was Emperour of *Rome*, and commanded the knowne world.

69 *Arviragus* 28 yeares, a valiant man; he founded and built *Glouceſter*.

70 *Marius*

70 *Marius* reigned 53 years, he did much for the repairing of the Citie of *Cheſter*; in his time, it is written, that good *Joſeph* of *Aramathea* came hither, and taught the people Chriſtianitie at *Glaſtonbury* in *Somerſetſhire*; ſome Writers ſay that he was buried there, in a Chappell of his owne erecting, of which I ſaw the ruines and rubbiſh remaining in the yeare of grace, 1649.

71 *Coylus* the ſecond reigned 55 years; he built *Coylcheſter*, and was interred at *York*.

72 *Lucius* was the firſt King, of any Land a Chriſtian, by the meanes and perſwaſion of godly men whom *Elutherius* Biſhop of Rome ſent hither, the King and People were broughr from Paganiſme to Chriſtianity: *Lucius* caſt downe 28 Heathen Temples, and erected Churches for Gods ſervice. He reign'd 12 years, buried at *Gloceſter*, *Anno Chriſti*, 194.

73 *Severus* was an Emperour of *Rome*, he reign'd 18 years, he made a ſtrong wall between *England* and *Scotland*, to ſecure us from the Invaſion of the *Scots*, the wall was 112 miles in length, from the River *Tyne* to the Scottiſh Seas. Hee was ſlaine 78 years of age.

74 *Baſſianus* reigned 6 years, he was Emperour of

of *Rome*, and ſon to *Severus*.

75 *Caurafius* reign'd 7 years, ſlaine by *Alectus*; our firſt Engliſh Martyr (Saint *Alban*) ſuffred martyrdome in his time.

76 *Alectus* was a bloudy Tyrant, reign'd 3 years, killed by *Aſclepiodates*.

77 *Aſclepiodates* reign'd 2 yeares, as ſome doe write, others relate 30 years; he was alſo ſlain by *Coyle* Duke of *Colcheſter*.

78 *Coyle* Duke of *Colcheſter* reign'd 14 years, he married *Hellen* who was the mother of the Emperour *Conſtantine*, ſhe beautified *Jeruſalem*, with many faire buildings and Churches, and ſhe alſo walled *London* and *Colcheſter*, where *Coyle* was buried, *An.* 315.

79 *Conſtantius* reigned 4 years, a good King, buried at *York*.

80 *Conſtantine* the great was an Engliſh man borne, he was Emperour of the Chriſtian world; he was the Founder of *Conſtantinople*, which was an old ruin'd Towne called *Bizantium*, he was zealous for Gods glory, for which he was honoured on earth, and doubtleſſe eternally glorified. He raigned 22. yeers.

81 *Conſtantinus* raigned 5. yeers, and his brother

82 *Conſtantius* 3. yeers: theſe were the ſonnes of the great *Conſtantine:* they raigned together

ther, and together by the eares they fell, and never agreed till death made an end of the quarrell.

83 *Octavius* (as ſome do relate) raigned 54. yeers: he was Duke of Windſor; hee was ſlaine by *Traherus* who ſucceeded him.

84 *Traherus* raigned 6. yeers, *An. Dom.* 353.

85 *Conſtantius* 2. raigned 1. yeer, ſlain by *Gratian.*

86 *Maximinianus* raignd 1. yeer, ſlain by *Gratian.*

87 *Gratian* reigned not one full yeer, was ſlain: This Land at this time ſhook off the Roman oppreſſion, having beene vaſſalls and payd tribute to Rome 483. yeers, *An. Do.* 446

88 *Vortiger* raigned 6. yeers: hee was an Uſurper, and by his murthering of his lawfull Prince *Conſtans*, (the ſon of *Conſtantius* 2.) he gat the Crowne, and the peoples inveterate hatred; inſomuch that he was forced to ſend for Saxons out of Germany to ayd him againſt his owne ſubjects; which Saxons not onely ayded, but invaded the whole Land, and *Vortiger* was depoſed, and afterwards hee and his Queene burnt to death, by firing of the houſe where they lodged.

89 *Vortimer* the ſon of *Vortiger*, raignd 11. yeers; he was victorious againſt the Saxons, but was poyſoned by his wife.

Aure-

90 *Aurelius Ambroſe* raigned 32. yeers; a good King, yet was poyſoned.

91 *Uter Pendragon*, (which in Welſh is a Dragons head) he cornuted a Düke of Cornewall, by corrupting the Dutcheſſe *Igrene*, on whom he begot Englands & the Chriſtian Worlds Worthy (*Arthur*;) *Uter* was poiſoned by the Saxons, after he had raigned 18. yeers.

92 *Arthur* raigned 16. yeers: hee was King of England, Denmark and Norway. He beat the Infidels and misbeleeving Saracens in 12. great Battels: he inſtituted the Order of Knights of the Round Table at Wincheſter. He had a kinſman named *Mordred*, who (in *Arthurs* abſence) uſurped the Crowne; but *Arthur* fought with the Rebels, ſlew *Mordred* their Leader, and in the fight loſt his owne life, and won the name and fame to bee one of the 9. Worthies; he was buried at Glaſtenbury. *An. Dom.* 541.

93 *Conſtantine*, (ſome have written him the 4. of of that name) raigned 3. yeers, was kild by his ſucceſſor.

94 *Aurelius Conanus* raigned 33. yeers: Writers differ much in writing of this King, and the variation of times that were then: for this

Land

Land was divided by the Saxons into 7. Kingdomes, and in the time of 500. and od yeers following, they had to each Kingdome theſe Kings under named; and thoſe Lands, Shires, and Counties heerunto annexed.

1. Kent, the firſt Kingdome of the 7. Diviſions, had to its firſt King *Hengiſt*, 2. *Eſk*, 3. *Octa*, 4. *Ymerick*, 5. *Ethelbert*, a good Chriſtian King, he built St. *Pauls* London, and St. *Peters* at Weſtminſter, 6. *Eabald*, 7. *Ercombert*, 8. *Egbert*, 9. *Lother*, 10. *Edrick*, 11. *Withed*, 12. *Edbert*, 13. *Edelbert*, 14. *Alick*, 15. *Ethilbert*, 16. *Cuthred*, 17. *Baldred:* Theſe 17. Kings raigned in Kent 372. yeers.

2. The South-Saxons Kingdome was onely Suſſex and Surry: it continued under 5. Kings 113. yeers: and though Hiſtories doe not mention their deaths, it ſeemes they died naturally, becauſe ſo few Kings raigned ſo long in ſuch cut-throat times as thoſe were.

3. The third Kingdome was the Weſt-Saxons, it endured 561. yeers: it had 17. Kings, and contained the Counties of Cornewall, Devonſhire, Somerſetſhire, Wiltſhire, Hampſhire, and Berkſhire.

4. The Eaſt-Saxons, they raigned only over Eſſex and Middleſex; they continued under 14. Kings 281. yeeres.

5. Nor-

5. Northumberland had 23. Kings: it conſiſted of 6. Shires and Counties; namely, Yorkeſhire, Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmerland, Cumberland, and Northumberland. It was divided into 2. Kingdomes; it laſted 379. yeers.

6. The Eaſt Angles bounds, were Suffolke, Northfolke, Cambridgeſhire, and the Iſle of Ely: under 15. Kings it continued 353. yeers.

7. The ſeventh, laſt, and greateſt, was the Kingdome of the Mercians, it had 20. Kings: it continued 497. yeeres: it contayned 17. Counties; Northampton, Leiceſter, Darby, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Nottingham, Rutland, Cheſhire, Staffordſhire, Oxfordſhire, Worceſterſhire, Gloceſterſhire, Shropſhire, Bedfordſhire, Warwickſhire, Hartfordſhire, & Buckinghamſhire: All this while I finde that the Welchmen held their owne; for there is no mention that any of thoſe wrangling petty Kings had poſſeſſion of ſo much as one Village in Wales.

95 *Vortiporus* raigned 4. yeeres, an inceſtuous Prince, with his Wives Daughter.

96 *Malgo* raigned 5. yeers; hee murthered his Wife, and lived inceſtuouſly with his brothers Daughter. 4. Learned men were ſent from Rome hither, to convert the Idolatrous Heathen Saxons, from Paganiſme to Chriſtianity: their names were *Auguſtine*, *Mellitus*, *John* and *Juſtus*. 97. *Ca-*

97 *Careticsis* raigned 3. yeers, and being oppreſſed with the Saxons, he fled for ſafety into Wales, where he died.

98 *Cadwane* raigned 22. yeers, he tamed the Saxons of Northumberland.

99 *Cadwallin* raigned 48. yeers, a brave victorious Prince : hee was buried in London at St. Martins Ludgate.

100 *Cadwallader* raigned 3. yeers, a valiant and vertuous King : he was the laſt King of this Land called Britaine till his time, for then it was, and not till then, named *Anglia*, and the men Engliſh men. *Cadwallader* went to Rome, and died there.

101 *Athelſtane* was a valiant noble Prince : hee raigned 15. yeers, he brought this Land to be but one Kingdome againe, after it had beene divided into 7. neere 600. yeeres : he was Crowned at Kingſtone, and buried at Malmsbury, *Anno Dom.* 940.

102 *Edmund* raigned 5. yeers : he was ſon to *Athelſtane*, ſlaine, and buried at Glaſtenbury.

103 *Eldred* raigned 9 yeers : the Danes were entred heer and oppreſt the people, and baniſhed him : he was buried at Wincheſter.

104 *Edwin* raigned 5. yeeres, was crowned at Kingſtone; he was depoſed for being an inceſtuous raviſher of his own kinſwoman, & murdring hir husband.

105 *Edgar* raigned 16. yeers, he was brother to *Edwin*, (by birth, but not by nature) *Edgar* was crowned at Bathe: he was a vigilant, a valiant, and a pious Prince, he had a navie of 3000. ſhips (as ſome have written) to ſcowre the Seas from Enemies and Pirats, hee built, and repayred of Churches and Religious Houſes, the number of 47. He took 8. petty Kings of Wales priſoners, and they Rowed him in his Barge on the River *Dee*, to his Parliament at Cheſter: buried at Glaſtenbury.

106 *Edward* raigned 3. yeeres, crownd at Kingſtone, murdered by his mother in law, and his unnaturall brother *Etheldred*, buried at Shaftsbury.

107 *Etheldred* raigned 38. yeers, he cauſed all the Danes to be ſlaine, or expeld out of England, he was buried in St. Pauls London.

108 *Edmond* (ſirnamed *Ironſide*) raigned 2. yeers, *Canutus* King of Denmarke came with a mighty power of Danes, to revenge their Nations being baniſhed & kild in the time of K. *Etheldred*, but *Edmond* and *Canutus* cōbated ſingly, with condition that the Surving Victor ſhould have all the Kingdom: The Royall Combatants fought gallantly, till through many wounds, & much bloud loſt,

loſt, they fell both downe in each others armes, and embraced: Then they agreed, that the Kingdome ſhould be divided into halfes between them, and the longeſt liver take all; which agreement they lovingly kept till a Traytor named *Edricus*, murdered K. *Edmond*; for the which the Daniſh K. *Canutus*, put *Edricus* to death with moſt grievous exquiſite torments.

109 *Canutus* raigned 20. yeers, buried at Wincheſter, *An. Dom.* 1038.

110 *Harold* the firſt raigned 3. yeers.

111 *Hardicanutus* raigned 3. yeers: This King was given ſo much to exceſſive drinking, that hee dranke himſelfe to death at Lambeth: in joyfull memory wherof the merry Hock Mondaies were kept yeerly, with dancing, and friendly meeting of neighbours, which ſome (that have beene miſtakingly thought wiſe) have judged to be Popery.

112 *Edward*, called the Confeſſor, raigned 23. yeers; he freed this Land from Daniſh ſlavery, having no heire, gave his Kingdome by Will, to his Kinſman *William* Duke of

113 Normandy, but *Harold* crownd himſelfe King, and in the ninth month of his raign, Duke *William* came, kild, and unkingd King *Harold*.

Thus ended the Raignes of the Britaines, Romanes, Saxons and Danes in this Land, from the yeer of the Worlds Creation 2858. *before the birth of Chriſt* 1108. *yeers, which was* 1150. *yeeres: then (by Deed of Gift, ſome write by Conqueſt) William the firſt came hither, after a bloudy battell, neere Haſtings in Suſſex, with the ſlaughter of* 70000. *men on both ſides, the Norman Duke was crowned an Engliſh King on Chriſtmaſſe day following: he had a troublous raigne* 21. *yeers.*

115 *William* 2 (ſirnamed *Rufus*) raigned 13. yeers, hee was ſlaine in Newforreſt in ſtead of a Deere, as he was hunting, buried at Wincheſter.

116 *Henry* the firſt raigned 35. yeeres, in much vexation, he was buried at Redding.

117 *Stephen* raigned 19. yeeres, in continuall trouble; buried at Feverſham.

118 *Henry* 2. raigned 34. yeers, in much unquietneſſe. One of his ſonnes named *Jeffrey* was troden to death in a throng at Paris: alſo his ſon *Henry* he cauſed to be crownd King in his own life time, which afterward vext him much: and (to loade him with more afflictions) his wife, with his ſonnes Richard and John, rayſed Armes againſt him; he died in France, buried at Fonteverard, 1189.

119 *Richard* the firſt, called *Cor de Lion*, raigned 9. yeers, ſlaine.

John

120 *John* raigned 17. yeers, ſome have written that he was poyſoned by a Monke, others write, he ſurfeited with eating Peaches.

121 *Henry* 3. raigned 56. yeers, and after a long, tedious, and troubleſome life, had the miraculous fortune to die in his bed.

122 *Edward* the firſt raigned 35. yeeres.

123 *Edward* 2. raigned 19. yeers, murdered at Barklay Caſtle.

124 *Edward* 3. raigned 50. yeers, was buried at Sheene, 1378.

125 *Richard* 2. raigned 22. yeers, murdered at Pomfret Caſtle.

126 *Henry* 4. raigned 14. yeers, buried at Canterbury.

127 *Henry* 5. raigned 9. yeers, buried at Weſtminſter, 1422.

128 *Henry* 6. raigned 37. yeeres, murthered in the Tower.

129 *Edward* 4. raignd 22. yeers, buried at Winſor

130 *Edward* 5. was never Crowned, raigned 0. murdered.

131 *Richard* 3. raigned not 3. yeers, ſlaine.

132 *Henry* 7. raigned 23. yeers, buried at Weſtminſter, 1509.

133 *Henry* 8. raignd 37. yeers, buried at Winſor.

134 *Edward* 6. raigned 7. yeers, buried at Weſtminſter.

135 *Mary* raigned 5. yeers, buried at Weſtminſt.
136 *Elizabeth* raigned glorioufly 44. yeeres.
137 *James* raigned 22. yeers, a learned man, a Poet, a Poets friend, and a peaceable King, buried at Weſtminſter.
138 *Charles* raigned 24. yeers, Beheaded.

Scotland *began to bee a Kingdome* 339. *yeeres before the comming of our Saviour: it hath been neere* 2000. *yeers under* 108. *Kings.*

Anno Mundi 1641. *Years before Chriſt* 330.

1 FErgus raigned 25. yeeres, he was a gallant ſpirited man, and was drowned by ſtorm & ſhipwrack, neer Carigfergus in *Ireland.*
2 *Fetharius* raigned 15. yeers, murthered.
3 *Mainus* raigned 29. yeers, he died in peace.
4 *Dornadilla* raigned 28. yeeres, lived and died peaceably.
5 *Nothatus* raigned 20. yeeres, a wicked man; he was killed.
6 *Reutherus* raigned 26. yeeres, a good King.
7 *Reutha* raigned 14. yeers, hee voluntarily left the Crowne, and lived private.
8 *Thereus* raigned 12. yeeres, was baniſhed by his ſubjects, died at Yorke.
9 *Joſina* raigned 24. yeers, in peace.
10 *Finnanus* raigned 30. yeers.
11 *Durſtus* raigned 9. yeers, a cruell tyrant; he was ſlaine.

12 *E-*

12 *Evenus* raigned 19. yeers, a juſt King.
13 *Gillus* raigned 2. yeers, he was baſtard to Evenus, was cruell, was ſlaine.
14 *Evenus* 2. raigned peaceably 17. yeers.
15 *Ederus* raigned 48. yeers, a good King.
16 *Evenus* 3. raigned 7. yeeres, a wicked man, he died in priſon.
17 *Metellanus* raigned 39. yeers, a good King.
18 *Caractacus* raigned 20. yeers, about this time our Saviour was borne.
19 *Corbredus* raigned 18. yeers, a good King.
20 *Dardanus* raigned 4. yeers, he was by his own ſubjects beheaded.
21 *Corbredus* 2. raigned 35. yeers, a good King.
22 *Lugtharus* raigned 3. yeers, he loved bloudſhed and lechery, and was murdred.
23 *Mogallas* raigned 36. yeers, a good man at firſt, but turnd bad, and was murdred.
24 *Conarus* raigned 14. yeers, a tyrant, was depoſed, died in priſon.
25 *Ethodius* the firſt, raigned 33. yeers, murdered by an Iriſh Harper.
26 *Satraell* raigned 4. yeeres, by his owne ſervants hee was murdred.
27 *Donald* the firſt, and firſt Chriſtian King of Scotland, in *Anno* 199. he raigned 18. yeers.
28 *Ethodius* the ſecond, raigned 16. yeers, by his owne Guard he was murdred.

29 *Athrico* raigned 12. yeeres, a wicked King; for his bad life his Noble men did riſe againſt him ſo furiouſly, that to eſcape them he kild himſelfe.

30 *Nathalocus* raigned 11. yeeres, a tyrant, and was murdred, and caſt into a Privy.

31 *Findocus* raigned 11. yeeres, was murdered by counterfet Huntſmen.

32 *Donald* 2. raignd one yeer, he was ſlaine.

33 *Donald* 3. raigned 12. yeers, he was a tyrant, and ſlaine.

34 *Crathilinthus* raigned 24. yeeres, he delighted in goodnes, he advanced Chriſtian Religion, he lived peaceably, and died in peace, *Anno* 277.

35 *Fincormachus* raigned 47. yeeres, hee was pious and couragious, died in peace.

36 *Romachus* raigned 3. yeeres, hee was a cruell tyrant, beheaded.

37 *Anguſtanus* raigned 3. yeeres, a good King, and ſlaine in fighting with the Picts.

38 *Fethelmacus* raigned 3. yeeres, murdered by treaſon of an Harper.

39 *Eugenius* the firſt raigned 3. yeers, ſlaine by the Picts and Romans, in battell; and all the Scotch people were forced to forſake their Country 44. yeeres.

40 *Fergus* 2. raigned 16. yeers, he recovered his Country

Country valiantly fighting with Romanes and Picts, yet at laſt was ſlaine.

41 *Eugenius* 2. raigned 32. yeers, he was a good King, and died peaceably.

42 *Dongardus* raigned 5. yeers, a juſt couragious Prince.

43 *Conſtantine* the firſt raigned 22. yeeres, murthered by one of his Lords, whoſe daughter he had raviſhed.

44 *Congalus* the firſt, raigned 22. yeers.

45 *Goranus* raigned 34. yeeres, a well governing Prince.

46 *Eugenius* 3. raignd 23. yeeres, a good King.

47 *Congallus* 2. raigned 11. yeeres.

48 *Kinnatillus* raigned one yeer almoſt.

49 *Aidanus* raigned 35. yeeres.

50 *Kenelthus* the firſt, raigned one yeer.

51 *Eugenius* 4. raigned 16. yeeres.

Theſe 8. *weere good and juſt Kings, and died naturall deaths: and among all the Chronicles of Scotland, ſo many Kings ſucceſſively had not the like fortune.*

52 *Perquard* the firſt, raignd 12. yeer, a wicked man, he was caſt in priſon by his Nobles, where he kild himſelfe.

53 *Donald* 4 raigned 14 yeers, a good King, yet by misfortune drownd in the River *Tay*, as he was fiſhing for his Recreation.

54 *Fer-*

54 *Ferquard* 2 raigned 18 yeers, a bad man, and a worſe king: he was killed by the biting of a Wolfe, as he hunted.

55 *Malduin* raigned 20 yeers, his wife was jealous, and ſtrangled him, for which ſhee was burnt.

56 *Eugenius* 5 raigned 4 yeeres, ſlaine.

57 *Eugenius* 6 raignd 10 yeeres, a good King.

58 *Ambirkelethus* raigned little more then one yeere, he was a vicious Prince, and being bad was badly uſed, murdred, *Anno* 697

59 *Eugenius* 7 raignd 17 yeers, a good King, he died in peace.

60 *Mordacus* raigned 16 yeeres.

61 *Etſinus* raigned 31 yeers, both good Princes, and died peaceably.

62 *Eugenius* 8 raigned 3 yeers, he was good at firſt, but hee changing his maners, his Nobles chāged their loyalties, & murdred him

63 *Fergus* 3 raigned 3 yeers, as chaſt as a Goat, was poyſoned by his wife.

64 *Salvathius* raigned 20 yeers, a diſcreet King.

65 *Achaius* raigned 32 yeers, hee was a good King, Charles the Great being then Emperour and King of France, this Scottiſh King made a League with France, which League was never broken or crackt, although it be almoſt 900 yeeres old.

66 *Con-*

66 *Congallus* raigned 5 yeers.

67 *Dongallus* raigned 7 yeares, was drowned in the River of Spey.

68 *Alpinus* raigned 3 yeeres, beheaded by the Scots.

69 *Kenneth* 2 raigned 20 yeers, for his valour and other Princely vertues, he attained the firname of Great, hee quite overcame and flew all the Nation of the Picts, and left his Kingdome, (as he died) in peace.

70 *Donald* 5 raigned 5 yeers, a bad life founda bad death, for he kild himfelfe.

71 *Conftantine* 2 raigned 16 yeers, flaine, as he fought valiantly with the Danes.

72 *Ethus* raigned 2 yeers, a wicked Prince, hee died in prifon.

73 *Gregorius* (who by his proweffe wan the name of *Magnus*) raigned 18 yeers.

74 *Donald* 6 raigned 11 yeers, a good King.

75 *Conftantine* 3. raigned 40 yeers, he was a valiant man, but hee left his Crowne for a Cowle, and died a Religious Monke.

76 *Malcolme* the firft, raigned 9 yeers, a good King, yet murthered.

77 *Indulfus* raignd 9 yeers, a couragious Prince, flaine by Danes.

78 *Duffus* raigned 5 yeeres, was murthered, although a good King.

79 *Cu-*

79 *Cudenus* raigned 4 yeeres, a vicious Prince, murthered.

80 *Kenneth* 3. raigned 24 yeeres, a tyrant, hee was murdred.

81 *Conſtantine* 4 raigned 2 yeers, an uſurper, he was ſlaine.

82 *Grimus* raigned 8. yeers, a lewd Prince, he was ſlaine.

83 *Macolme* 2. raigned 30. yeers, he was a vertuous Prince, yet was murthered by his chiefeſt Courtiers, who flying away to get over a frozen River called Farfar, the Ice brake, and the murtherers were drownd.

84 *Duncan* the firſt raigned 6. yeeres, a good King, murthered.

85 *Mackbeth* raigned 17. yeers, a cruell tyrant, killd.

86 *Macolme* 3. raignd 36. yeers, a good King, ſlain.

87 *Donald* 7. raigned not a yeere, expulſt as an Uſurper.

88 *Duncan* 2. raignd one yeer, an uſurper, ſlaine.

89 *Donald* 8. raigned 3. yeeres, he was taken by *Egar*, had his eyes put out, and died in priſon lamentably.

90 *Edgar* raigned 9. yeeres, a good King.

91 *Alexander* the firſt, raigned 17 yeers, he was a valiant good Prince, hee was called *Alexander* the fierce.

92 *Da-*

92 *David* the firſt, raigned 29. yeeres, a worthy King, hee built 11. ſtately Religious Houſes, died in peace at Carliſle, buried at Dumfermling.

93 *Macolme* 4. raigned 12. yeeres, a maiden unmarried King.

94 *William* raigned 49. yeers, for his courage ſirnamed the Lion.

95 *Alexander* 2. raigned 35. yeers, a good King.

96 *Alexander* 3. raigned 17. yeers, died of a fall from a Horſe.

97 *John Baliol* raigned 4. yeeres, *Edw.* 1. King of England depoſed him.

98 *Robert Bruce* raigned 24. yeeres, a wiſe, valiant Prince.

99 *David* 2. raigned 40. yeeres, a good King, was a priſoner 12. yeers in England, 1310.

At this time there was ſcuffling for the Crown, *Robert Baliol* had the poſſeſſion, and *David* the ſecond expeld him, their Raignes are uncertainely written.

100 *Robert* 2. was the firſt King of the name of *Stuarts* 1371. hee was a good King, raigned 19. yeeres.

101 *Robert* 3. raigned 16. yeeres, a good King, whoſe life was full of affliction, hi Sonne Prince

Prince *David* was famiſhed to death by rebells in Scotland, and his ſon *James* was 18 yeeres priſoner in England.

102 *James* the firſt, raigned 13. yeers, after his 18. yeers impriſoned in England, hee was ſlaine by traytors.

103 *James* 2. raigned 24. yeeres, ſlaine.

104 *James* 3. raigned 29. yeeres, ſlaine at Bannockburne field.

105 *James* 4. raigned 25. yeeres, ſlaine at Floddon field.

106 *James* 5. raigned 29. yeeres, a good King.

107 *Mary* daughter to *James* 5. her raigne was full of trouble, ſhee was beheaded at Fodringham Caſtle, after 18. yeeres thraldome.

108 *James* 6. raigned 36. yeeres in Scotland, a moſt Learned peaceable King.

England had 33 Kings before *Scotland* had any: the number of our Kings were 138, whereof 23 did not die naturall deaths; for 7 were ſlain, 6 were murdered, 4 were poyſoned, one was burnt, 2 fled the Land, one was beheaded, one dyed with drinking, one was baniſhed, and one depoſed.

The Kings of *Scotland* were in number 108. whereof 21 were ſlaine, 19 murdred, 3 killed themſelves,

themſelves, 4 died in priſon, 4 beheaded, 3 drowned, 1 baniſh'd, and 3 depoſed. Thus of all the Scottiſh Kings, onely 50 dyed naturally, and 58 by caſualties.

By this ſhort relation may bee perceived that the top of Honour is ſlippery, and moſt unſure, where is not to be expected any ſure footing, or endurance of ſtanding. For the King of Kings, being the Great and only Diſpoſer of Kings and Kingdomes, hath in his juſt indignation (for the peoples tranſgreſſions) turnd and overturnd Monarchies, Principalities, States and Commonwealths. The Aſſyrian Monarchy began with confuſion, and mouldred away to the Perſian. The Perſian glory was ſwallowed in the ravenous Gulph of a Grecian Conqueſt. The Grecian (like a violent Blaze) was no ſooner in but out, was graſpt into the hands of the triumphant Cæſars. The Roman Greatneſſe overthrew it ſelfe, with its owne weight; inſomuch that whereas it formerly had all, it hath almoſt loſt all. Our England hath had his ſhare in changings and alterations: firſt, by the Britaines; ſecondly, by the Romans; thirdly, by the Saxons; fourthly, by the Danes; fifthly, by the Normans; and now laſtly, (by the permiſſion of God) by our ſelves. There have beene Commonwealths tranſlated into Kingdomes, as Iſrael and Judah, and

and Kingdomes turnd into Commonwealths; as Italy is now divided into more then one, namely Venice, Genoa, Luca, Piſa; Alſo the Switzers, or Helvetians, are a free State. So are the greateſt part of the Netherlands. And ſince it is the Almighties unreſiſtable will to change this Nations Rule and Government, from a 5. or 6. times changed Monarchy, into a Republique, I will not repine againſt divine providence, but as I was a faithfull ſervant and ſubject 45. yeers, to two Kings, (who were good Maſters to mee) ſo now I muſt obey the preſent Government, or elſe I muſt not expect that I ſhould live under it, or be protected by it.

FINIS.

1652.

Chriſtmas In and Ovt.

[HAZLITT, No. 118.]

CHRISTMAS
IN & OVT:
OR, OUR
LORD & SAVIOUR
Chriſts Birth-Day.

To the Reader.

Good Joſhua *once ordain'd a Holy-Day,*
Becauſe the Sun ſtood ſtill in Gibeon,
And at his Prayers that the Moon did ſtay
His courſe, above the Vaile of Aialon*:*
And ſhal not Chriſtians ſtil give thanks & praiſe
On th' yearly day our bleſt redeemer came?
Shall Powder Treaſons and thankſgiving dayes
Be ſtill obſerved in Records of Fame?
Then let not Chriſts Birth-Day forgotten bee,
Remember him that doth remember thee.
Thine *IOHN TAYLOR.*

LONDON,
Printed at the Charge of the Authour,
1652.

Chriſtmas, or Chriſts Day, or Chriſts Birth-Day.

IN imitation of my great and glorious Lord and Maſter (Jeſus Chriſt) in love to them that hate me, I am come to them that love me not. My Almighty Maſter was, is, and ever will be GOD, from whom nothing was, is, or ever ſhall be hid; and he did not onely know, but commiſerate the miſeries of his enemies (moſt miſerable mankinde) to whom he had often ſent his Patriarks, Prophets, and other Meſſengers of Peace and proſperity, and how they were, and ſhould be entertained in the world; God knew before, and all Hiſtories of the ſacred Volumes, or other Books of Eccleſiaſticall Writings will teſtifie.

And as my good Maſter did know how courſely he ſhould be dealt withall (by misbelieving hard hearted Jewes) yet he came on this Day, from whom I have my name of CHRISTMAS, or Chriſts Day: Even ſo, I come this 25. of December, though I know I ſhall be hardly welcome to a great many; yet I am ſure that as many as love my Maſter, will rejoyce to ſee this Day: But as my ſirname of Mas, there is much exceptions taken, by ſome that underſtand not what Mas, or Chriſtmas meaneth.

I have heard Learned men ſay, that the word Mas doth ſignifie

ſignifie ſome heavy or ponderous thing, as *Maſſa* is a Wedge of Gold or Iron, or any thing that is preſſed or made into a lump of any thick matter of Dough, or Curds, Cheeſe, or ſuch like; but my ſirname of Mas is miſtaken, for my name is *Chriſti miſſi*, or Chriſt ſent, as being ſent from God to us this Day. Chriſt had his Miſſion, he came not before he was ſent, (as himſelfe ſaid to his Diſciples.) "He that believes in you believes in me, and he that be-"lieves in me, believes in him that ſent me. Here it is plaine that my Maſter was ſent, and as he was ſent, ſo he ſent his Apoſtles, and they gave miſſion to the ſucceeding Miniſtery, and they that were ſent went, and none were ſo bold to intrude into the Miniſtery without his Miſſion or Commiſſion of being ſent: and ſo much concerning my name of Chriſtmas.

But I am more properly called Chriſts Day, for he himſelfe did honour me with that Name, and though all dayes are his (for as he is God, he is the Antient of Daies) for whem the Jewes did ſpeak of ABRAHAM, Joh. 8, 56, My Maſter ſayd, "Before ABRAHAM was, I am, for A-"BRAMAM ſaw my Day, and rejoyced in it, and was "glad. He appointed me to be the peculiar Day of his bleſ-ſed Birth; he was promiſed in Paradice, foretold and foreſeen by the Patriarks and Prophets; proclaimed by Angels, with "Glory be to God in the higheſt, peace on "Earth, good will towards men, Luk. 11. 14. A Song or Chriſtmas Carroll, of three parts, to God, to Earth, to Men, (Glory, Peace, & Good will) a gracious Conſort ſung by celeſtiall Spirits, Angels, and a multitude of heavenly Souldiers, they ſung and rejoyced all for our good, and not for their owne: Then let men ſing Pſalmes and An-thems in Churches, and Hymns and Carols in our Houſes, let us give glory to God on high, and he will give us peace below.

Faith is very clear ſighted, for ABRAHAM was more than two thouſand yeares before Chriſt came in the fleſh, yet (with the Eye of Faith) he ſaw Me, he ſaw my Maſter and my Maſters day, and rejoyced in it; and his rejoycing was approved of, but the Jews which rejoyced not were reprehended. The holy Patriark rejoyced, and Chriſt allowed it, and he did diſlike the unbelieving Jews that rejuyced not. The Jewes did not (and do not) obſerve it, but all Chriſtians did, doe, and will celebrate it and acknowledge it, for no Chriſtian will ſtrike, blot, or ſcrape Chriſts Day out of the Kallender.

The Prophet Iſaiah did write of Chriſts comming 600 years before he came, in theſe words, "Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive and beare a Son, and he ſhall call his name IMMANUELL, or EMANUELL, Eſay 8. v. 14.

And again in the 9. Chapter v. 6. "For unto us a Child "is borne, and unto us a Son is given: He is born, and unto us a Son is given, born of the bleſſed Virgin his Mother, and given by Almighty God his Father: a Child, *Natus*, a gift *Datus*, Is borne, Is given: The Prophet ſaies not, was borne and given, but Is, which is ever, in the preſent Tenſe, Borne ſtill in the heart, ſoule, and memory of every Chriſtian. He that Was, and Is, and Is to come, Was borne a Child and is born a Child unto us, Was given a Son, and is given a Son unto us, this Day of my Maſters bleſſed Nativity.

In the ſecond of S. Luke, v. 10 11. "Then the Angel "ſaid unto them, be not afraid, for behold I bring you glad "tidings of great joy which ſhall be to all the people, a Saviour is born on this Day, Chriſts Day, Chriſts Birthday, my day, Chriſtmas day.

The Angel appeared to the Shepheards, and told them newes of a Lamb, "the Lamb of God that taketh away "the ſins of the World: a Lamb that was come to ſave all the

the ſheep of Iſrael that were loſt, and loſt everlaſtingly we ſhould have been, had not this bleſſed Lamb come and redeemed us.

And as he was a Lamb, ſo likewiſe he was a Shepheard, the true Shepheard, the chiefe Shepheard, 1 Pet. 5. 4. the good Shepheard, Joh. 10. 11. 14. ſo we read that his Birth and Birth-day was firſt made knowne unto Shepheards. Indeed Shepheards were in odious and contemptible abhomination amongſt the Idolatrous Egyptians, Gen. 46. 32. So was and is my Maſter Chriſts Name and Birth-day to the misbelieving Jewes, miſcreant Turke, and Sectarian, Schiſmaticall, out-ſide ſeeming Chriſtians. This day he that was prophecied of to come, did come, and he that was promiſed is come; an Angell preached at his comming, and Quires and multitudes of bleſſed Spirits ſung, when our Saviour came, who was, is, and ever will be, not only a Saviour, but ſalvation it ſelfe.

He was the Word, and the Word was God, and God was the Word. Here God (the Word) was a Childe, a Babe, an Infant; and here the Word was not able to ſpeak a word, Joh. 14. "And the Word was made Fleſh, "and dwelt among us, we ſaw the glory thereof, as the "glory of the onely begotten Son of the Father, full of "Grace and Truth.

God ſent his Son this day; note who he was that did ſend, and what it was that he ſent: He ſent firſt to us, that ſhould in all humility have been Petitioners to him; we were enemies to God, to us he had ſent often by his Meſſengers; but this Day he ſent his Son, who was and is himſelfe.

Therefore let our deſerved miſery, and Gods undeſerved mercy, love and compaſſion, be thankfully remembred this day, and every day in all places, times, ages, and generations.

This Day, "Mercy and Truth are met together, and "Righteouſneſſe and peace have kiſſed each other, Truth "ſhall flouriſh out of the Earth and Righteouſneſſe hath "looked downe from heaven, Pſal. 85. Here was a gracious and happy meeting, here the Lord Chiefe Juſtice of Heaven and Earth, brings juſtice, truth, and righteouſneſſe to judge, and mercy and compaſſion to ſave; here mercy ſhewed her ſelfe a good Miſtris to miſery: This Day he came in clouts that will come in Clouds. "And "without controverſie great is the Myſtery of godlineſs, "which is, God is manifeſted in the Fleſh, juſtified in the "Spirit, ſeen of Angells, preached to the Gentiles, belie-"ved on in the world, and received up in Glory, 1 Tim. 3, This was a great Miſtery indeed; this was the ſumme and ſubſtance of all Tropes, Types, Figures, Shadowes, Sacrifices, Ceremonies, and the one and onely abſolute fulfilling and accompliſhment of all Propheſies. And in the firſt Chapter to the Hebrewes, verſe 1, 2, 3. the Apoſtle ſaith: "And at ſundry times, and in divers places, "God ſpake in the old time to our Fathers by the Pro-"phets; in theſe laſt dayes he hath ſpoken to us by his "Son.

Thus my Maſter (who had no beginning) did begin this day to come and dwell amongſt ſinfull men; the Son of God, the King of Glory came this Day, and this Day was the firſt Day of Chriſtianity to all Chriſtians, and as many as have true faith in Chriſt.

This was he to whom God the Father ſaid, Pſal. 2. "Thou art my Son, this Day have I begotten thee. And this was he that in the ſame Pſalme was propheſied to ſay, "Lord I will preach thy Law, and declare thy Will. The Evangeliſt S. Luke ſaith, Chap. 2. Ver. 12, 13. "And this "ſhall be a ſign unto you, you ſhall finde the Babe ſwad-"led and laid in a Cratch, ſome read it in a Manger. Here

is

is to be noted the great humility of my Maſter, that though he were Lord and maker of all, the firſt joyfull tydings of his birth was, not brought to Princes and Potentates, or to Scribes, Phariſees, Lawyers, or Doctors; but he was gratiouſly pleaſed to be firſt declared to poore and humble Shepheards, and not to be borne in any magnificent or ſtately Palace, or in the beſt room in the Inne: No, the Inkeeper had his Chambers filled with Gueſts more welcome and gainfull then Chriſt: There was no room for him in the Inne, therefore the Redeemer of mankind had entertainment in a Stable amongſt Beaſts, ſwadled and laid in a Cratch.

Neither would he be borne in any great or glorious City, Jeruſalem had not the honour to be graced with the Birth and firſt preſence of the Son of God; in great Cities there hath ever been more miſery than mercy; and more perſecution than pity; therefore great Jeruſalem was the place of his bitter death and paſſion, and little Bethlehem was honoured with his birth, as it was prophecied many years before, by the Prophet Micah, Chap. 5. in theſe words: "And thou Bethlehem Ephrathah are "little to be among the thouſands of Judah, yet out of "thee ſhall he come forth unto me, that ſhall be the Ru-"ler in Iſrael, whoſe goings forth have been from the be-"ginning, and from everlaſting.

"And Heb. 2. 16. For he in no wiſe took the Angells, "but the ſeed of *Abraham* he took.

He took our nature (in the ſeed of *Abraham*) upon him, the nature of Angells he took not: He came this day to help us, who had moſt need of a Saviour; he gave to us not onely a dignity which he gave not to Angells, but alſo he gave himſelfe for us, and ſure we cannot take a ſafer or wiſer courſe, than thankfully with all humility to give our ſelves to him that gave himſelf for us.

My Maſter gave power to his Church to celebrate and to ordain and command the annuall celebration of his bleſſed Nativity, I have twelve dayes to attend me, and twelve moneths I do abſent my ſelfe before I come again, the kinde or courſe entertainment, the courteous or churliſh uſage to me, doth not, or cannot increaſe, or diminiſh my Maſters glory; or adde to me, or take from me one minute of time; if men could be as faithfull and charitable as *Abraham*, as humble as *David*, as milde and meek as Moſes, as zealous as *Elias*, as patient as *Job*, as ſolicitous as *Martha*, and as devout as the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*: thoſe gracious gifts have been, are, and will be a happineſſe unſpeakable to ſuch as are by ſupernall grace endowed with them, but the profit of them is onely theirs that have them, for he that is rich in mercy, cannot be inriched by the piety, vertue, or merits of men, ſo that every Chriſtian may truly ſay,

Lord, the great love thou bear'ſt to me is thine,
But all the profit of it's only mine.

So likewiſe if poore old Chriſtmas day be made welcome, I am not the richer or fatter, if I be ill entertain'd, I will neither be poorer or leaner: Let them make me a feaſting or faſting day, all my joy or grief is not of long continuance, I am but a ſhort day, and not far from the ſhorteſt day, and therefore their loves are but ſhort to my Maſter, that will not rejoyce and be glad at the comming of his anniverſary Birth-day.

The old yeare was before Chriſt, when misbelieving Iewes and Gentiles lived in the darkneſſe of ignorant Idolatry under the Law, (or without the Law) but the New yeare came when the Father of Lights ſent my Maſter (the Light of the world) who by the glorious light of his Goſpell expelled and diſperſed the black clouds and miſts of Egyptian blindneſſe, and devilliſh Idolatry.

Therefore

Therefore with the old year let is ſhake off our old faults, (the deeds of darkneſs) and with the new yeare let us be renewed in our minds, and follow the true light, and amend our maners, & let our hearts be fill'd with praiſes & thankſgivings, before our bellies be overfill'd with meat.

There were lately ſome over-curious, hot zealous Brethren, who with a ſuperbian predominance did doe what they could to keep Chriſtmas day out of England; they did in divers places Preach Me for dead in Funerall Sermons, and labour'd tooth and nail to bury me alive in the grave of oblivion; they were of opinions, that from the 24. of December at night, till the 7. of January following, that Plumb-Pottage was meer Popery, that a Coller of Brawn was an obhomination, that Roaſt Beef was Antichriſtian, that Mince-Pies were Reliques of the Whore of Babylon, and a Gooſe, a Turkey, or a Capon, were marks of the Beaſt.

In deteſtation of which ſuperſtitious diet, they aſſum'd to themſelvs ſpirituall and temporall juriſdiction, power, and authority to ſearch and plunder Pottage-pots, to ranſack and rifle Ovens, and to ſtrip ſpits ſtark naked, and triumphantly carry the pillage to be diſpoſed of as they pleaſed, for the profit and edification of the righteous, and chaſtiſement of the wicked.

As there are many ſundry Nations, ſo are there as many inclinations: the Ruſſian, Polonian, German, Belgian, are excellent in the Art of Drinking, the Spaniard will Wench it, the Italian is revengefull, the French man is for faſhions, the Iriſh man Uſquebagh makes him light heel'd, the Welſh mans Cowſs-boby works (by infuſion) to his fingers ends, and tranſlates them into the nature of lime-twigs, and it is ſaid, that a Scot will prove falſe to his Father, and diſſemble with his Brother; but for an Engliſh man he is ſo cleare from any of theſe Vices, that he is perfectly exquiſite and excellently indued with all thoſe noble aboveſaid exerciſes. I

I am old and bold to tell the noſe wiſe Brethren of theſe critick daies, that my great Maſter is King of Kings, & Lord of Lords, who is the ancient of daies, who never had beginning, and never ſhall have end. And on this day, which is kept in a thankfull remembrance of his bleſſed incarnation, 1652 years ſince, I [Chriſtmas] have not failed to make my aniverſary & yearly progreſs into Chriſtendom.

When my Maſter Chriſt was graciouſly pleaſed to exchange his unexpreſſible grory for mans unſupportable miſery, when (in his mercy) he put off the Majeſty of his Godhead, and took upon him our miſerable Manhood, leaving his glorious Throne for a Maunger, when he laid by his immortall honour, and cloathed himſelfe with our ſhame, to free all true believers from eternall damnation: Then (on his daies birth) my day began. Then on that day, and at that time, as the Shepheards were in the field, they were ſaluted with an Angel, and a multitude of the heavenly Hoſt with a moſt celeſtiall Carroll.

Luk. 2. All glory be to God on the High'ſt,
And on the Earth be Peace,
Good will towards men, 'tis the will of Chriſt,
Our joyes ſhould never ceaſe.

Thus was my good Maſter uſher'd into the World, and for his ſake, I with my followers (being 12 daies in number) honeſt *Stephen* & true *John*, with my *Innocents* Pages, and all the reſt have been welcom'd and joyfully entertained ever ſince, by all ſorts of people that have lov'd or do love and honour the memory of the birth-day of my gracious and glorious Lord and Maſter.

But now of late the caſe is quite altred, Chriſt and Chriſtmas are both alike welcome; and if the Saviour of Mankinde ſhould come perſonally here amongſt us againe, he were likely (through ignorance, malice, and madneſſe) to be re-crucified: if Chriſtmas may be ſo bold as to aske

thoſe

thoſe fiery ſpirited people the ſame queſtion as my Maſter might have asked the Jews; for which of my good works that I have done do you ſtone me?

So I may ſay to England, what harme have I ever done unto you? I am ſure I never perſwaded you to be ſo uncharitable as to cut one anothers throats, and to ſtarve and famiſh the poore (as you have done continually) and do ſtill ever ſince you baniſhed me from your territories, and it is to be feared that you will never be quiet, or have a happy Peace amongſt you, till you do give me better welcome for my Maſters ſake; he is the Prince of Peace, and his peace you will never have that do unthankfully diſpiſe & neglect to ſolemnize the day of his moſt bleſſed Nativity.

It is a lamentable and too long a ſtory to relate in what a pittifull quandary I and my followers have been in any time theſe twelve years, when we came into this Country: I was in good hope that ſo long a miſery would have made them glad to bid a merry Chriſtmas welcome: But welcome or not welcome, I am come, and at my comming (a little before day) I heard the Cock crow merrily, which I took for a good Omen, or Preface of a moſt free and joviall accommodation, which rejoyced me much, for I and my men were as hungry as Hawks, and as cold as Snow-ball: the ſable curtains of the night being drawn, I gazed to and fro to make choice of the beſt houſes, and houſe-keepers to take up my quarters amongſt them; but alas, the comfort that I found was colder then the weather; indeed I ſaw many ſtately buildings, but very little ſmoak from the Chimnies, for moſt of the owners did carry their Kitchins in Boxes, and the beſt and deareſt part of their Roaſt-meat in Pipes; beſides there was a great complaint that Mr. Tax and Mr. Plunder had plaid a long game at ſweep-ſtake amongſt them, and that they would willingly have provided good chear for me, but that they are ſo miſerable poor that they were not able to feed themſelves. This

This was no good news to me and my company; we had not been uſed to ſuch uncomfortable 'breakfaſts, which made us all ſearch up and down the chief Cities for better chear, but my eſpeciall mind was to try the curteſie of London, where I entred a fair houſe which had been an Aldermans, but it was now poſſeſt with a grave Fox-fur'd Mammoniſt, whom I found ſitting over a few cinders to warm his gouty toes, (for no other part of him did need the comfort of a fire,) from head to heel he was fur'd like a Muſcovite, and inſtead of a Bible he had a Bond in his hand, which he poard upon to ſee if it were forfeit or no; he ſeldome looked upward, but as it were riveted his eyes to the earth, as if he had been looking for a Mine: his keys of his treaſure were hanged at his waſte, and his clutches alwayes on them, and he no ſooner eſpied me and my Company, but he cried Thieves, Thieves, and reviled his poor ſtarveling ſervant, ſaying, thou Villain, haſt thou let in baſe Rakehells to rob me, and cut my throat.

Then I began to intreat him to be patient, ſaying, Sir, there are none here that intend to hurt you, if you take any harme, it muſt be your ſelfe that muſt do it to your ſelfe, and not we. My name is Chriſtmas theſe gray haired men that are with me, are men of my old acquaintance; they are all poor and true; we are come to dine with you, but if it be not your pleaſure to give us entertainment, it is not onr purpoſes to force it.

This old muckworme caſt as dogged a look upon me as if I had brought him a privy Seal to borrow money, and at laſt he opened his mouth and ſaid, thou old ſaucy intruding fellow, I prithee let me have thy abſence, thou commeſt to do nothing but miſchief, to make men waſte and ſpend ſo much to entertain thee in twelve or thirteen days exceſſe of riotous Gluttony and Gurmondizing, that for 12. moneths after they can hardly purchaſe a good meals meat;

meat; beſides thou art attended and waited on by a curſed crew of Gameſters, Cheaters, Swearers, Roarers, and whimwham Gambolls; me thinkes one of thy age ſhould have left off thy Coltiſh tricks, and prodigall expences: Doſt thou ſee any one that hath a care to live and thrive in the world, to be ſo mad as to minde thee and thy Bables, we are grown ſomewhat wiſer in twelve yeares, than our Fathers were in twice eight hundred: There dwells my worſhipfull good neighbour (Sir *Achitophel Pinchgut*, and M. *Nabal* (an ancient Iuſtice of the *Quorum*) it is neither they or my ſelfe that had ever come to have any eſtates, if we had entertained thee, or relieved Beggers: I tell thee if we and a great many more had been as laviſhly minded as thou wouldſt have us to be, we had then been as poore as thou, or any of the reſt of the vaggabond beggerly Varlets that are thy hangers on, and ſo let them hang ſtill, or ſtarve, all's one to me; therefore without any more adoe, avoid my houſe, I have nothing for thee, neither am I in the giving humour at this time.

I could have anſwered him with divine Commandments and Precepts, with many humane Hiſtories and Examples concerning good houſe-keeping, and charitable Hoſpitality; but every vertue (in this Age of Vice) is between two extremes, (as my Maſter was betwixt two Thieves) as liberallity is in the middle, but prodigality and covetouſneſſe are on each ſide of her, alwayes ready to ſpoil and devour her.

All true Chriſtians do know, that what reliefe ſoever is given to the poore, is lent unto my Lord and Maſter Chriſt, and he hath, is, and will be bound to ſee it paid with Heavenly intereſt; but he is a ſurety that few Uſurers will accept of.

At my departure from this old Father Penny-wiſe, his Sonne,

Sonne, (M. Pound-fooliſh) deſired his crabbed Sire to bid me ſtay and dine with him, at which the miſerable Curmudgeon was even half mad with anger, calling his Son ſpend-thrift, and prodigall Jack-an-Apes, ſaying, that if he bad me to dinner, that I with my followers, would take the boldneſſe to ſup with him, and lodge in his houſe till Twelftide was paſt, and that I would draw more Gueſts to his houſe then he had a mind to bid welcome, & more Beggers to his gate then he had a mind to relieve.

Thus was poor Chriſtmas uſed, which made me and my men look blank upon the matter, and without bidding him farewell, I took a going welcome from him, and wandring into the Countrey up and downe from houſe to houſe, I found little or ſmall comfort in any; ſome would only ſmile upon me, and (becauſe I ſhould not piſſe at their doors) they would give me a cup of ſingle, ſlender, lean, ſmall Beer, or Ale, which had the vertue to cauſe a man to make an Alphabet of faces, for it would have warmed a mans heart like pangs of death in a froſty morning. And as thinking or remembring former proſperities, doe make adverſities ſeem the more heavy: So I call to minde the vigorous ſpirit of the Buttry, Nappy, Nut-browne, Berry-browne, Ale Abelendo, whoſe infuſion and inſpiration was wont to have ſuch Aleaborate operation to elevate & exhillerate the vitals, to put alementall Raptures and Enthuſiaſms in the moſt capitall Perricranion, in ſuch plenitude that the meaneſt and moſt illiterate Plowjogger could ſpeedily play the Rhetorician, and ſpeak alequently, as if he were mounted up into the Aletitude. This merry memory (or ſad remembrance) of Ale, cauſed me to ask the reaſon of this alteration, to which queſtion an honeſt Smith made this anſwer.

Alas Father Chriſtmas (quoth he) our high and mighty Ale, that would formerly knock down Hercules, and trip

up

up the heels of a Gyant, is lately ſtrook into a deep Conſumption, the ſtrength of it being quite gone with a blow which it received from Weſtminſter, and there is a Tetter and Ringworme called Exciſe, doth make it look thinner then it would otherwiſe do; before theſe times every Brewer did keep two ſtrong fellows to carry the Mault, and one weake boy to pump the Water; but now they have ſhifted or changed hands unluckily; for the poore boy carries the Mault, and the two ſtrong knaves carry the Water.

Indeed (to ſpeake truth) my beſt and freeſt welcome with ſome kind of Countrey Farmers, I will deſcribe one for all the reſt in Devonſhire and Cornwall, where though both the Armies had been with them, and given them ſeverall viſits, inſomuch that if the Cavaliers had taken their Horſes, thee other Party made bold with their Oxen; if the one had their Sheep, the other plaid ſweep-ſtake; ſo that (according to the Countrey phraſe) great Crock, and little Chock, all was I go; yet as ſoon as they ſpied me, they ſaluted me with much love and reverend curteſie. The Good-man, with the Dame of the houſe, and all the reſt of the men were exceeding glad to ſee me, and with all Countrey curteſie and ſolemnity, I was had into the Parlour, there I was placed at the upper end of the Table, and my company about me, we had good chear and free welcome, and we were merry without Muſick.

A, ha, quoth I, this piece of the world is well mended, our Dinner is better then our Breakfaſt, this was as Chriſtmas would have it, here is neither too much coſt, nor too little meat; here is no ſurfeit on the one ſide, or hunger on the other; they are alwaies the beſt Feaſts where the poor are reliev'd, for the rich can help themſelves.

After Dinner we aroſe from the Boord, and ſate by the fire, where the Harth was imbrodered all over with roaſted

ſted Apples, piping hot, expecting a bole of Ale for a cooler (which preſently was transformed into warm Lambſwooll:) within an houre after we went to Church, where a good old Miniſter ſpoke very Reverendly of my Maſter Chriſt, and alſo he uttered many good ſpeeches concerning Me, exciting and exhorting the people to love and unity one with another, and to extend their charities to the needy and diſtreſſed.

After Prayers we returned home, where we diſcourſed merrily, without either prophaneneſs or obſcenity; ſupper being ended, we went to Cards, ſome ſung Carrols, and merry Songs (ſuitable to the times;) then the poor labouring Hinds, and the Maid ſervants, with the Plow-Boyes, went nimbly to dancing, the poore toyling wretches being all glad of my company, becauſe they had little or no ſport at all till I came amongſt them; and therefore they leaped and skipped for joy. ſinging a catch to the Tune of hey,

Let's dance and ſing and make good Cheare,
For Chriſtmas comes but once a yeare.

Thus at active Games and Gambols of Hotcockles, ſhooing the Wild Mare, and the like harmleſs ſports, ſome part of the tedious night was ſpent; and early in the morning we took our leaves of them thankfully, and though we had been thirteen dayes well entertained, yet the poor people were very unwilling to let me goe; ſo I left them quite out of hope to have my company againe for a Twelve-months ſpace, that if I were not baniſhed in my abſence they ſhould have my preſence again the next 25. of December 1653.

Glory be to God in the Higheſt, Peace on Earth, and to Men Good-will.

FINIS.

[1653.]

A Short Relation of a Long Iourney.

[HAZLITT, No. 122.]

A SHORT
RELATION
OF A LONG
IOURNEY
Made *ROUND* or *OVALL*

By encompaſſing the Principalitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middleſex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Cheſter*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Angleſey*, *Carnarvan*, *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembrooke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Gloceſter*, *&c.*

This painfull circuit began on Tueſday the 13 of *July* laſt, 1652. and was ended (or both ends brought together) on Tueſday the 7. of *September* following, being near 600. Miles.

Whereunto is annexed an Epitome of the Famous Hiſtory of *WALES.*

Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden.*

To all my Honourable, Worſhipfull, and honeſt Friends, that have ſubſcribed to this following Bill; I humbly deſire them to read it againe, and conſider the Contents of it, and content mee accordingly.

A Taylors Bill, with few or no *Items:* by or for *John Taylor.*

NOw in the ſeventy fourth yeare of mine Age,
I take an Engliſh *and* Welſh *Pilgrimage:*
From London *firſt I bend my courſe to* Chefter,
And humbly I to all men am Requeſter;
That when I have paſt over Hills and Dales,
And compaſt with my Travels famous Wales,
That when to you that I a Book do give,
Relating how I did ſubſiſt and live,
With all my Paſſages both here and there,
And of my Entertainment every where.
Write but your Names and Dwellings in this Bill,
I'le finde you, for the Book give what you will.
Twelve Voyages and Journies I have paſt,
And now my Age ſayes this may be my laſt.
My Travels Story ſhall moſt pleaſant be
To you that read, though painfull unto me.

IN this Bill I did promiſe to give to my friends (Subſcribers) a true Relation of my Journey,

and Entertainment, (which I have done) and I do give to them more then I promiſed, which is a briefe Chronicle of *Wales*, (which I did not mention in my Bill) I know there are foure or five ſorts of Adventurers with me in this weariſome Journey, ſome of them have payd me already (before I went) and their paine is paſt: If all the reſt do pay me (being near 3000) I am deceived; If none doe pay me I am miſerably couſened: For thoſe that have payd, or can and will pay, I thanke them; for ſuch as would if they could, or will when they can, I wiſh them ability to performe their wills for their owne ſakes, and mine both: But for thoſe that are able to reward me and will not, I will not curſe them, though I feare they are almoſt paſt praying for.

A Short Relation of a Long Iourny, *&c.*

A Traveller that loves to ſee ſtrange Lands,
May be a man or not a man of's hands:
But yet 'tis very requiſite and meet,
He ſhould be furniſh'd with good brains and feet;
For he that wants legs, feet, and brains, and wit,
To be a Traveller is moſt unfit:
And ſuch am I by Age of ſtrength bereft,
With one right leg, and one lame left leg left.
Beggers on their backs their brats do reare;
But I my iſſue in my leg do beare:
I dreſſe it often and impatiently
It lies and cries not, though it make me cry;
Yet I dare challenge Scottiſh Jock *or* Jackey,
Or any light-heel'd nimble footed Lackey,
To travell ſuch a Jaunt as I have done,
With th' right leg going, and the left leg run:
Or if I pleaſe, the caſe I'le alter ſo,
To make the worſt leg run, the beſt to goe.
And ſure my heart was ſtout, men may ſuppoſe,
To venture Travell with ſuch legs as thoſe.
But there be ſome few that do underſtand,
'Tis merry walking with a horſe in hand.

Such was my Lot, I had a ſtately Courſer,
None courſer quality'd, and for a worſer,
There's neither Halifax, *or* Hull, *nor* Hell,
That for good parts my horſe can parallel;
He was a beaſt, had heated been and cheated,
Too much hard over rid and under meated,
That he as gaunt as any Greyhound was,
And for a Horſes Skelliton might paſſe:
You might have told his ribs, he was ſo thin,
And ſeen his heart and guts, but for his skin;
He was not purſie foggy, cloy'd with greace,
And like his Rider lov'd reſt, eaſe, and peace:
Dun *was, and is the Dumb beaſt, and was Done,*
E're I begun, or he with me begun.
He had a black Liſt, from the Mane to Taile,
Which is a colour that doth ſeldome faile:
To change of paces he had been inur'd,
But yet not one t'endure, or be endur'd;
His Trot would fling a Dagger out of'h ſheath,
Or jolt a man to death, or out of breath.
His Ambling was inviſible to me,
From ſuch ſmooth eaſie garbs his feet were free:
His common Pace in Sun-ſhine or in ſhowre,
Was (as he pleas'd) about two mile an houre.
I never yet could put him in a ſweat,
For he was never free, but at his meat.
Thus John *upon* Dun's *back, were both* Dun John,
And thus the tedious way we wandred on.
Now to proceed in order duly, truly,
I London *left the thirteenth day of* July:

The

The Wayes as faire as man could well deſire,
'Cauſe I had none to draw Dun out o'th mire :
I fifteen miles (to Riſlip) *that day went,*
Baited at Edgworth, *to give* Dun *content ;*
There my acquaintance, of good fame and worth,
Did welcome me : the next day I ſet forth,
With Boots, Sans *Spurs, with Whip, and Switch of Burch,*
I got on, twenty miles to Stoken *Church :*
The fifteenth day, S. Swithin, *I and* Dun,
Did ſhuffle ſixteen miles to Abington ;
There till the Tueſday following I abode,
From thence I ſixteen miles to great Tue *rode,*
There at the Swan *mine Hoſt was free and kind,*
He had but one eye, tother ſide was blinde ;
But ſurely he a right Good-fellow was,
And there one night my Dun *did eat good graſs.*
On July's *twenty one from* Tue *I went,*
And unto Warwick *ſtrait my courſe I bent,*
There did I find another ſigne o'th Swan,
Mine Hoſteſſe kind, mine Hoſt a Gentile man,
And for your love to me, good Maſter Venner,
With humble thanks I am your praiſes Penner.
My gratitude to Maſter Jacob Harmer,
His Drapers ſhop could never make me warmer,
Then high and mighty Warwick's *drink did there,*
It made my brains to Caper and careere,
It was of ſuch invincible ſtrong force,
To knock me (in five miles) twice from my Horſe :
And ſure I think the Drink was certainly
Infuſed with the conqu'ring ghoſt of Guy.

On July's *two and twentieth day I came*
Unto an ancient houſe call'd Hunningham,
There were two Ladies of good Worth and fame,
Whom for ſome reaſons I forbeare to name:
Their Son and Grandſon (John) *I'le not forget,*
He's nobly minded as a Baronet;
Foure dayes they kept me with exceeding cheere,
And gave me ſilver becauſe Travels deare.
From thence my Journey 5 *miles I purſue,*
To Coventry, *moſt famous for true blew*;
There the faire Croſſe of ancient high Renown
Stands firme, though other Croſſes all are down.
'Tis a dry City, and dry let it be,
'Twas not made dryer one ſmall drop for me:
Like a Camelion there I brake my faſt,
And thence I twenty miles to Lichfield *paſt*;
There at the George *I took my lodging up,*
I well was lodg'd, and well did ſup and cup,
When there by chance, I caſt my wandring ey on
The ruin'd Church, with griefe I thought on Sion:
I ſigh'd to ſee that ſad confuſion,
Like th' Hebrews *by the Brook of* Babylon.
On July's *twenty ſeventh I rode alone*
Full ſixteen miles unto a Town call'd Stone.
Next day to Nantwich *ſixteen long miles more,*
From thence to Cheſter *near the* Cambrian *ſhore:*
There was my welcome in ſuch noble faſhion,
Of which in Proſe I'le make ſome briefe Relation.

My

MY Lodging at *Cheſter* was in the Watergate ſtreet, at the Sign of the Feathers, I lay on a Feather-bed, and in the ſame houſe I met with two Brothers of mine acquaintance thirty years, they brought me to the Chamber of a Reverend *Italian* Phyſition, named *Vincent Lancelles* he was more then 80 yeares of Age, yet of a very able body, and vigorous conſtitution: The Yong mens Names were *Thomas Morrine* and *Francis Morrine*, the people were pleaſed (out of their Ignorance, or in ſmall Wit) to call the old Gentleman a Mountebank; but I am ſure he was deſervedly well reputed and reported of, for many Malladies and Diſeaſes which hee cured, whereof divers were judged incurable: He helped ſuch as were grieved for three ſeverall conſiderations.

Firſt, Hee cured the Rich, for as much as hee could get.

Secondly, Hee healed the Meaner ſort for what they could ſpare, or were willing to part withall.

Thirdly, Hee cured the Poor for Gods ſake, and gave them mony and other reliefe, as I my ſelfe (with thankfull experience) muſt ever acknowledge: For he looked upon my lame leg, and applyed ſuch Medicine, as did not only eaſe me, but I am in hope will cure me, the griefe being nothing but a Blaſt of Lightning and Thunder, or Planet ſtroke, which I received nine years paſt at *Oxford*. For

For a further courteſie, when I was taking my leave of *Cheſter*, I demanded what I had to pay for Lodging, Dyet, and Horſe-meat, mine Hoſt ſayd, that all was fully payd and ſatisfied by the Good old Phyſition. My humble thanks remembred to Captain *Vincent Corbet*, but more eſpecially to Captain *John Whitworth* at Cheſter.

On Fryday the 30. of *July*, I rode (and footed it) ten Miles to *Flint* (which is the Shire Town of Flint-ſhire) and ſurely War hath made it miſerable, the ſometimes famous Caſtle there, in which *Richard* the Second of that Name, King of *England* was ſurpriſed by *Henry* of *Bullinbrook*, is now almoſt buried in it's own Ruins, and the Town is ſo ſpoiled, that it may truely be ſaid of it, that they never had any Market (in the memory of man) they have no Sadler, Taylor, Weaver, Brewer, Baker, Botcher, or Button-maker; they have not ſo much as a ſigne of an Ale-houſe, ſo that I was doubtfull of a Lodging, but (by good hap) I hapned into the houſe of one Mr. *Edward Griffith*, where I had good meat and lodging for me and my dumb *Dun* Beaſt, for very reaſonable conſideration, and this (me thinks) is a pitifull diſcription of a Shire Town.

Saturday, the laſt of *July*, I left *Flint*, and went three miles to *Holy-well*, of which place I muſt ſpeak ſomewhat materially: About the length of a furlong, down a very ſteep Hill, is a Well (full of wonder and admiration) it comes from

from a Spring not far from *Rudland* Caſtle; it is and hath been many hundred yeares knowne by the name of *Holy-Well*, but it is more commonly and of moſt Antiquity called Saint *Winifrids* Well, in memory of the pious and chaſte Virgin *Winifrid*, who was there beheaded for refuſing to yield her Chaſtity to the furious luſt of a Pagan Prince; in that very place where her bloud was ſhed, this Spring ſprang up; from it doth iſſue ſo forceible a ſtream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain Mils, and ſome do ſay that nine Corn Mils and Fulling Mils are driven with the ſtream of that Spring: It hath a fair Chappell erected over it called Saint *Winifrids* Chappell, which is now much defaced by the injury of theſe late Wars: The well is compaſſed about with a fine Wall of Free ſtone, the Wall hath eight Angles or Corners, and at every Angle is a fair Stone Piller, whereon the Weſt end of the Chappell is ſupported. In two ſeverall places of the Wall, there are neat ſtone ſtaires to go into the water that comes from the Well, for it is to be noted that the Well it ſelfe doth continually work and bubble with extream violence, like a boiling Cauldron or Furnace, and within the Wall, or into the Well very few do enter: The Water is Chriſtalline, ſweet and medicinable, it is frequented daily by many people of Rich and Poore, of all Diſeaſes, amongſt which great ſtore of folkes are cured, divers are eaſed,

eaſed, but none made the worſe. The Hill deſcending is plentifully furniſhed (on both ſides of the way) with Beggers of all ages, ſexes, conditions, ſorts and ſizes, many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embrodered all over with ſuch Hexameter poudred *Ermins* (or Vermin) as are called Lice in *England.*

Monday, the ſecond of *Auguſt*, when the Day begun, I mounted my *Dun*, having hired a little Boy (to direct me in the way) that could ſpeak no Engliſh, and for lack of an Interpreter, we travelled ſpeachleſs eight miles, to *Rudland*, where is an old ruined winde and war-ſhaken Caſtle; from that Town, after my Horſe, and the Boy, and my ſelfe had dined with Hay, Oats, and *Barraw Cauſs*, we hors't and footed it twelve miles further, to a fine ſtrong walled Towne, named *Aberconwy*; there I lodged at the houſe of one Mr. *Spencer* (an Engliſh man) he is Poſt-Maſter there, and there my entertainment was good, and my Reckoning reaſonable: There is a good defenſive Caſtle which I would have ſeen, but becauſe there was a Garriſon, I was loath to give occaſion of offence, or be much inquiſitive.

The next day when the Clock ſtrook two and fowre,
I mounted Dun, Dun *mounted* Penmen Mawre;
And if I do not take my aime amiſſe,
That lofty Mountain ſeems the Skies to kiſſe:

But

But there are other Hils accounted higher,
Whoſe lofty tops I had no mind t' aſpire:
As Snowdon, *and the tall* Plinnillimon,
Which I no ſtomack had to tread upon.
Merioneth *Mountains, and Shire* Cardigan
To travell over, will tire horſe and man:
I, to Bewmaris *came that day and din'd,*
Where I the good Lord Buckley, *thought to find:*
But he to ſpeak with me had no intent,
Dry I came into's houſe, dry out I went.
I left Bewmaris, *and to* Bangor *trac'd it,*
Ther's a brave Church, but Time and War defac'd it:
For Love and Mony I was welcome thither,
'Tis merry meeting when they come together.

Thus having travelled from *Aberconwy* to *Beumorris* and to *Bangor*, Tueſday 3. *Auguſt*, which in all they are pleaſed to call 14 miles, but moſt of the Welſh miles are large *London* meaſure, not any one of them but hath a hand bredth or ſmall cantle at each end, by which means, what they want in broadneſs, they have it in length; beſides the aſcending and deſcending almoſt impaſſable mountains, and Break-neck ſtony ways, doth make ſuch Travellers as my ſelfe judge that they were no Miſers in meaſuring their miles; beſides, the land is courſer then it is in moſt parts about *London*, which makes them to afford the larger meaſure: for courſe broadcloath is not at the rate of Velvet or Satten.

Wedneſday

Wedneſday the 4. of *Auguſt* I rode 8 miles from *Bangor* to *Carnarvan*, where I thought to have ſeen a Town and a Caſtle, or a Caſtle and a Town; but I ſaw both to be one, and one to be both; for indeed a man can hardly divide them in judgement or apprehenſion; and I have ſeen many gallant Fabricks and Fortifications, but for compactneſs and compleatneſs of *Caernarvon*, I never yet ſaw a parallell. And it is by Art and Nature ſo ſited and ſeated, that it ſtands impregnable, & if it be well mand, victualled, and ammunitioned, it is invincible, except fraud or famine do aſſault, or conſpire againſt it.

I was 5. hours in *Caernarvon*, and when I thought that I had taken my leave for ever of it, then was I meerly deceived; for when I was a mile on my way, a Trooper came galloping after me, and enforced me back to be examined by Colonell *Thomas Maſon*, (the Governour there) who after a few words, when hee heard my name, and knew my occaſions, he uſed me ſo reſpectively and bountifully, that (at his charge) I ſtayd all night, and by the means of him, and one Mr. *Lloyd*, (a Juſtice of Peace there) I was furniſhed with a Guide, and ſomething elſe to beare charges for one weeks travaile; for which curteſies, if I were not thankfull, I were worth the hanging for being ingratefull.

The 5. of Auguſt I went 12. miles, to a place called

called *Climenie*, where the Noble Sure *John Owen* did, with liberall welcome, entertain me.

The 6. day I rode to a Town called *Harleck*, which ſtands on a high barren Mountaine, very uneaſie for the aſcending into, by reaſon of the ſteep and uneeven ſtony way; this Town had neither hay, graſs, oats, or any relief for a horſe: there ſtands a ſtrong Caſtle, but the Town is all ſpoild, and almoſt inhabitable by the late lamentable troubles.

So I left that Towne (for fear of ſtarving my Horſe) and came to a place called *Bermoth*, (12. miles that day, as narrow as 20.) That place was ſo plentifully furniſhed with want of proviſion, that it was able to famiſh 100. men and horſes: I procured a brace of Boyes to goe two miles to cut graſſe for my *Dun*, for which I gave them two groats; for my ſelfe and Guide, I purchaſed a Hen boyld with Bacon, as yellow as the Cowſlip, or Gold Noble. My courſe Lodging there, was at the homely Houſe of one *John Thomſon*, a Lancaſhire Engliſh man.

Saturday the 7. of Auguſt, I Horſt, footed, (and crawling upon all 4.) 10. ſlender miles to *Aberdovy*, which was the laſt lodging that I had in Merionethſhire, where was the beſt entertainment for men, but almoſt as bad as the worſt for horſes in all *Merioneth ſhire*.

Auguſt 9. I gat into *Cardiganſhire*, to a miſerable Market Town called *Aberiſtwith*, where before

before the late troubles, there ſtood a ſtrong Caſtle, which being blown up, fell down, and many fair Houſes (with a defenſible thick Wall about the Town) are transformed into confuſed heaps of unneceſſary Rubbidge : within foure miles of this Town, are the ſilver Mines, which were honorable and profitable, as long as my good friend *Thomas Buſhell* Eſquire, had the managing of them, who was moſt induſtrious in the work, and withall by his noble demeanour, and affable deportment, deſervedly gain'd the generall love and affection of all the Countrey, of all degrees of people : but ſince he hath left that important imployment, the Mines are neglected.

From *Aberiſtwith*, I went to the Houſe of Sir *Richard Price*, Knight and Baronet, where my entertainment was freely welcome, with ſome expreſſion of further curteſies at my departure, for which I humbly thank the noble Knight, not forgetting my gratefull remembrance to Mr. *Thomas Evans* there : that whole dayes journey being 9. miles.

Tueſday the 10. of Auguſt, having hired a Guide, for I that knew neither the intricate wayes, nor could ſpeake any of the Language, was neceſſitated to have Guides from place to place, and it being Harveſt time, I was forced to pay exceeding deare for Guiding; ſo that ſome dayes I payd 2s. ſometimes 3. beſides bearing their

their charges of meat and drinke and lodging; for it is to bee underſtood that thoſe kind of labouring people had rather reap hard all the day for ſix pence, then to go ten or twelve miles eaſily on foot for two ſhillings. That day, after ſixteen miles travell, I came to the houſe of an ancient worthy and hoſpitable Gentleman, named *Sure Walter Lloyd*, he was noble in bountifull houſe-keeping, and in his generoſitie, cauſed his horſe to be ſaddled, and the next day hee rode three miles to *Conway*, and ſhewd me the way to *Caermarden*, which they do call 18 ſmall miles, but I had rather ride 30 of ſuch miles as are in many parts of *England*; the way continually hilly, or mountainous and ſtony, inſomuch that I was forced to alight and walke 30 times, and when the Sun was near ſetting, I having foure long miles to go, and knew no part of the way, was reſolved to take my lodging in a Reeke of Oats in the field, to which purpoſe, as I rode out of the ſtony way towards my field-chamber, my Horſe and I found a ſofter bed, for we were both in a Bog, or Quagmire, and at that time I had much ado to draw my ſelfe out of the dirt, or my poore weary *Dun* out if the Mire.

I being in this hard ſtrait, having night (of Gods ſending,) Owl-light to guide me, no tongue to aske a queſtion, the way unknown, or uneven, I held it my beſt courſe to grope in the hard ſtony way againe, which having found, (after a

quarter of an houres melancholy paces) a Horſman of *Wales*, that could ſpeak Engliſh, overtook me and brought me to *Caermarden*, where I found good and free entertainment at the houſe of one Miſtris *Oakley*.

Caermarden, the ſhire Town of *Caermardenſhire*, is a good large Town, with a defencible ſtrong Caſtle, and a reaſonable Haven for ſmall Barks and Boats, which formerly was for the uſe of good Ships, but now it is much impedimented with Shelvs, Sands, and other annoyances: It is ſaid that *Merlyn* the Prophet was born there; it is one of the plentifulleſt Townes that ever I ſet foot in, for very fair Egs are cheaper then ſmall Pears; for, as near as I can remember, I will ſet down at what rates victuals was there.

Butter, as good as the world affords, two pence halfe penny, or three pence the pound.

A Salmon two foot and a halfe long, twelve pence.

Biefe, three halfe pence the pound.

Oyſters, a penny the hundred.

Egs, twelve for a penny.

Peares, ſix for a penny.

And all manner of Fiſh and Fleſh at ſuch low prices, that a little money will buy much, for there is nothing ſcarce, dear, or hard to come by, but tobacco pipes.

My humble thanks to the Governour there, to *William Guinn* of *Talliaris*, Eſquire; to *Sure Henry*

Henry Vaughan; and to all the reſt, with the good woman mine Hoſteſs.

Concerning *Pembrookſhire*, the people do ſpeak Engliſh in it almoſt generally, and therefore they call it little *England* beyond *Wales*, it being the fartheſt South and Weſt County in the whole Principality: The Shire Town, *Pembrook*, hath been in better eſtate, for as it is now, ſome houſes down, ſome ſtanding, and many without Inhabitants; the Caſtle there hath been ſtrong, large, ſtately, and impregnable, able to hold out any enemy, except hunger, it being founded upon a lofty Rock, gives a brave proſpect a far off: *Tenby* Towne and Caſtle being ſomewhat near, or eight miles from it, ſeems to be more uſefull and conſiderable. My thanks to Miſtris *Powell* at the *Hart* there.

Tenby hath a good Caſtle and a Haven, but in reſpect of *Milford* Haven, all the Havens under the Heavens are inconſiderable, for it is of ſuch length, bredth, and depth, that 1000. Ships may ride ſafely in it in all weathers, and by reaſon of the hills that do incloſe it, and the windings and turnings of the Haven from one poynt of land to another, it is conjectured that 1500 ſhips may ride there, and not ſcarce one of them can ſee another. The Haven hath in it 16 Creekes, 5 Bayes, and 13 Rodes, of large capacity, and all theſe are known by ſeverall names.

The goodly Church of S. *Davids* hath beene

forced lately to put off the dull and heavy coat of peacefull Lead, which was metamorphoſed into warlike bullets. In that Church lies interred *Edmund* Earle of *Richmond*, Father to King *Henry* the ſeventh, for whoſe ſake his Grandſon (K. *Henry* the eight) did ſpare it from defacing, when hee ſpared not much that belonged to the Church.

Thus having gone and riden many miles, with too many turning and winding Mountains, ſtony turning waies, forward, backward, ſidewaies, circular, and ſemicircular, upon the 17. of *Auguſt* I rode to the houſe of the right Honourable, *Richard Vaughan* Earle of *Karbery*, at a place called *Golden Grove*; and ſurely that houſe, with the faire Fields, Woods, Walks, and pleaſant ſcituation, may not onely be rightly called the *Golden Grove*, but it may without fiction be juſtly ſtiled the *Cambrian* Paradiſe, and *Elizium* of *Wales*; but that which grac'd it totally, was the nobleneſs, and affable preſence and deportment of the Earle, with his faire and vertuous new married Counteſs, the beautifull Lady *Alice*, or *Alicia*, daughter to the right Honourable the late Earle of *Bridgwater*, deceaſed: I humbly thank them both, for they were pleaſed to Honour me ſo much, that I ſupp'd with them, at which time a Gentleman came in, who being ſate, did relate a ſtrange diſcourſe of a violent rain which fell on the mountains in part of *Radnorſhire*,

norſhire, and into *Glomorganſhire*; the ſtory was, as near as I can remember, as followeth:

That on Saturday the 17. of *July* laſt, 1652. there fell a ſudden ſhowre of rain in the Counties aforeſaid, as if an Ocean had flowed from the Clouds to overwhelm and drown the mountains, it poured down with ſuch violent impetuoſitie, that it tumbled down divers houſes of ſtone that ſtood in the way of it; it drowned many Cattell and Sheep, bore all before it as it ran, therefore a poore man with his ſon and daughter forſook their houſe, and the father and ſon climed up into a tree for their ſafety, in the mean time the mercileſs waters took hold of the poore maid, and moſt furiouſly bare her away, down betwen two mountains, rolling and hurling her againſt many great ſtones, till at laſt it threw her near the ſide of the ſtream, and her hair and hair-lace being looſe, it catched hold of a ſtump of an old thorn buſh, by which means ſhe was ſtayed, being almoſt dead; but as ſhe lay in this miſery, ſhe ſaw a ſad and lamentable ſight, for the water had fiercely unrooted the tree, and bore it down the ſtreame, with her father and brother, who were both unfortunately drowned: the Maid, as I was certified, is like to live and recover.

My humble thanks to the good yong hopefull Lord *Vaughan*, and to all the reſt of the Noble Olive Branches of that moſt Worthy Tree of

Honour, their Father, not omitting or yet forgetting my gratitude to Mr. *Steward* there, with-all the reſt of the Gentlemen and ſervants attendant, with my love to Mr. *Thomas Ryves*, unknown, and ſo *Golden Grove* farewell.

The 18. of *Auguſt*, I hired a Guide who brought me to *Swanſey* (16 well ſtretch'd Welch Mountainous Miles) where I was cordially welcome to an Ancient Worthy Gentleman, *Walter Thomas* Eſquire, for whoſe Love and Liberality I am much obliged to him and the good Gentlewoman his Wife; he ſtaid me till the next day after Diner, and then ſent his man with me a mile to his Sons houſe, named *William Thomas* Eſquire: There, as ſoone as I had rewarded my Guide he ſlip'd from me, leaving me to the mercy of the Houſe, where I found neither mercy nor manners; for the good Gentleman and his Wife were both rode from home; and though there were people old enough, and big enough, yet there was not one kind enough, or good enough to do me the leaſt kind of courteſie or friendſhip; they did not ſo much as bid me come into the houſe, or offer me a cup of drink; they all ſcornfully wondred at me, like ſo many Buzzards and Woodcocks about an Owle, there was a ſhotten thin ſcul'd ſhallow brain'd ſimpleton fellow, that anſwered me, that he was a ſtranger there, but I believed him not, by reaſon of his familiarity with the reſt of the folks,

there

there was alſo a ſingle-ſoal'd Gentlewoman, of the laſt Edition, who would vouchſafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams, to whom I ſaid as followeth.

Fair Gentlewoman, I was ſent hither by the Father of the Gentleman of this Houſe, to whom I have a Letter from a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance; I am ſure that the Owner of this Place is famed and reported to be a man endowed with all affability and courteſie to ſtrangers as is every way accommodating to a Gentleman of Worth and Quality; and that if I were but a meer ſtranger to him, yet his Generoſity would not ſuffer me to be harbourleſs, but by reaſon of his Fathers ſending his ſervant with me, and a Friends Letter, I ſayd that if Mr. *Thomas* had been at home I ſhould be better entertained.

To which Mrs. *Fumpkins* looking ſcornfully, aſcue over her ſhoulders, anſwered me with *(it may be ſo)* then moſt uncurteous Miſtris, quoth I, I doubt I muſt bee neceſſitated to take up my lodging in the Field: To which the ſaid ungentle Gentlewoman (with her poſteriors, or butt end towards me) gave me a finall Anſwer, that I might if I would.

Whereupon I was enraged and mounted my *Dun*, and in a friendly maner I tooke my leave, ſaying, that I would wander further and try my fortune, and that if my ſtay at that houſe, that

night, would ſave either Mr. *Shallow-pate*, or Mrs. *Jullock* from hanging, that I would rather lie, and venture all hazards that are incident to Horſe, Man, or Traveller, then to be beholding to ſuch unmanerly Mungrils.

Thus deſperately I ſhaked them off, that would not take me on, and riding I knew not whither, with a wide wild Heath under me, and a wider Firmament above me. I roade at adventure, betwixt light and darkneſs, about a mile, when luckily a Gentleman overtook mee, and after a little talk of my diſtreſſe and travail, he bad me be of good chear, for he would bring me to a lodging and entertainment; in which promiſe he was better then his word, for hee brought mee to a pretty Market Towne called *Neath*, where he ſpent his money upon me; for which kindneſs I thank him. But one Doctour (as they call him) *Rice Jones*, (or Doctor *Merriman*) came and ſupt with mee, and very kindly payd all the reckoning. That dayes journey being but 6 miles ſterling.

The 19. of Auguſt I hired a Guide for 3s. (16 miles) to a place called *Penline*, where ſomtime ſtood a ſtrong Caſtle, which is now ruined; adjoyning to it, or in the place of it, is a fair houſe, belonging to *Anthony Turberville* Eſquire, where although the Gentleman was from home, the good Gentlewoman, his Wife, did with hoſpitable and noble kindneſſe, bid me welcome.

Fryday,

Fryday, the 20. of *Auguſt*, I rode a mile to an Ancient Town, named *Coobridge*, from whence I ſcrambled two miles further to *Llanſtrithyott*, where the Noble Gentleman Sure *John Awbrey*, and his Vertuous Lady kept me three dayes, in the mean ſpace I rode two miles to the houſe of the Ancient and Honorable Knight, Sir *Thomas Lewis* at *Penmark*, to whom and his good Lady, I humbly dedicate my gratitude: The ſame day after Dinner, I returned back to *Llanſtrithyott*, which was to me a ſecond Golden Grove, or Welch Paradice, for Building, Scituation, wholſome Ayre, Pleaſure and Plenty, for my free entertainment there, with the Noble expreſſion of the Gentlemans Bounty at my departure, I heartily do wiſh to him and his, with all the reſt of my Honorable and Noble, Worſhipfull and friendly Benefactors, true peace and happineſſe, internall, externall, and eternall.

Monday, the 23. of *Auguſt*, I rode eight miles to the good Town of *Cardiffe*, where I was welcome to Mr. *Aaron Price*, the Town Clark there, with whom I dined, at his coſt and my perrill, after Dinner he directed me two miles further, to a place called *Llanrumney*, where a right true bred generous Gentleman, *Thomas Morgan* Eſquire, gave me ſuch loving and liberall entertainment, for which I cannot be ſo thankfull as the merit of it requires.

Tueſday, being both Saint *Bartholomews* Day, my

my Birth day, the 24, of the Month, and the very next day before Wedneſday, I aroſe betimes, and travelled to a Town called *Newport*, and from thence to *Carbean*, and laſtly to *Vske*, in all 15 well meaſu'd Welſh *Monmouthſhire* miles: at *Uske* I lodg'd at an Inne, the houſe of one Maſter *Powell*.

The 25. of *Auguſt* I rode but 12 miles, by an unlook'd for accident, I found *Bartholomew* Faire at *Monmouth*, a hundred miles from Smithfield; there I ſtayed two nights upon the large reckoning of Nothing to pay, for which I humbly thank my Hoſpitable Hoſt, and Hoſteſs, Maſter *Reignald Rowſe* and his good Wife.

Monmouth, the Shire Town of *Monmouthſhire*, was the laſt Welſh ground that I left behind me: *Auguſt* 27. I came to *Gloceſter*, where though I was born there, very few did know me; I was almoſt as ignorant as he that knew no body: my lodging there was at the ſigne of the *George*, at the houſe of my Nameſake, Maſter *John Taylor*, from whence on Saturday the 28. I rode 16. miles to *Barnſley*.

Of all the places in *England* and *Wales* that I have travelled to, this Village of *Barnſley* doth moſt ſtrictly obſerve the Lords day, or Sunday, for little children are not ſuffered to walke or play: and two Women who had beene at Church both before and after Noone, did but walke into the fields for their recreation,

and

and they were put to their choice, either to pay ſixpence apiece (for prophane walking,) or to be laid one houre in the ſtocks; and the pieviſh willfull women (though they were able enough to pay) to ſave their money and jeſt out the matter, lay both by the heeles merrily one houre.

There is no ſuch zeale in many places and Pariſhes in *Wales*; for they have neither Service, Prayer, Sermon, Miniſter, or Preacher, nor any Church door opened at all, ſo that people do exerciſe and edifie in the Church-Yard, at the lawfull and laudable Games of Trap, Catt, Stool-ball, Racket, &c. on Sundayes.

From *Barnſley* on Monday the 30. of *Auguſt*, I rode 30 miles to *Abington*, from thence, &c. to *London*, where I brought both ends together on Tueſday the 7. of *September*.

Thoſe that are deſirous to know more of *Wales*, let them either travell for it as I have done, or read Mr. *Camdens Brittania*, or Mr. *Speeds* laborious Hiſtory, and their Geographicall Maps and Deſcriptions will give them more ample, or contenting ſatisfaction.

ONE Humphrey Lloyd *Eſquire, did exactly collect the Brittiſh, or Welſh Hiſtory from the Originall, till the yeare* 1510. *after which it was continued by Doctor* David Powell, *till the yeare* 1584. *Printed then and Dedicated to Sir* Phillip Sidney *Knight: thoſe who are deſirous to read more largely, let them make uſe of their larger Book: But for ſuch as love brevity, or cheapneſſe, let them read this which followeth.*

Cambria Brittania:

OR,

A ſhort Abreviation of the Hiſtory, and Chronicles of VVALES.

By *JOHN TAYLOR.*



CARADOC of *Lancarvan*, (a ſtudious Antiquary, and a learned diligent Collector of the Succeſſions and Acts of the Brittiſh Princes) did write the Hiſtory of *Wales*, from the time and Raigne of *Cadwallador*, who lived in the yeare of our Redemption, 685, and continued the ſaid Chronology near 500 years, till the Raigne of *Henry* the ſecond King of *England*. It hath alwayes before thoſe times, and ever ſince, that Writers for feare, or flattery, or profit, have uſed ſhamefull (or ſhameleſs) partiality, in publiſhing the fames of their owne Princes, and Countrey, above meaſure, and beyond truth; but in their detracting and traducing others, they have been too liberall; and in relating their Valour, Vertues, or Injuries of ſuch they fancyed not, they have been too ſparing, or wilfully negligent.

But to make bold and ſpeak the truth, it is worth

worth good conſideration, to know what reaſon the *Engliſh* had to make Warr againſt the *Welſh*; *Wales* had ever been a free Countrey, not ſubject to any Prince, except their own; they owed no Homage or Alegiance neither to *England*, or to any other Crowne, or State; their Language, Lawes, and Cuſtoms, were of their own inſtitutions, to which Lawes both Prince and people were ſubject; they lived quietly upon their owne, and they never went forth of their owne bounds to rob the *Engliſh*, or to ſpoile and invade *England*, or any other Nation. Then the queſtion is with much eaſe propoſed and anſwered. What cauſe did the *Welſh* give to the *Engliſh* to make Warre upon them, to invade, plunder, ſpoile, and kill? the Anſwer is, or may be, Becauſe the *English* were ambitious, and covetous, and alſo ſtronger then their Neighbours, and being able and willing to do injury, and oppreſs the *Welsh*, they many times attempted to ſubject and conquer them; and they (on the other ſide) did manfully reſiſt, and oppoſe their *English* Invadors, as this brief Relation will truly declare and manifeſt.

Thus force reſiſted force, the *Saxons*, *Danes*, *English*, *Irish*, and *Flemmings*, all ſeverally, and ſometimes joyned together, to conquer, and make prey and purchaſe of poor *Wales*, they all ſtriving to have the Goods and Lands that belonged not to them; and the *Welsh* men (with their

their beſt indeavours) juſtly and valiantly holding their own. They had kept their Country & language 2700. years, and the Hiſtorians, Antiquaries, and Gentry of that Nation did record their Laws, Pedigrees, and Genealogies, with as much, or more, exact truth then many, or any other Nations. They had lived under their own Governours (from the time of *Heli* the High Prieſt of the Jews,) 1800 years before *Cadwallador*, who went to *Rome*, and died there; from which time the chief Rulers of *Wales*, were ſometimes ſtiled Kings, ſometimes Princes; theſe were many times under one King or Prince, of *Northwales*; ſometimes they had three Princes or Kings, as *North-Wales*, *South-Wales*, and *Powis Land*. Theſe three Princes, although they had many and mighty Enemies, did often make Warre upon each other, ſpoiling, and harraſing their Countrey, to the advantage of their Enemies and ruine of themſelves. But to proceed to the Hiſtory.

In the yeare 688. *Ivor* (a kinſman of *Cadwalador*) was Prince ſome ſmall time; and hee alſo went to *Rome*, and there ended his daies.

The Next *Ivor*, *Roderick Molwinnoc*, the ſecond Prince of *North-Wales* rained 30 years; he was Grandchild to *Cadwallador*, a valiant man, he died *Anno* 755.

The third was *Canon Tindaethwy*, a gallant Prince, he Warr'd with good ſucceſs, againſt *Offa*,

Offa, King of *Mercia*, who would have invaded *North Wales*; but *Canon* did defend himſelfe ſo ſtoutly, that *Offa* with much loſs retired: the Engliſh at that time had not one foot of ground in *Wales*.

Anno 800. *Mervin* was the fourth King of *North-Wales*, he married *Eſylht*, Daughter to *Canon*; in his time *Egbert*, King of the Weſt *Saxons*, invaded and ſpoyled *Angleſey*, and *Kenulph*, King of *Mercia*, did much miſchiefe in *Powis Land*, whereby *Mervin* being overpowred, was ſlaine, valiantly fighting againſt the King of *Mercia*.

Anno 843. *Roderick* the ſecond (called the Great) was the 5. King of *North-Wales*; hee had much war with the Engliſh *Mercians*, with various ſucceſs, but for the moſt part fortunate. In his Raigne, the *Danes* came and ſpoiled *Angleſey*, againſt whom Prince *Roderick* manfully fighting was unfortunately ſlaine. But ſome do write, that he did beat the *Danes* out of *Angleſey*, and ſlain afterwards in a Battell againſt the Engliſhmen, *Anno* 876. when he had raigned with much love and honour 39 years.

The 6. King or Prince was *Anarawd*, the ſon of *Roderick*; and about that time of *Anno* 877. the *Normans*, with their Duke *Rollo*, invaded a great Province in *France*, which from the name of *Normans*, (or Northern men) is to this day called *Normandy*.

In the year of grace 878. the *Danes* and *Engliſh* men

men came with great powers againſt *Wales*, between whom and the *Welſh* was then a bloudy battell, near the water of *Conwy*, where the *Welſh* had a mighty Victory, which they called the Revenge for the death of *Roderick*. Prince *Anarawd* died, after much trouble, in *Anno* 913. having Rained 34. years.

Seventhly, or the 7. Prince was *Edwal Voel*, the *Danes* ſpoyled *Angleſey*, and the *Engliſh* burnt and ſpoiled *Brecknock*. *Athelſtane* King of *England*, enforced the *Welſh* to pay him a yearly tribute of 20 pounds in Gold, 300 pounds in ſilver, and 200 Bieves, or Cattell. Afterwards *Edwal Voel* had raigned 25 years, he and his Brother *Elſe* were both ſlaine, fighting with the *Danes*, *Anno* 938.

The 8. Prince was *Howell Dha*, he was a kinſman to *Edwal Voel*, he was a Prince of *South-wales*, but he aftewards had all *Wales*; the *Engliſh* vexed him often, and did much hurt; but ſtill *Howel* galantly reſiſted them, and died much lamented, in the year of Chriſt 948.

The 9. were *Jevaf* and *Jago*, or *James*, both Brethren, and ſons to *Edwal Voel*. They had cruell wars with *Owen*, and his Brethren, (the ſons of *Howel Dha)* in which Bickerings *Owen* (with his Brothers) were ſlaine. About this time the *Danes* ſpoiled *Angleſey*, and burnt *Holy-head*. And alſo *Wales* was much troubled by *Edgar* King of *England*; but it was agreed at laſt, that the tri-

bute of gold, & ſilver, & cattel, which was laid on the Welſh Nation in *Edwal Voels* time, after it had been paid near 13 years, ſhould be remitted, and in lieu thereof, the Princes of *Wales* were injoyned to pay a certaine number of Woolves heads (for at that time four-leg'd Woolves did as much miſchiefe amongſt Beaſts, Sheep, and Cattell, as two-leg'd Woolves have done in theſe latter times amongſt men,) and by the means of the yearly payment of the aforeſaid Woolves heads, there was not one of thoſe ravenous beaſts in three years payment to be found in all *Wales*, or the Marches of *England.*

The Brethren the Princes fell out, (for Lordſhip and Love can brook no Rivalls or fellowſhip) *James* impriſoned *Jevaf* a long time, at which time, the *Danes* entred *Angleſey*, and did much ſpoile, *Howell* the ſon of *Jevaf*, made ſharp war againſt his Unkle *Jago*, or *James*, and beat him, and releaſt his Father, after which he took his eldeſt Unkle *Meric*, and put his eyes out; but never reſtored his Father to his former eſtate, but kept the Principality to himſelfe: This was about the yeare of our Lord 974.

The 10. King or Prince of *North-Wales* (or almoſt all *Wales)* was *Howell ap Jevaf*, or the ſon of *Jevaf*, *Anno* 975. there was great wars and much bloudſhed betwixt *South* and *North-Wales*; but *Howell* took his Unkle *James*, which had impriſoned his Father *Jevaf*, and then poſſeſt all *Wales*

in

in peace, for a ſhort while, for the *Danes* brake in and ſpoiled many Towns and places in *North-Wales*, and did much miſchiefe to the Cathedrall of S. *Davids*. And in 982. a great Army from *England*, waſted and ſpoiled *Brecknock*, and a great part of *South-Wales*; but Prince *Howell* made war againſt them, ſlew many, and made the reſt flee. The ſecond yeare after *Howell* entred *England* with an Army, in which war he was ſlaine valiantly fighting, in the yeare 984. to whom ſucceeded his Brother.

Cadwallon, the 11. Prince, he firſt warred againſt *Jonavall* the ſon of *Meric*, whoſe eyes *Howell* had cauſed to be put out, who by right was right Lord of all *Wales*: In the end *Jonavall* was ſlain by *Cadwalhon*, and the next year after *Cadwalhon* himſelfe was kill'd by *Meredith*, the ſon of *Owen*, Prince of *South-Wales*, *Anno* 985.

The 12. King or Prince was *Meredith ap Owen*, or the ſon of *Owen*, which *Owen* was ſon to *Howell Dha*, before mentioned; he began in the yeare 986. and had a moſt troubleſome Government; for the *Danes* again waſted *Angleſey*. They took Priſoner *Lhywach*, Brother to Prince *Meredith*, and put his eyes out, and the *Danes* tooke 2000 Priſoners, and either carried them away, or put them to ranſome, and in the yeare 98. the *Danes* came againe and ſpoyled St. *Davids*, *Lhandydoch*, *Llanbadarne*, *Llanriſted*, and all Religious Places of Devotion that their hea-

 theniſh

theniſh power could maſter.

In theſe troubles Prince *Meredith* was forced to give thoſe miſcreant *Danes*, a peny a Head for every man that was then alive in all his Dominions; which payment was called the Black Armies Tribute; about this time all *South-Wales* was over-ran by the *Engliſh*, and (to fill the meaſure of the Affliction in *Wales*) *Meredith* made mighty havock in *Glamorgan-ſhire:* So that there was not any place in *Wales*, free from the fury of fire and ſword. But to make the meaſure of miſery heap and run over, the *Danes* came once more and made a prey of the Iſle of *Angleſey*; with which continuall troubles *Meredith* being overladen and wearied, reſigned his Princely Authority to *Edwal ap Meric ap Meredith*, or his own Grandchild: *Meredith died* 998.

Edwal the 13. Prince of *North-Wales*, was ſcarce warm in his ſeat, but *Meredith* ſought and fought for re-poſſeſſion, and after much bloudſhed, loſt his labour. Then the *Danes* came again and ſpoiled much in *North-Wales*; and the Prince valiantly fighting was ſlain, and the ſame *Danes* came again to S. *Davids*, ranſack'd it, and ſpoiled all the Countrey.

The 14. King was *Aedan ap Belgored*, he fought for the Principality with *Conan* the ſon of *Howell*, and ſlew him in the year 1003. About this time the *Danes* ſpoiled many places in *Weſt-Wales*; and in this Princes Raigne all the *Danes* in *England*

land were ſlaine in one night; and *Anno* 1015. Prince *Aedon* was ſlain by his ſucceſſor.

Lhewelyn ap Sitſylht, after he had kill'd *Aedan*, was the 15. Prince; he had a peacefull and plentifull beginning, till a low born *Scot*, whoſe name was *Runne*, faigned himſelfe to be the ſonne of *Meredith ap Owen* before named: But *Lhewelyn* met him, and fought with him, and in the end made *Runne* run, till at laſt he killed him; And after that, this Prince was ſlaine by *Howell* and *Meredith* the ſons of *Edwal*, 1026.

The 16. Prince was *Jago* (or *James*) the ſon of *Edwal*, he rained over *North-Wales*, and *Rytherch ap Jeſtin* ſwayed in *South-Wales*, 1031. But by continuall contention betwixt the Grandchildren of *Howell Dha*, *Rytherch* (Prince of *South-Wales*) was ſlain by the *Engliſh*; and then aroſe new Wars in *North Wales*, for *Griffith ap Lhewelyn ap Sytylth* war'd againſt *Jago*, ſlew him, and poſſeſt the Principality, *Anno*, 1037.

Griffith ap Lhewelyn was the 17. Prince of *North-Wales*, he overcame both the *Engliſh* and the *Danes*, when they would have invaded his Land, *in Anno*, 1038. He had much trouble with Prince *Howell* of *South-Wales*; but in the end he overcame him, and poſſeſt his Principallity; after this *Griffith* was treacherouſly taken, by *Conan* the Son of *Jago*, and as *Conan* was carrying him away towards ſome *Iriſh* Ships, the Country aroſe up ſpeedily and happily, and (after a ſharpe

fight) redeemed their Prince *Griffith*, and *Conan* was forced to flie for his life. After that the Prince had another great fight with *Howell ap Edwin*, which *Howell* was joyn'd with the *Danes* and *Engliſh*, and in a bloudy battle the *Engliſh* and *Danes* were overthrown, that very few eſcaped; *Howell* was ſlain & Prince *Griffith* victorious; but peace laſted not three Months, but *Ritherich* and *Rees*, two of *Jeſtins* Sons, made War upon *Griffith*, and after a cruel fight all day, the darke night parted them, that both Armies returned with great loſſe to their homes.

About this time there raigned in *Scotland* a bloudy uſurping Tyrant, named *Mackbeth*, hee cauſed a Lord, one *Bancho*, to bee murthered, whoſe Son, named *Fleance*, eſcaped and fled into *Wales*, and was courteouſly entertained, with love and welcome to Prince *Griffith*; *Griffith* had a bountifull Daughter, with whom *Fleance* grew to be ſo familiar, that he got her with child; for which the offended Prince cauſed the head of *Fleance* to be ſtrooke off, and in rage caſt off his Daughter, who was in ſhort time delivered of a Male Child, named *Walter:* This *Walter* grew to be a tall goodly Gentleman to whom few or ſcarce one was comparable for ſtrength, feature, valour, agillity and affability: And when one in deriſion called him Baſtard he killed him, and fled into *Scotland*, in the yeare 1052, and in the Raign of *Robert Bruiſe* King of *Scots*, then with which

which King, the ſaid *Walter* won ſuch favour, for ſome gallant ſervices which he had done, that with love and honour, he was made Lord *Stuart*, or *Steward*, of *Scotland*, and receiver of the Kings whole Revenue; and from that Office did come the name of *Steward*, now called *Stuart*, of which Sirname many Kings, Princes, Lords, and Gentlemen have been and are deſcended.

Griffith ap Ritherch ap Jeſtin, made hot War againſt *Griffith ap Lhewelyn*, but *Lhewelyn* overcame and ſlew him, 1054. then he made an inrode into *England*, and with the ayd of *Algar* Earle of *Cheſter*, hee ſpoyled all *Hereford ſhire*, and burnt the City of *Hereford* to aſhes, and returned with much ſpoyle.

But in the concluſion the *Danes* were ayded by *Harrold* King of *England*, and aſſiſted by ſome perfidious *Welſh* Lords, they entred *Wales* with great Forces, at which time this Noble Prince *Griffith ap Lhewelyn*, was treacherouſly murdered by his own men, and his head preſented to *Harrold* King of *England*. Thus this gallant *Griffith*, liv'd beloved, and dy'd lamented, when hee had governed 34 years.

Blethyn and *Rywalhon*, were the Sonnes of *Conum*, and Brothers by the Mothers ſide to *Griffith ap Lhewelyn;* in the Raign of theſe two, *William*, Surnamed the Conquerour, came into *England*, *Anno* 1066. and in 1068. two Sons of *Griffith ap Lhewelyn*, did raiſe War againſt *Blethyn* &

 Rywalhon,

Rywalhon, their names were *Meredith* and *Ithell*, in theſe Wars, Fortune playd a Game at Croſſe Ruffe, for *Ithell* was ſlain on the one ſide, and *Rywalhon* on the other; *Meredith* fled, and *Blethin* was Maſter of all *Wales:* Shortly after the *Normans* ſpoyled *Cardigan*, and a great part of *Weſt-Wales*, and in the year, 1073. *Blethin* was traiterouſly murdered by *Rees ap Owen ap Edwin*. This *Blethin* was the 18. Prince who left four Sons: But for all that,

Traherne his Kinſman got the Principalities of *North-Wales*, and was the 19. Prince, at which time *Rees ap Owen*, with *Ritherch ap Caradoc*, had equall all *South-Wales*, but *Ritherch* was quickly murdered treacherouſly, and *Rees* then had all *South-Wales*, but *Rees* and another Brother of his were both ſlain in hot fight, by *Caradoc ap Griffith*, and *in Anno*, 1087. *Traherne* was ſlaine by his Couſins, of the Line and Race of *Howell Dha*.

The 20. Prince of *North-Wales* was *Griffith* the Son of *Conan*, and *Rees ap Theodor* had *South-Wales*, but *Rees* was mightily troubled in Wars with ſome Kinſmen of his, who in the end were all ſlain; then was St. *Davids* ſpoyled and burnt by Rovers, and *Rees* was murdered at *Brecknok* by his own ſervants, ayded by ſome *Normans:* at that time *Robert Fitzharmaco* Knight, and one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to *William Rufus* King of *England*, ſurpriſed the Lordſhip of *Glamorgan*, which the *Engliſh* do hold yet; alſo

12. Com-

12. Commanders with him did likewiſe take Portions of Land there: Their Names were,

1. *William de Londres*, or *London.*
2. *Richard Granavilla*, or *Greeneville*, or *Greenefeild.*
3. *Paganus de Turberville.*
4. *Robert de St. Quintin.*
5. *Richard Sywarde.*
6. *Gilbertus Humfrevell.*
7. *Reignold de Beckrolls.*
8. *Reinoldus de Swilly.*
9. *Peter le Sorre.*
10. *Johanes de Flemming.*
11. *Oliverus St. John.*
12. *John William de Eſterling*, now *Stradling.*

After much trouble, many cruel fights, with great ſlaughters of, and againſt *Normans*, *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Scots*, and continuall War with *South-Wales*, and divers places more in *Wales*; this victorious Prince dyed, much beloved aud lamented for, when he had Nobly Ruled 50. years, *Anno* 1137.

The 21. King was *Owen Gwynneth*, who was Son to the laſt Famous Prince *Griffith*, he began with Wars againſt *South-Wales*, where the *Engliſh* had taken poſſeſſion, with *Flemmings*, *Normans*, and others; he chaſed them away, burnt and ſpoyled *Caermarden*, and returned victoriouſly to *North-Wales*, 1142. in the year, 1143. ſeven great Lords, all of them of Princely blood and pedigree, were ſlain in *Wales*; Alſo at this time the

the *Iriſh* did much ſpoyle, and in concluſion were ſpoyled by Prince *Owen*, and near this time, *Howell* and *Conan*, *Owens* Sons, gave the *Normans* and *Flemmings* a bloudy diſcomfeture at *Abertivye*, and returned to their Father with ſpoyle and honour: Yet theſe Wars continued ſtill, but the *Flemmings* and *Normans* were beaten twice more at the Caſtles of *Carmarden* and *Lhanſtephan*, from the yeare of Chriſt, 1138. to 1160 (being 32. years, *Wales* had not ſo much as ſix Moneths peace and quietneſs.

And then, before one yeare was expired the Princes of *South-Wales* quarrelled with Prince *Owen*, and after ſome dangerous bickerings *Owen* had the Victory. *In Anno*, 1163. *Henry* the Second, King of *England*, made great preparations for War, hee entred *South-Wales*, as far as *Brecknok*, and returnd without any cauſe of triumphing. And in the year, 1165. the ſaid King *Henry* the Second came in Perſon again, having in his Army the ſtouteſt of *Engliſhmen*, *Normans*, *Gaſcoigners*, *Flemmings*, *Guiencys*, and ſome fugitive *Welch*; but Prince *Owen* joyned with *South-Wales*, and others, after much fighting, and loſſe on both ſides, King *Henry* returned without Conqueſt, and fewer men then he brought forth: Alſo the next year, 1167. the ſame King made a greater inrode into *Wales*, to as much purpoſe as he had done twice before. Alſo, preſently, in the nick of theſe troubles, another Army of *Flemmings*

Flemmings and *Normans* came to *Weſt-Wales*, did much harm, and in the end returned with much loſſe.

Then preſently, to make the miſery of *Wales* compleat, the *Welſh* Lords fell together by the ears one with another; and after a weary and troubleſome Raign of 32. yeares, the magnanimous Prince *Owen Guineth* dyed, *Anno*, 1169.

His Son *David* ſucceeded the 22 Prince, who was fain to fight for it, and kill his Brother *Howell*, before he could attain the Princedom. Then did *Henry* the 2. King of *England* enter *South-Wales*, took the Town of *Caerleon* from the Lo. *Forworth*, and quite deſtroyed it: and in 1172. after a tedious moleſtation, Prince *David ap Owen* was expulſt from his Rule: and,

Lhewelyn ap Forworth, being lawfull Prince, took the Government, 1194. *Richard* the firſt of that Name being then King of *England*. This Prince had a quiet beginning in *North-Wales*, but *South-Wales* was much vexed; for K. *John* of *England*, with *David ap Owen*, before named, who was depoſed or expulſed, came with an Army againſt Prince *Lhewelyn*, who fought and beat K. *John*, and took *David* priſoner, and kept him faſt; and the ſame yeare there was another bloudy Battell fought, between the *Engliſh* and the Lords of *South-Wales*, and many men ſlain by the treachery of ſome Welſh Lords, for private intereſts.

In 12 yeares Prince *Lhewelyn* had not one months

months quietneſs, yet he was ſtill victorious.

1211. K. *John* came into *Wales* with a mighty Army, with a purpoſe to deſtroy all that had life; but he returned with great loſs: and the next year he came again, when (by reaſon that the *Engliſh* King had many *Welſh* Lords to take his part) Prince *Lhewelyn ap Jorworth* came to an agreement with K. *John*, and gave him 20000 l. and 40 Horſes: But covenants not being kept by occaſion of the harſh dealing of the Engliſh Nobles, and their Officers, made to the Prince to raiſe an Army, and take ſome Caſtles and Countries, for which K. *John* cauſed the Gentlemen (which he had for Pledges) to be all hang'd; and with another great Army he came into *Wales* again, to no purpoſe; for K. *John* had his hands and head full of troubles at home, with the Pope and the *French*, that he was forced to leave *Wales*, and return, to his great grief and loſs.

In the yeare of Grace 1214. there was great wars between the Lords of *South-Wales* and *Powis*, *Welſh* againſt *Welſh*, and much miſchiefe done on both ſides: And *Anno* 1215. Prince *Lhewelyn* made an Inrode into *England*; then hee wonne *Shrewsbury*, ſack'd it, and returned into *South-Wales*, he took *Caermarden* from the *English*, raiſed the Caſtle, and took 12 Caſtles more, and returned home triumphant: ſhortly after he ſubdued all *Powis Land* to his obedience, and in *Anno* 1217. he brought all *Wales* to his ſubjection. He had not

not a weekes reſt from the yeare 1218. to 1221. but either *Welsh*, *English*, *Flemmings*, or other troubles kept him from idleneſs, and ſtill it was his happineſs to be Victor.

King *John* of *England*, being reconciled to the Pope, the French expulſt from thence, and the Kingdome in quiet, the King (having little to do at home) would have the tother bout with *Wales*, which he attempted with much Charge, and bad ſucceſs, and ſhortly after died; to whom his ſon *Henry* the 3. ſucceeded, who made a ſpeedy expedition againſt *Lhewelyn*, and returned home with much detriment, & peace was made for a ſmal time; for in *Anno* 1231. K. *Henry* made another great preparation againſt the Prince, to the effect aforeſaid.

In 1232. *Lhewelyn* made an expedition into *England*, and returned with much Riches and Honour. In 1233. *South-Wales* raiſed new wars; but the Prince went in perſon and beat them into ſome quietneſs, overthrew their Caſtles and ſtrong holds, and returned renowned.

And the ſame yeare K. *Henry* the 3. came into *Wales*, with a greater Army then ever, compact of divers Nations, with an intent to deſtroy all he could, but was deceived in his purpoſe, and went home a loſer: Then K. *Henry* ſent the Arch Biſhop of *Canterbury*, with the Biſhops of *Rocheſter* and *Cheſter* to make a peace with *Lhewelyn*, but it could not be effected.

Then

Then this peerleſs Prince died, beloved, and lamented, and was buried at *Conwy*. He married *Jone* the daughter of K. *John*, by whom he had two ſons *David* and *Griffith*; this *David* kept his brother *Griffith* in priſon all his raigne. The Noble Prince *Lhewelyn ap Jorworth*, raigned 56 years.

To whom *David ap Lhewelyn* ſucceeded, being the 24. Prince, *Anno* 1240. This Prince was curſed by the Pope, and hated by the people for impriſoning his Brother *Griffith*; for which the K. of *England* came againſt him with an Army, but a peace was made, and *Griffith* not releas'd, who ſtriving to break priſon and eſcape, by tying of Lines and Sheets, with ſuch other ſtuff which he had, and as he gat out of a high window, he putting all his weight to the Lines, they brake, and he being fat and heavy, fell with his head downwards, where he lay a moſt pittifull dead ſpectacle, for his head and neck were beaten forcibly into his body.

Then K. *Henry* the 3. (as his Predeceſſors had often done) ſtrived to have *Wales* under his obedience, to which purpoſe he in 1245. raiſed a mighty Army, and was more mightily met and foyled by Prince *David*; ſoone after *David* died, when he had Ruled 5 years, 1246.

Lhewelyn ap Griffith, or the Son of *Griffith* that dyed with a fall, was the 25 Prince, for his Unkle, Prince *David* had no Iſſue, this man was valiant,

liant, but unfortunate, for his two Brethren, *Owen* and *David*, made War upon him, but he vanquiſht them, and was Maſter of all *Wales:* he ſtrived much to ſhake off the yoke of *England*, and perforce hee chaſed all the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*, with great ſlaughter, 1256. King *Henry* the Third, with two great Armies entred *Wales* in ſeverall places, did much ſpoile, received much loſs, and returned angry.

In 1258. *James* Lord *Audley* with *Germane* Horſemen, did much ſpoile, and killed many in *Wales*, but in the end, the Welſhmen gave them ſuch welcome, that few of the *Germanes* return'd. In theſe times in all places in *VVales* was continuall ſtrife, ſpoile, and bloudſhed; for *the* Engliſh *would Have*; *and the* Welſh *would Hold:* In 1267. *Lhewelyn* entred *England*, ſpoyled and deſtroyed *Cheſter*, and much of that County; but after that, the Welſh had a great overthrow at a place called *Clun*, and in 1268. *Henry* of *England* with an Army entred *VVales* again; but by the means of Cardinall *Ortobonus* (the Popes Legate) a Peace was made, and the Prince paid to the K. of *England* 30000 Marks. In *Anno* 1272. King *Henry* the 3. died, and his ſon *Edward* the 1. went to *Cheſter*, from whence he ſent a Summons to command Prince *Lhewelyn* to come to him and doe homage: But the Prince refuſed, and would not come to the King. Then two Engliſh Armies entred *South-Wales*, and *North-Wales*, and *Weſt-Wales*, at

at once; but (upon hard conditions) a Peace was concluded, which laſted not long; for *Anno* 1281. they fell to it cruelly again: The Prince ſaid, that *it was a hard thing to live in War alwayes; but it was harder to live in continuall ſlavery:* ſoon after, Prince *Lhewelyn* was ſlaine, valiantly fighting, and all *Wales* fell to the Crowne of *England*, after it had continued from *Brute* and *Camber* 2418 years, to the year of *Chriſt* 1282.

Kings ſons and Daughters of England, *that haue been Princes of* VVALES *ſince* 1282.

1 *Edward* of *Carnarvon*, ſon to K. *Ed.* 1. 1289.
2 *Edward* of *VVinſor*, ſon to *Edw.* 2.
3 *Edw.* of *VVoodſtock*, ſon to *Edw.* 3. or the Black Prince.
4 *Richard* of *Burdeaux*, ſon to the Black.
5 *Henry* of *Monmouth*, ſon to *Henry* 4.
6 *Edw.* of *VVeſtm.* ſon to *Henry* 6.
7 *Edw.* of *VVeſtm.* ſon to *Edw.* 4.
8 *Edw.* ſon to K. *Ric.* 3. at 10 year old inſtal'd P.
9 *Arthur*, ſon to K. *Henry* 7.
10 *Henry* D. of *York*, 2. ſon to *H.*7. *E.*6. ſon to *H.*8.
11 *Mary*, Princeſs of *VVales*, *Daughter*, *&c.*
12 *Eliz.* Princeſs.
13 *Henry.*
14 *Charls*, ſons to King *James.*

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For the Year 1869-70.

6. The ΈΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.

7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

